The CLUE of the CRUCIFIX

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

JANUARY

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

PRICE UNITED STATES 25¢ CANADA 30¢

JAIL-BREAK!

A Tale of Bands of Steel—and Pretty Eyes

60 bars of soap your tooth paste pays for

You can buy these 60 bars with the $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c instead of dentifrices costing twice that amount, yet accomplishing no more. The saving is proportionately greater when the family is large—$21 per year for a family of 7—figuring a tube per person per month. Spend it as you please.

Millions save from $3 to $21 yearly using this great 25¢ tooth paste

Large Tube 25c

WOULDN'T a woman trying to make ends meet for a family of seven like to reduce the family tooth paste bill from $42 to $21?

Wouldn't a young couple starting out in life be glad to cut the yearly tooth paste bill from $12 to $6?

We thought they would. Investigation showed that thousands of others felt the same way. They wanted a dentifrice at 25c—yet with no sacrifice of quality.

Therefore, we produced a really first class dentifrice at 25c for *a large tube*. Half of what you usually pay.

Listerine Tooth Paste is its name. Ultra-modern methods of manufacture alone, permit such a price for such a paste—for we always buy the best materials.

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Outstanding among them is a marvelous new and gentle polishing agent so speedy in action that tooth brushing is reduced to a minimum.

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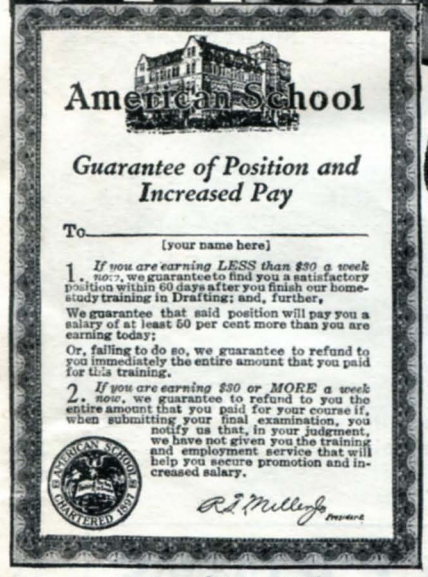
I recommend Drafting, too, because it can be QUICKLY learned at home, in spare time—without quitting your job, without losing a day's time or a dollar in pay. Because you're sure there will be a good position waiting when you are ready for it. And because the work is so fascinating and offers better-than-ordinary chances for advancement. For the Draftsman is in close contact with important work and BIG MEN, and he is right in line for promotion to Superintendent and other executive positions.



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[your name here]

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R. J. Miller, Pres.

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Chartered 31 years as an EDUCATIONAL institution and like the best resident schools and colleges, conducted NOT FOR PROFIT. We offer complete, thorough up-to-date instruction, built by 200 leading Educators, Engineers and Executives. A unique instruction, built to meet the specifications of well-paid jobs as laid down by employers themselves, yet simplified for ready understanding by men with only common schooling.

O. C. MILLER
Director Extension Work

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O. C. MILLER, Director Extension Work,
THE AMERICAN SCHOOL,
Dept. D-1311, Drexel Ave. & 58th St.,
Chicago, Illinois

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2. Facts about the opportunities in Drafting.
3. Your agreement to train and place me under money-back penalty.

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Occupation.....

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

Vol. X JANUARY, 1929 No. 4

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A fact case—the pitiful story of Mary Binetti. How this emotional and sensitive girl came into this tragedy—how the detectives were at first deceived—and the heart-breaking end that no one could foresee!—make a touching story that grips the heart.

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The keen detective work, shrewd scheming, and the final wild chase to capture the slippery Chink gang leader, Len Tang, keeps you guessing until the last line!

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The detectives did not know that this refined and beautiful young girl, foully done to death, was *a direct descendant of the Fourth President of the United States!* When they *did* find this out, they discovered that every scrap of evidence had been carefully hidden! How then did they get the guilty fiend?

THE OBERST HORROR!

The entire country was shocked when *The Farm of the Seven Crimes* became the scene of such a ghastly and hideous butchery as seldom happens in a nation's history. Read next month the inside story of this inhuman monster of blood, *seven times a murderer in his own family!*

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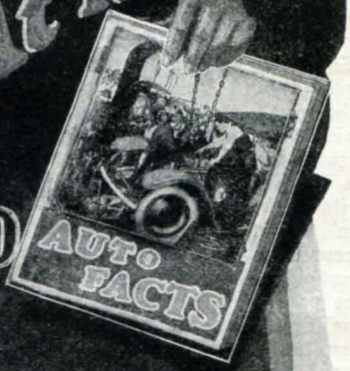

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My training includes ALL Electrical work—Ignition, Starting, Lighting—ALL Mechanical end, Welding, Brazing, Vulcanizing—also Business Course—also Monthly Magazine, also 3 Testing and Repair Outfits. Nowhere else I know of, can you get ALL this! Six Billion dollars spent each year to repair 18 Million Autos, Trucks, Tractors — It's the world's biggest business. Amazing money opportunities everywhere for trained men. My Employment Service helps you to big jobs, and I help you to get into business for yourself.

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I supply every Cooke JOB-WAY student with 4 big, complete, costly outfits absolutely free of extra cost! Many students use these outfits to make money shortly after starting my training. Mail coupon for this remarkable offer.

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I will send it to you without one penny of cost. Read all the facts, find out about the demand for trained Auto Experts. Let me tell you how easily and quickly you, too, may become an Auto Expert. Splendid offer right now to ambitious men. Coupon brings complete information. Mail it today!

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THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS

JOSEPH W. GAVAN, author of *The Clue of the Crucifix,* which appears on page 50, this issue, and who also wrote the sensational story of Guldensuppe's murder *(The Horror Package in Red)* which appeared in the last November issue of this magazine, was born in Ireland. While a pupil in the national schools he contributed articles on absentee landlordism, rackrenting and defects in the national school system, to *Freeman's Journal, United Ireland,* and other Dublin newspapers which espoused the cause of the tenant farmers of Ireland.

At a very early age young Gavan left the parish school and went to Dublin, where he began his newspaper career as a free-lance writer. It was hard work, and he kept at it diligently enough, but not until the country was rocked with horror and indignation over the dastardly assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish (Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland) and Under Secretary Burke, in Phoenix Park in May, 1882, can it be said that he really "arrived." Funny stories are still told in newspaper circles in Dublin of how the boy matched his wits against those of John Mallon, Dublin's astute Chief of Detectives, and secured many exclusive stories in connection with that sensational crime, for the papers which he served—in spite of the fact that Mallon did his best to keep the investigation secret. We have secured Mr. Gavan's story of this famous case, and it will appear in this magazine.

During this time he threw himself wholeheartedly into the Land League movement, and the struggle of right against might, of justice against injustice, then captained by Charles Stewart Parnell. Mr. Gavan's sojourn in Ireland's capital soon became a painful exile to the boy and long before he reached man's estate he came to America and joined the staff of the New York *Star* then controlled by John Kelly, boss of Tammany Hall. He also contributed special articles to *Truth,* another metropolitan daily, and to journals devoted to Irish affairs.

It was not long before his work attracted the attention of W. H. England, owner and manager of the *Union Press Exchange,* a news-gathering and distributing organization which specialized in suburban news. Mr. Gavan was placed in charge of the Brooklyn territory, with headquarters in the Eastern District. Wherever a big story, with peculiar and mystifying features, broke loose, Mr. Gavan was assigned to "cover" it, and in this way he investigated many famous crime cases.

He contributed articles to *Drake's Magazine,* the first of the ten-cent magazines, to *Donohue's Magazine,* and to the New York *Dispatch,* a weekly newspaper conducted by the late John N. Drake.

Long Island being a more important news center than Brooklyn, thither Mr. Gavan was transferred. He established headquarters in Long Island City where Patrick J. Gleason was Mayor and virtually dictator. The two Irishmen soon clashed. News given the reporters by Gleason had to be verified very carefully, and any reporter whom the Mayor couldn't control was *persona non grata* with him. The litigation in which he became involved with the taxpayers and newspaper men are matters of history. From the outset,

JOSEPH W. GAVAN

Gavan refused to color any news in the interest of the Mayor. He fostered pleasant relations with Police Captain Woods, District Attorney John Fleming, County Clerk Sutphin and the local magistrates, thus becoming independent of Gleason for news.

Mr. Gavan's most dramatic piece of reporting on Long Island was his exclusive announcement that although Gleason *had served two terms as Mayor of the city, he was not a citizen of the United States,* and that contracts which he had made with the city through friendly "dummies" for the leasing of buildings which he owned, or had an equity in, were made in violation of the city charter, and consequently were null and void.

The effect of this exposé was highly explosive. Feeling ran high. The situation became so tense that a personal encounter between the Mayor and Gavan was narrowly averted. Gleason's political adversaries at once instituted *quo warranto* proceedings (By what right do you hold office?) against the Mayor, who answered by taking out his naturalization papers, thus escaping removal from office as an alien.

Things now moved swiftly toward a climax. Gavan established the Long Island City *Democrat,* a weekly newspaper which became a bold and vigorous champion of clean government. Gleason and his friends sought to undermine the influence of the reporter by having him removed from the *Union Press Exchange.* This they could not do directly, because Gavan was loyally supported by his chief, Mr. England, and because he (Gavan) never allowed his personal quarrels or feelings to color the news which he collected or wrote. Finally, the Mayor's most intimate friend, B. C. Stuart, established a rival news association and made Mr. England such a flattering offer for the *Union Press Exchange,* that he eventually secured it and merged it with his own. In the meantime, Mr. Gavan's work, and his sincere regard for the dignity of his calling, had so impressed Mr. England that the latter would not affix his signature to the contract of sale until it contained the stipulation that Gavan was to be retained at the salary he was then receiving. However, shortly afterwards the reporter saw and heard things that caused him to sever his connection with the new organization and to dispose of the Long Island City *Democrat,* a principal reason for the latter move, it may frankly be stated, being that advertisers were compelled by Gleason to cease patronizing the *Democrat,* for the Mayor in those days had many special privileges to bestow upon time-servers, and extraordinary opportunities for wreaking vengeance upon his enemies.

Since those stirring days, Mr. Gavan has served on the staffs of the New York *Times,* the New York *Daily News,* as owner and manager of *Gavan's News Bureau,* Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore News,* and as editor of *Electrical Doings* and the New York *Fruit Trade Journal.*

While in charge of the Washington bureau of the *Baltimore News,* Gavan studied law in Georgetown University and was admitted to the bar in 1904. Mr. Gavan is the author of *Irish Literary Men of New York,* and of a number of short stories. He has just completed a biography of Major General Patrick Ronayne Cleburne, the "Stonewall of the West," and one of the most brilliant commanders of the Confederate Army, which will be published under the title: *Cleburne and His Campaigns.*

STEALING THE "HONEY," appearing on page 41, this issue, is designated as being written by "One Who Has Quit." That is exactly the truth, providing the man who wrote it can carry out a vow he has made, which he is going to sincerely try to do. He is now in the New Jersey State Prison, serving a 7-year term, and when we wrote him, asking him to give us some information about himself, we received the following letter:

TRUE DETECTIVES MYSTERIES,
1926 Broadway, New York City.
The Editor,
Dear Sir:

You may truthfully publish the statement that *Stealing the "Honey"* is all fact. I shall never forget this experience I had in New Orleans!

If this story is accepted, I would much prefer that it be published under a *nom de plume*—for obvious reasons.

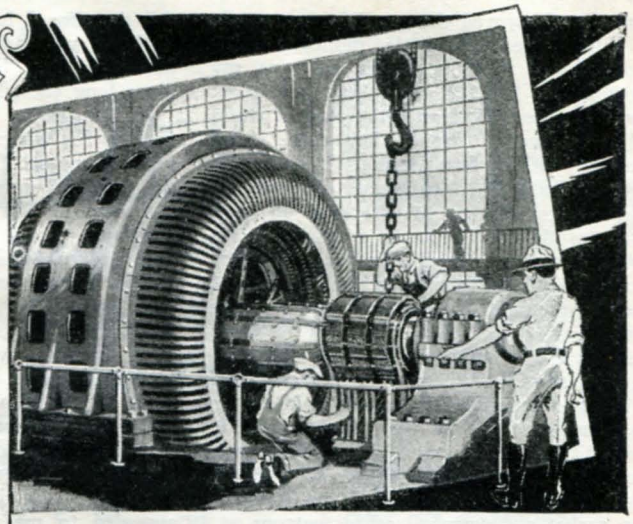
A sketch of my career? What can I say that would be interesting to the reader—and yet harmless to me?

My home was in Los Angeles, California. I grew up with the movies, amid the unhealthful atmosphere of pseudo-Bohemianism maintained by the parasitic hangers-on of Hollywood, immediately after the World War and before the advent of Will Hays. My father and mother being separated, I was left to myself. I was young and good-looking, perhaps a bit clever in conversation, and I was agile on the dance floor. The mob of young sheiks who seemed to live an ideal existence without working (although they claimed to be "movie actors," their services never seemed to be in demand when there was any fun to be had outside the studios) adopted me into their crowd. I must ad-

(Continued on page 6)

You Fellows Who Want BIG PAY

Get Into ELECTRICITY



GETS $12,000 JOB
Dear Mr. Cooke: Since finishing your Course I have been doing very well in my own electrical business. But recently I was offered the job of Chief Electrician for a Big Coal Mine. I took the job, at $12,000 a year.
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$65 A DAY
Dear Chief: If it wasn't for your wonderful course I wouldn't now be making as high as $65 a day. It makes me proud to have your Diploma, and believe me I am a booster for your Course. JACOB LENTZ
1222-1st Avenue
Hillsboro, Oregon

$150 A WEEK
Dear Mr. Cooke: My new shop is going strong paying me now over $600 a month above expenses. I must thank you again for my success, because it was your wonderful course and method of instruction that put me where I am.
W. E. PENCE
Box 921, Palo Alto, Calif.

WHY earn $15 or $20 or $30 a week, when in the same six days as an Electrical Expert, you can make $70 to $200 — and do it easier—not work half so hard. Why, then, remain in a small-pay, no-future job that offers no chance for big promotion — no chance for big income? Fit yourself for a real job. **Get into Electricity.** That's where the big money is being made, and always will be made.

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Today even the ordinary Electrician — the "screw driver" kind—is making money—big money. But it's the trained man—the Electrical Expert—who makes the really big money — $12 to $30 a day — $70 to $200 a week. Be a Big-Pay man, yourself. Get in line, **now,** for one of these "Big-Pay" Jobs.

I'll Train You At Home

I'll train you at home—in your spare time. You work just as you are working now — at your same job. My now famous "Work-Sheet and Job-Ticket" method guarantees you simplified, practical training along work-shop lines. In a few short months you can step out of your old job into a new job—into electrical work where you can be a Big-Pay man in this Big-Pay field

You Earn As You Learn

To learn Electricity my way you don't have to be a College man, or even a High School graduate. You can read. You can write. That's enough. With me, you get experience as you go along and make good money while learning. I'll show you how—and I'll give you, without extra cost tools and apparatus to work with — 6 Big Outfits in all.

Money Back If Not Satisfied

That's what I agree to do. And back of me in this agreement stands the Chicago Engineering Works, a $2,000,000 Illinois Corporation. There's nothing like "Cooke" Training, anywhere. It's the Training that big Electrical men are praising; it's the Training that employers recommend; it's the Training that one of our greatest Engineering societies, has endorsed 100 percent. **It's the Training for you.**

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Don't wait a minute! Find out today why "The Cooke Trained Man is the Big-Pay Man", everywhere! Find out how "Cooke" Training will help you boost your pay! Mail coupon right now for my Big FREE Book of Facts. See the Six Big Working Outfits I give you without extra charge. See the hundreds of pictures, the proofs, the Big-Pay letters of other "Cooke" Trained Men. Get this great free Book. Send for it today. Clip, sign, and mail coupon RIGHT NOW!

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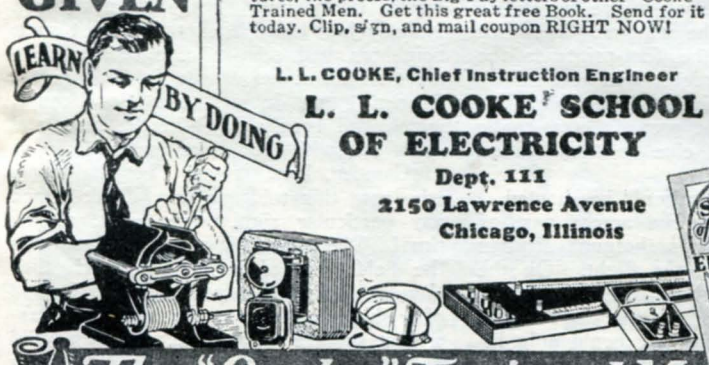
Why don't you ?

If you earn less than $70 a week—INVESTIGATE ACT NOW

6 BIG OUTFITS TOOLS APPARATUS GIVEN



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The "Cooke" Trained Man is the "Big Pay" Man

(*Continued from page* 4)

mit that I enjoyed the gay life very much.

But, there was little money in my pockets. I wanted clothes such as my companions had. I wanted an apartment such as many of them had, where I could give the kind of parties they gave. So I committed my first crime. I cashed a check. Later I cashed many of them. I was clever enough to hit upon an easy way to do it. I knew a printer who printed menus for a hundred cafés. I forged his indorsements on the checks and cashed them at the cafés where he was known.

Soon I was entertaining my friends and lending money to them. They were always willing to accept it. The male gold-digger is more deadly than the female. But it couldn't go on forever. I had too much confidence in myself. I should have known that the printer would soon get next to my racket and warn all of his patrons.

One day I tried to cash a check and the café manager told a big colored boot-black to hold me while he phoned the printer. I broke away, but an hour later I walked past the old Los Angeles City Jail and—there was the printer walking out of the police station! He had been there to report my latest attempt to replenish my exchequer.

He nabbed me. The result was a year at the Preston School of Industry, at Ione. After Preston I went back to Los Angeles and went to work at Venice, the beach resort. They discovered that I could write, and soon I was doing all the publicity writing for the company that controlled the amusement zone. A year with them and I left to do publicity for a crooked "faith healing" organization. The public stopped "biting," and I was left jobless.

I went to San Diego and found easy money working the cabarets at Tia Juana. All the time I had in my head the desire to be a writer. Some of my stuff had been published, but I never stayed in one place long enough to make anything of it.

In Tia Juana I helped a girl "roll" a sucker for several hundred dollars and some diamonds. I had to leave San Diego; the "sucker" was well-known there.

I went to San Francisco, to Seattle, to Portland. I did a little time in the Portland jail. Again in Sacramento, California, I was arrested. I did 60 days. I had learned to mulct the "suckers" for their credulity. I usually kept within the letter of the law, but made good money. I worked alone, and kept out of trouble most of the time.

But in Sacramento I met the "Louis" of *Stealing the "Honey,"* and we started on our tour of adventure in three countries—U. S. A., Canada, and Mexico. The trip appealed to me immensely. "Louis" had not hinted at what the true nature of our journey was to be. I did not learn until later that he was a professional criminal from Canada. He taught me plenty of new tricks in several rackets. I discovered later that he was merely using me as a catspaw. I took most of the chances. He planned the "jobs," and I let him convince me that I should do the dirty work.

In Canada he disappeared with all the money and all my belongings. I was stranded in a strange country. I made my way to New York. I suppose the magnitude of the city awed me, so that I didn't dare pull a job there. I tried working in several cafeterias. I couldn't keep it up twelve hours a day. I went over to Jersey City and made use of the training I had gone through with "Louis." I burglarized three houses. As I left the third one I was arrested. Seven years in the New Jersey State Prison was the result.

It has given me time to go ahead with the writing I've always wanted to do. I am through with crime of any sort. When I'm free again, if I can't be a writer I'll be a seaman or something. But I'm going to be a writer, and that's that.

If any of the above can be used as a basis for a sketch about me, it's all right with me. My "career" hasn't been very spectacular. Crime is never spectacular, or romantic, to the criminal; he's usually too scared and worried to be interested in anything but his safety and the money he can get. And he usually spends most of the money trying to buy his safety. So, what's the use? It's much easier to work for a living.

Most professional, or habitual, criminals become so because, after the first crime or two, they're so busy running from justice that they haven't time to stop and get a job. This generalization does not include bootleggers and political gangsters, nor confidence men on a big scale (which, of course, includes official grafters). They make too much money to worry much about anything. If they do go to jail they have enough money put away to make a couple of years in the hoosgow well worth chancing.

Sincerely,
"One Who Has Quit."

P. S. I forgot to mention that I was born in 1900, began my schooling in Culiacan, Sinaloa, Mexico, where my father was in business, came back to the U. S. when I was ten and went through grammar school and high school in Los Angeles. Took University extension courses in journalism, psychology and literature. Among other things I have worked in the steward's department of an ocean liner, as a cabaret entertainer, a bank clerk and a room-service waiter in a resort hotel.

The Vanishing Parrot

(*Continued from page* 40)

at the earliest possible moment, and asked them to assist me, in any way possible, to find the whereabouts of the discharged chef. Mrs. Brunen was overcome, and offered me her diamonds if I apprehended the slayer.

From Mohr and Mrs. Brunen I learned that several employes of the *Mighty Doris Shows* were living in the cities of Perth Amboy, Paterson and Jersey City, New Jersey. I at once called the Police Departments of those cities from the Brunen home, and asked that all employes of the Brunen Show be questioned immediately, and made to give an account of their actions at the time of the murder. I always follow the plan of checking up on anyone who could *possibly* have even the slightest connection with a crime, and then resorting to the process of elimination. In this way I lay a groundwork which cannot be shaken, because all possible angles are covered and the process of "closing in" on the guilty party is not so hard as it might seem.

So when I drove home in the early morning hours I congratulated myself. Not such a bad night! I knew that I was on the trail of the slayer. In fact, I was *positive*—and you'll find out why, later.

The next day, the newspapers carried headlines to the effect that a man-hunt was on for "Dutchy" Werner.

Bright and early the next morning, refreshed by three hours' sleep, I resumed my investigation of the grounds surrounding the Brunen home. My men, who had been on guard all night, had prevented anyone from loitering around the place, as I wanted to keep the foot-prints, and any other clues, intact.

With Chief of Police Voshell, I went once again to the spot where the killer had fired through the window. We then carefully followed the foot-prints to the lane where the murderer had escaped by automobile. And this is where Chief Voshell picked up what proved, later, to be the most important clue in the solution of the mystery.

"Look here, Mr. Parker!" he shouted.

Chief Voshell had run across part of the grip of the slayer's shotgun! It had been dropped during the flight. On the grip was a number which corresponded to the number on the missing barrel and stock. I knew that, if we could only locate the gun itself, we would be able to identify it immediately, owing to the piece being broken off the grip. But more, later, about the remaining part of the gun.

At this point, I called my assistants, Clifford Cain and Herman Bading, and had them witness the finding of the grip, *et cetera.* I always make a point of having other people witness things as I go along in a murder case; it is a good point for a detective to have as many people back up his story as possible. One man should never monopolize the witness-stand, in my opinion.

It was then that I questioned those living in the vicinity of the Brunen home. Nobody had heard a shot fired, but some neighbors had seen a man, about Werner's size, run across the fields from the Brunen home, jump into a Ford coupé, which had been parked in the lane, and speed off, with lights out, in the direction of Camden, New Jersey. Yet the people who saw this told me they didn't attach any particular significance to it, at the time! The man they saw running across the fields carried something which they *thought* looked like an umbrella, instead of a shotgun. It's strange how people arrive at surface conclusions, and then build up false theories accordingly. This is a failing of human nature, which I have

(*Continued on page* 8)

I Sell Records a Queer Way

So people tell me, because I will gladly send to any person who sends me his name and address, a selection of ten records absolutely ON TRIAL, entirely at my risk. Choose any records you want.

Furthermore, I positively insist that you return the records to me at once, if they are in any way inferior to records that sell for three or four times as much. Don't be "sorry" for me, but shoot the records back, and let me stand the postage expense both ways, unless the records are better, clearer and richer in tone than any records you have ever before had, at any price.

I have built a million-dollar business in records on just these "queer" methods, trusting absolutely in the honesty of my customers, and making them the sole judge of whether or not the records will cost them even one cent.

I've built these records to give you pleasure, enjoyment and some real honest good times for months and years to come. I've tried to study the wishes and tastes of the great music-loving public and I've collected in this list below, the very CREAM of my entire catalog. All the records are electrically recorded—and

Special List of BEST Sellers

My Angel — Hallelujah I'm A Bum
Girl of My Dreams — Sonny Boy
Ford Has Made A Lady Out of Lizzie
Wreck of the Old 97
Ramona
Rovin' Gambler
My Blue Heaven — Red Wing

nearly all of them have been done within the last few months, and are in the very latest and best style of the present day. They are all in the standard ten-inch size with music on both sides and play on any phonograph, just like 75-cent records. They include the most recent hits, as well as famous old favorites; and I'm willing to stake my last dollar that they are GOOD.

Any 10 Records $1.98

Send No Money

10 Days' Approval

Choose any ten records you want and simply write their catalog number on coupon below. Send no money. See terms on coupon and see how fully I protect you in every way.

POPULAR AND STANDARD SONGS

2432 Sonny Boy
Dancing Neath Dixie Moon

2423 My Angel (Angela Mia)
Believe It Or Not

4227 Climbing Up Golden Stairs
Lindy Lou

2418 Hallelujah I'm A Bum
Preacher and the Bear

2398 Ramona
Valley of Memory

2407 Girl of My Dreams
Dear Old Pal

4180 Blue Ridge Mountain Home
Lane of Dreams

4174 Casey Jones
Waltz Me Around Again Willie

2417 The Bum Song
Get Away Old Man

4178 Break the News to Mother
Bird In A Gilded Cage

4185 Picture That's Turned To Wall
White Wings

4209 Oh Dem Golden Slippers
Kingdom Coming

4131 Wreck of the Old 97
Wreck of the Titanic

4170 Gypsy's Warning
Don't You Remember

2426 Jeannine I Dream of Lilac Time
Come Back to Romany

4135 Rovin' Gambler
Little Log Cabin in Lane

4133 Jesse James
Butcher Boy

2386 My Ohio Home
Alice of the Pines

2381 Ford Has Made a Lady Out of Lizzie
Clancy's Wooden Wedding

2366 My Blue Heaven
Back of Every Cloud

4142 Silver Threads Among Gold
In a Garden Rare

4141 Wish I Was Single Again
If You Want to Find Love

4160 Sweet Hawaiian Kisses
Blue Hawaiian Moon

4118 May I Sleep In Your Barn Tonight?
When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home

2369 Among My Souvenirs
When We Were Sweethearts

4117 Where River Shannon Flows
Rose From Ireland

4171 Red Wing
Waters of Minnetonka

4143 Girl I Loved In Sunny Tennessee
I Wanna Fall In Love Again

4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
Captain Jinks

2334 Terrible Mississippi Flood
End of Shenandoah

8101 Roll 'Em Girls
Save It For a Rainy Day

4038 Sleep Baby Sleep (Yodel)
Roll On Silvery Moon (Yodel)

4090 In Baggage Coach Ahead
Under Some Old Apple Tree

4086 Floyd Collin's Fate
Pickwick Club Tragedy

2338 Lindy, Lindy, How I'd Like To Be You
Positively No

2337 Plucky Lindbergh
What Good Are Tears

2344 Me and My Shadow
Sweet Hawaiian Kisses

4127 Tell Mother I'll Be There
Ben Bolt

4128 Where Is My Wandering Boy
Juanita

2331 Ain't She Sweet
Bootlegger's Daughter

2272 Rudolph Valentino
Little Rosewood Casket

4150 New River Train
Show Me My Mammy

4151 After the Ball Was Over
Do They Ever Think of Me

4172 Wreck of Number Nine
Freight Wreck at Altoona

4173 Boston Burglar
Cowboy's Lament

4198 My Old New Hampshire Home
Ida Sweet As Apple Cider

SACRED SONGS

4075 Church In Wildwood
Voice of Chimes

4046 Nearer My God To Thee
Lord Is My Shepherd

4069 When Roll Is Called Up Yonder
Throw Out The Life Line

4091 Old Rugged Cross
Beyond the Clouds

4057 Jesus Lover of My Soul
Safe in Arms of Jesus

INSTRUMENTAL

4193 Whistler and His Dog
Powder Puff

4190 Sidewalks of New York
O'Leahy's Lullaby

4189 Drowsy Waters
Herd Girl's Dream

4163 Barcarolle Waltz
Black Hawk Waltz

4162 Blue Danube Waltz
Skaters' Waltz

4138 By Waters of Minnetonka
Over the Waves

4068 Arkansas Traveler
Turkey In The Straw

4136 Humoresque
Spring Song

4164 Glow Worm
Let Us Love Over Again

4061 Listen To Mocking Bird
Song Bird (Both Whistling)

4161 Dixie Favorites (Banjo Solo)
Melody of Southern Airs (Banjo Solo)

4217 Irish Washerwoman
Mrs. McLeod's Reel

4016 Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 1
Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 2

4218 Merry Widow Waltz
Lullaby From Ermine

RACE RECORDS

7021 I Need A Good Man Bad
Can't Be Worried Long

7033 Hit Me In the Nose Blues
It's All Coming Home To Me

BLUES

7023 John Henry Blues
St. Louis Blues

7025 Yellow Dog Blues
Hard Time Blues

7026 Deep River Blues
Loveless Love Blues

POPULAR DANCES

All with vocal chorus

1541 My Angel (Angela Mia), Waltz
Coming Thru the Rye

1553 Jeannine I Dream of Lilac Time, Waltz
When Golden Rod Is Blooming

1554 I Can't Give You Anything But Love
Dancing Neath Dixie Moon, Waltz

1540 Old Man Sunshine
Sidewalks of New York

1510 Ramona
If I Didn't Love You

1521 Rag Doll
Draggin' the Dragon Blues

1502 Mary Ann
Blue Hawaiian Moon

1488 Among My Souvenirs
Some Day You'll Remember

1463 My Blue Heaven
Found Best Girl of All

1497 After My Laughter Came Tears
Carry Me Back to Connemara

COMEDY

4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car
Hy and Si and the Line Fence

4004 Flanagan In Restaurant
Flanagan's Married Life

4230 Uncle Si at Village Barber
Uncle Si and Hiram Swapping Horses

4168 Jail Birds
Wedding Bells

4211 Andy Goes A Hunting
Andy Gets Learnin'

HAWAIIAN

4156 La Golondrina
Dreamy Moon

4023 My Old Kentucky Home
O Sole Mio

4007 Aloha Oe
Kamehameha March

4009 Palakiho Blues
One, Two, Three, Four

4113 Kilima Waltz
Honolulu March

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2_____ 7_____
3_____ 8_____
4_____ 9_____
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Write three substitutes below to be shipped only if other records are out of stock.

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IMPORTANT ☐ Place cross mark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order; recommended for these records.

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Address_____
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It makes no difference what you are doing now, nor how much you are making, how old you are, or whether you are a man or a woman. Our proposition is so simple, so easy, so square and so clean-cut that you are bound to succeed. H. T. Pearl, of Oklahoma, made $750 in one month. R. L. Marshall, of New Jersey, cleared $80 in five hours. Jacob Myron, of Conn., made $13 his first afternoon. C. Vaughn, of Ohio, made $125 one week. Mrs. K. R. Roof, of S. Carolina, made $50 the first week in her spare time. Eugene Ducat, of Illinois, cleared $45 the first two days. You can do as well as any of these people.

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We are the originators and manufacturers of ZANOL Products—Delicious Food Products that are needed in every home, Toilet Preparations, Soaps, Laundry and Household Necessities. We sell millions of products every year direct from factory to consumer. By this means we give greater values, fresher goods and lower prices than could be secured in stores. We have thousands of customers in every section of the United States. And now we want a Representative in your territory through whom our customers can send us their orders. Never before have you been offered such a proposition as this. You can't fail. Men and women who were formerly salesmen, bookkeepers, farmers, merchants, skilled and unskilled workmen, teachers, preachers — people from all walks of life—have found it an easy matter to make a big success as ZANOL Representatives.

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Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will give you all the facts. You do not need to risk a penny. You do not need to agree to do anything, nor to pay anything. You owe it to yourself to find out about this great proposition before it is too late. So write now. Just put your name and address on the coupon and mail it to me at once.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation, details of your new plan by means of which I can make from $50 to $100 a week.

Name.....

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City.....State.....

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(*Continued from page* 6)

observed on countless occasions. The trouble with some people is, of course, that they don't stop to think! When a man dashes across the fields, and then speeds away in an automobile, with lights out, something unusual is likely to be in progress!

In a short time I located "Dutchy" Werner in Berwin, Pennsylvania, and went there to question him. "Dutchy" eyed me up and down suspiciously when I told him who I was, and asked me, in broken English, what he could do for me. I told him that I was investigating the murder of John Brunen, and thought, perhaps, he could shed some light on it. "Dutchy" immediately denied that he knew anything about the affair.

I then told him that Harry Mohr had implicated him. When cornered, a guilty man will usually shift the responsibility. I have found that to be one of the most positive evidences of guilt. "Dutchy" did nothing of the kind, however, confining himself to a very strong denial that he had had anything to do with Brunen's death. I checked up on "Dutchy's" story as to his whereabouts at the time of the crime and was soon convinced that he was *not* the man I wanted!

Arriving back in Burlington County, I began casting about for another man of Werner's type, in spite of the fact that Mohr could not be convinced that "Dutchy" was not the individual who did the killing.

BY this time, we were going after the case from several angles. For one thing, we hunted high and low for someone who saw the death car as it sped away after the murder. Finally, a man named Arthur Fletcher, a Philadelphian, came to us and said that he was positive that he had seen the Ford coupé of the slayer, as it made its mad way in the direction of Camden. Fletcher was driving past the Brunen residence on his way home about 7:30 on the night of the crime when he saw a Ford coupé turn out of a lane and head in a southerly direction, with its lights out.

Fletcher thought this was suspicious and endeavored to follow the car. He didn't succeed in keeping pace with it but did get the license number by the aid of the headlights on his own machine. He wrote the number down on a piece of paper. But, as fortune, or rather, misfortune, would have it, Fletcher's wife mislaid the paper the next day, little realizing that she was destroying the few numerals, which, in their proper sequence, would probably have saved untold time, labor and expense in the solution of this case! And Fletcher, for the life of him, could not remember the license number. Just another one of the many tough breaks to expect in my profession!

I now had many people working on the case. The probable route of the death car from the Brunen home toward Camden was carefully combed and, within a week, Chief of Police Morris Beck, of Palmyra, New Jersey, located a shotgun barrel in Pensauken Creek, on the road between Burlington and Camden. The barrel of the gun was in the mud on the edge of the creek, not far from the main highway. It had, apparently, been tossed in there at high tide. But, *at low tide, it was visible!*

Checking up, we found that the number on the barrel corresponded to the number on the portion of the grip found on the grounds surrounding the Brunen home. We immediately began a more thorough search of the creek, and were rewarded by finding the stock of the gun! The stock bore the manufacturer's name. Then started the process of tracing the gun. I anticipated a long, hard task in tracing it and, believe me, I was not disappointed!

Meanwhile, we were trying to communicate with every one of the 400 people who had been connected with Brunen's show, and the 200 workers who had been with Mohr's show the year previous. Quite a job, rounding up some 600 people, who were scattered all over the United States and Canada! One was even located in jail in Norristown, Pennsylvania, where he was serving time for a minor offense. He was soon eliminated from the case, however, having begun his term before the murder!

In order to get in touch with the show people, I communicated with *"The Billboard,"* the theatrical weekly, where I knew they kept their addresses on file. Well, within the record-breaking time of twelve days after the murder, I knew the whereabouts of every one of the 600 people who had worked for either Mohr or Brunen during the two preceding years. Clifford Cain, Herman Bading, and another of my assistants, Arthur Carribane, and I, set about the tedious job of communicating with all these people in an effort to find out just where they were, and what they were doing at the time of the murder. The police in various cities in this country, and Canada, helped us out considerably by questioning a great number of these folk and getting satisfactory alibis. However, my associates and I had to make trips here, there, and everywhere to interview those whose stories did not sound quite right.

DURING this gigantic check-up, an idea came to me which loomed very large, as I thought it over. I discovered that four of the people who had worked with the Brunen show had worked for Harry Mohr the year previous. This was very interesting, indeed. Of these four people, one lived in Philadelphia, one in Canada and one in New England. They were shadowed and questioned, and quickly eliminated. But the fourth man in this group, one Charles M. Powell, who had lived in Indianapolis, could not be located right off the bat. Further investigation revealed that he was living at 455 Cooper Street, Camden, New Jersey. We at once set about the work of getting some detailed dope on the one man out of the 600 who sounded "promising!" Bear in mind that, by this time, the other employes—every one of them—had been eliminated. So I had State Trooper Herman Bading secrete himself in a factory located directly across the street from Powell's home, and report the man's description and actions.

By this time, however, the newspapers were beginning to play up the case as an "unsolved mystery" and "one that has Parker baffled at last."

To digress for a moment, I might state that a good reputation is not always a comfortable thing to have. Just because I

(*Continued on page* 10)

"He can't play... turn on the radio" they all shouted

but my revenge was sweet

"NOW that everyone is here, let's tune in on a good station and get some snappy dance music."

Olive Murray was full of pep as she adjusted the dials of her radio. "Shucks," she said as she discovered someone making a speech. "Let's try another station."

But there wasn't a note of dance music on the air. "Something like this *would* happen the night of my party," she moaned. "Never mind, there'll be a good orchestra on at 10:30."

You could see disappointment written all over the guests' faces. Suddenly I bucked up my courage and took Olive aside. "What's the piano closed for?" I asked.

"Why not? No one here plays. I only wish somebody could play, though."

"I'll try to fill in for a while, Olive."

"You're joshing, Dick! You never played before at parties."

"That's right, Olive, but I'll play tonight," I assured her.

I could tell she didn't believe me. For as she announced that I was to entertain with some piano selections I caught her winking to one of the fellows. And what a roar the crowd let out when I sat down.

"He can't play," called out a voice good-naturedly from the rear. "Let's turn on the radio and listen to the speeches."

"Sure," added one of my friends, "I know that he can't tell one note from another. It's all a lot of Greek to him. How about it, Dick?"

I said nothing. But my fingers were itching to play.

"Give him a chance," said Olive, "*maybe* he can play."

A Dramatic Moment

That settled it. There was no maybe about it. I played through the first bars of Strauss' immortal Blue Danube Waltz. A tense silence fell on the guests as I continued. Suddenly I switched from classical music to the syncopated tunes from "Good News." Every one started to dance. Pep was once more in order. They forgot all about the radio. But soon, of course, they insisted that I tell them all about my new accomplishment. Where I had learned . . . when I had learned . . . how?

The Secret

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a surprisingly easy method through which you can learn to play any instrument without a teacher."

"It doesn't seem possible," someone said.

"That's what I thought, too. But the Free Demonstration Lesson which they mailed me on request so opened my eyes that I sent for the complete course.

"It was simply wonderful—no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practising. My fear of notes disappeared at the very beginning. As the lessons came they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best."

Then I told them how I had always longed to sit down at the piano and play some old sweet song—or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera or the latest syncopation—how when I heard others playing I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me—how I was envious because they could entertain their friends and family.

"Music was always one of those never-come-true dreams until the U. S. School came to my rescue. Believe me, no more heavy looking-on for me."

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Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument **by note,** in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost.

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DON'T weaken yourself with starvation diets — don't strain your heart with violent exercises. Here's a wonderful new invention which gives you an instant appearance of slimness and quickly reduces the actual fat—without any danger, discomfort or disagreeable self-denial.

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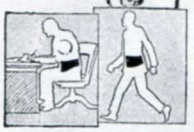

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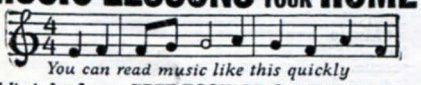

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(*Continued from page 8*)

had succeeded in solving many murder mysteries, some people suspected, perhaps, that I was falling down on the job with the Brunen case. But that wasn't so, as you have, probably, already gathered. The truth of the matter was that I had certain very definite information which I was forced to keep to myself in order to protect the case. All the public knew was, that Werner had been eliminated from the whole business. They didn't know that we were shadowing Powell or *why* we were shadowing him. They weren't familiar with the gigantic groundwork which I was building up. They didn't realize that, if I showed my hand, I would ruin the case, and undo the work that had been accomplished. So it should, therefore, be readily seen that a smart detective—one who is really more interested in solving a case than in covering himself with glory—will bear the brunt of criticism at those very times when he knows that he least deserves it.

But I threw public opinion to one side and, among other things, concentrated on tracing the various owners of the shotgun. We found, through the number and manufacturer's name on the stock, that it was imported by a Philadelphia arms dealer. The Philadelphia firm retailed the weapon to a man who lived in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania. The gun was later confiscated by a game warden and, subsequently, disposed of at a public sale by the Game Commission at Harrisburg. The man who purchased it at this sale was one Solomon Simons, a dealer of Philadelphia.

The weapon then passed from Simons to a man named William Berkowitz, who conducted a loan establishment on North Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

Upon questioning Berkowitz, we elicited the information that the gun had been sold to two men at a date just prior to the Brunen murder. Berkowitz said that he was unaware of the identity of the two men, but that he would be able to identify them if he saw them again. We then gave him a description of Powell, based on the information handed over to us by State Trooper Bading, and Berkowitz said that the description of Powell fitted one of the purchasers of the gun to a *"T."* So far so good! We were getting pretty "hot" by this time!

NOW then, to come back to the shadowing of Powell. We found out, through several sources, that Powell was a man in poor financial circumstances. Further, he had a wife and a baby. Now, any school child possesses reasoning enough to tell you that a man in financial difficulty, and with a family depending on him, will, at least, try to hunt some kind of employment, unless something is wrong with his health. There was nothing wrong with Powell's health, so far as we could find out, but did he hunt for work? Listen!

State Trooper Bading observed every single movement that Powell made for ten days, and ten nights. Bading was relieved from his vigil by another man only in the middle of the night, when he was simply forced to grab off forty or fifty winks. During the time that Bading secreted himself in the factory across from Powell's home, he observed that the man spent almost all of his time in the house. That is, for the first five days of the period.

On the first day that he was under surveillance, Powell, a pale-faced fellow of 32, came out of the front door of his house about ten o'clock in the morning. He looked about him, as if afraid of something, and then walked briskly to a corner store about half a block away. There, we found out later, he purchased two newspapers (which were filled with news about my being baffled by the Brunen case), a loaf of bread and a package of cigarettes. Little did Powell realize that Bading, peering out of a secret window, *was taking in his every action!* Bading, in his report to me the first day, had, as we later found out, guessed Powell's height to within a quarter of an inch, and the size of his foot to within half a shoe size! Which I call pretty smart work!

AFTER returning from the corner store, Powell never left the house during the remainder of that day. On the morning of the second day, shortly after ten o'clock, he appeared again. Once more, he looked up and down the street, and then repeated his visit to the corner store. He again bought newspapers, cigarettes, bread and milk. He hurried back to the house, slammed the door, and was not seen again until the following morning. This state of things went on until the evening of the fifth day, when, shortly after nightfall, Powell slipped out of the front door as quietly as possible. Bading was trailing him in almost less time than it takes to tell it. Powell boarded a trolley and went to the Terminal of the Philadelphia Ferry Line. He bought a ticket to the Quaker City. So did Bading.

Powell, during the few minutes that it took the ferry to cross the Delaware River, looked around time and time again, as if he felt that he was being followed. But he didn't recognize the rather rough-looking Bading, who had purposely grown a gangster-like beard, and who pulled his hat down over his more than active eyes.

Arriving in Philadelphia, Powell proceeded to an out-of-the-way hotel and there, in a corner of the lobby, he met—*Harry Mohr.* Bading secreted himself behind a pillar—and observed that Mohr and Powell had much to say to each other. They talked in whispers, and Bading couldn't get close enough to them to hear what the trend of their conversation was. The two men talked for more than half an hour, and then Powell retraced his steps to his home in Camden, with State Trooper Bading never more than 100 feet away from him—and often as close as six inches!

The next morning, Powell visited the corner store, as usual, for his newspapers, cigarettes and milk. And, that night, he again went to Philadelphia, "accompanied" by Bading. Once more, Powell met Mohr in the same hotel, where they talked in whispers and, once again, Bading was unable to get close enough to the two men to hear what they were saying.

Powell kept close to his house for the next few days and, on the tenth night that he was under surveillance, again went to Philadelphia to meet Mohr. I had stationed another man in the factory with Bading. He was to telephone any information that Bading thought I would want

(*Continued on page 12*)

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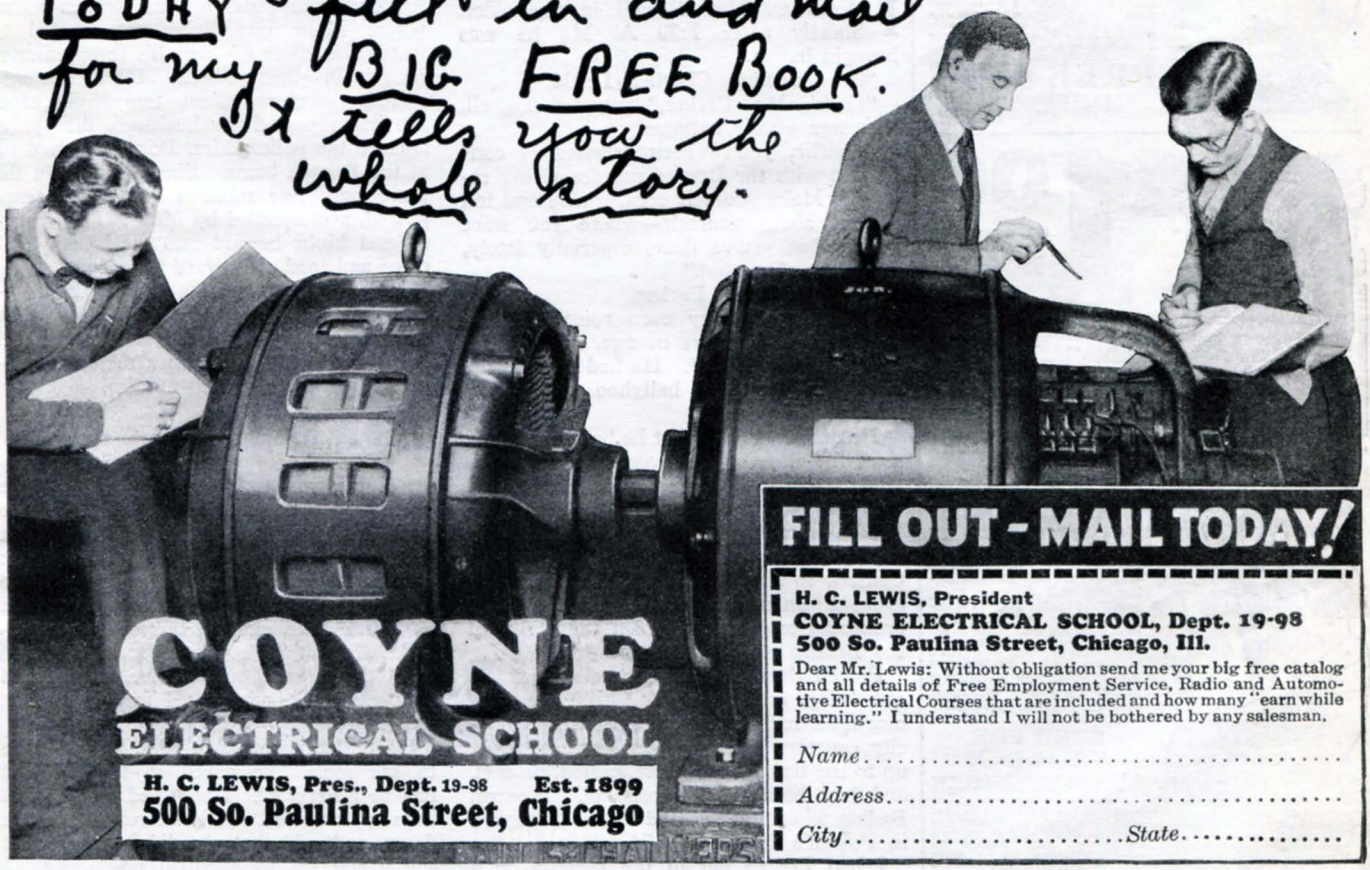

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(*Continued from page* 10)

in a hurry. I, in turn, gave him instructions to convey to Bading. These telephone conversations, of course, were carried on in code. The word "apple" meant one thing, the word "lamp" another, *et cetera.* So, as Bading prepared to follow Powell on the tenth night, he told the second man to get in touch with me at once. As soon as I had received this information I made plans to nab Powell upon his return.

I told my man in Camden that I was sending several other men there at once. I told him where they would park their automobile—at a spot just a few doors from Powell's house. As Bading followed Powell home, he was to be given a signal from the auto, indicating that the time was ripe to nab Powell.

My men arrived in Camden shortly after nine o'clock and parked their machine at the designated spot. Not until a few minutes before one o'clock in the morning did Powell show up. He had alighted from a trolley a few blocks from his home and was walking briskly up the street. Bading saw the parked machine. He had previously been told what that meant. The night was dark and there were no lights about. But Bading saw one of the men in the machine wave a large, white, handkerchief. So did Powell! Bading pounced on him, put his hand over Powell's mouth and, in a few seconds, was assisted by several of my men in bundling Powell into the machine. Just as the car was speeding off, Mrs. Powell, who had apparently been waiting up for her husband, came to the front door of her house. She had evidently heard a scuffle. But, in a few moments, the car was out of sight, headed at breakneck speed for Mount Holly.

I WAS awaiting Powell in my office. Shortly after 1:30 A. M., he was brought in.

"Good evening, Charlie," I said.

"Hello, Mr. Parker," retorted Powell, who was visibly nervous.

"Charlie, you've been arrested in connection with the Brunen murder at my request. Make yourself comfortable and tell me all about yourself—where you were born, what you've done, especially lately, and things like that."

"All right, Mr. Parker."

Powell, in a very even voice, told me that he was 32 years of age, and that he had a wife and child. He had been in the show business as a ballyhoo man for a good many years.

I then asked him what he had been doing since the close of the season the year previous until now, the sixth of April. He said he had been running a bazaar in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, with Harry Mohr. When asked why he had come to Camden to live, he replied that Mohr had brought him on from the Pennsylvania city, promising to get employment for him until the Brunen show went on the road.

Powell then proceeded to tell me, *without being questioned,* that for the past month he had been a salesman for a novelty concern. He had been working right up to the time of his apprehension, he said, and had been quite successful. Herman Bading winked at me, and I almost laughed in Powell's face.

I had Powell put in jail secretly on a John Doe warrant. I might pause here to explain this procedure. He was locked up "in connection" with the murder. I had no grounds on which to charge him with the murder. Had I done that, he would have obtained the services of a lawyer, and demanded a hearing. In the absence of any definite, incriminating information, I would have lost the battle to a lawyer, and Powell would have been freed.

I knew that Powell was a weakling. I also knew that he would confess everything he knew, sooner or later. But I knew I would spoil the confession by forcing it.

In my years of experience, I have obtained most of my confessions by the simple method of leaving a man to himself behind the bars. A jail has a peculiar effect on a guilty conscience, and the average man is more than glad to unburden himself after a stay all alone in jail.

When a guilty person is allowed to associate with others, his conscience is not so apt to bother him as it is when he is left alone. Any experienced detective will tell you that. I had managed to convince certain authorities in New Jersey as to the wisdom of my method in securing confessions. I therefore had the full co-operation of the Camden County authorities when I secretly detained Charlie Powell. They were tipped off before the arrest, and agreed to give no information of any kind if they were appealed to by Mrs. Powell, or other interested parties.

A few hours after we had nabbed Powell, Mrs. Powell went to the Camden police, and reported that he had been kidnaped. She said she would recognize the machine in which he was spirited away. The police, working with me, told Mrs. Powell that they would bend every effort to locate her husband. And that was that!

I had men watching the Brunen home, where Mohr was living. I wanted to watch the effect of Powell's disappearance on certain other persons. I was not surprised, therefore, when, two hours after she had reported her husband's disappearance to the police, Mrs. Powell showed up at the Brunen home. She had been in the place only five minutes when she reappeared, accompanied by Mohr. Mrs. Powell and Mohr hopped into the latter's machine and sped off toward Camden.

Not an hour later, a lawyer in Camden called up Jonathan H. Kelsey, then the Prosecutor of Burlington County, and asked if Powell had been arrested in connection with the Brunen murder.

THINGS were becoming interesting. Mr. Kelsey didn't answer the lawyer's question, but told him to hold the wire. He then sent for me and asked me what he should say. I told him to say that he had never heard of Powell, and to ask why the lawyer on the other end of the wire thought the arrest had been made. This was done, and the lawyer was mystified. He told Kelsey that "something told him" that Powell might have been picked up because he had worked for the Brunen show.

On the following day, Mrs. Powell came to see me. She asked if her husband had been arrested. I admitted that he had been apprehended. Mrs. Powell then broke down, and said that she didn't know what she would do, as she had no money. I

(*Continued on page* 14)

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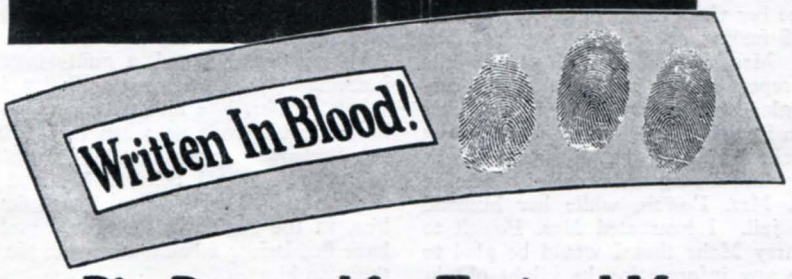

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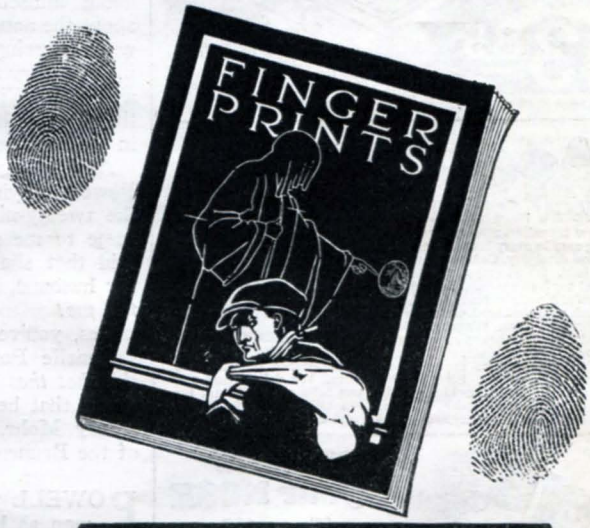

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(*Continued from page 12*)

gave her some money when she told me that her baby hadn't enough food. I have several children of my own. She thanked me profusely and then left the office. I didn't tell her anything more than that her husband had been arrested in connection with the case. I also made her promise that she would not tell anyone about it.

We followed Mrs. Powell when she left the office. She went to Camden, where she met Harry Mohr in a restaurant near the Ferry Terminal.

Mrs. Powell came again the following day, seeking additional information about her husband. I then asked her point-blank who had sent her to me. She said Harry Mohr had advised her to come. I asked why. She replied that Mohr was very interested in Charlie. It occurred to me that Mohr had offered a large reward for the slayer. Why shouldn't he come to my office, himself?

Again we followed Mrs. Powell when she left the office, and again she met Mohr in the restaurant near the Camden Ferry Terminal.

A couple of days later, Mrs. Powell called on me for the third time. She was beginning to crack under the strain and admitted, when I suddenly fired a question at her, that Mohr was giving her money to continue her visits to my office for the purpose of finding out all that was possible. I told Mrs. Powell—knowing that she would repeat what I said—that I was certainly glad that Harry Mohr was taking such an interest in the case, and especially in Charlie. I added that I thought Mohr was a prince among men for being so nice to her, Mrs. Powell, while her husband was in jail. I instructed Mrs. Powell to tell Harry Mohr that I would be glad to receive any information he might obtain which would aid me in my investigation.

During this time, I made repeated visits to Powell's cell, and had him tell me more about himself. I never once asked him about the actual killing of John Brunen. I was observing his every action and checking his story as quickly as possible. I sent a man to Wilkes-Barre, and he found out that Powell had constantly been seen there in the company of Mohr.

As the days wore on, I allowed Mrs. Powell to visit her husband in jail. On the twenty-ninth day of April, 1922, she came to me with tears in her eyes. She said that she had just been talking with her husband, and that *he had something to tell me!*

Yes, you've guessed it.

Charlie Powell confessed that *he fired the shot that killed John Brunen.* He also stated that he was hired to do the job by Harry Mohr, who wanted to get control of the Brunen show.

POWELL was the picture of a broken man as he poured out his confession. He said that Mohr had repeatedly importuned him to do the job. One night they lay in wait for Brunen as he was driving home from the Winter Quarters of the show, but, on this occasion, Powell lost his courage. Another time, they planned to follow, in an automobile, a train on which Brunen was riding, and shoot him as the train pulled up at a deserted station. They sped alongside of the train for a considerable distance, but once more Powell lost his nerve. Another time, Powell accidentally broke the gun which was to have been used, and that's when they went to Simons in Philadelphia, and purchased the weapon with which they snuffed out Brunen's life. Powell said he was the victim of a man with a stronger will, who took advantage of his poor financial condition by holding out a big reward for the killing. As it was, Powell only received about $200 from Mohr.

We nabbed Mohr as he was walking along a Camden street. He denied any knowledge of the crime, branding Powell as crazy. But Powell turned State's evidence, and Mohr was sent to the New Jersey State Prison in Trenton, where he is now serving a life term at hard labor. Powell was given from 20 to 30 years. After he was in prison a short while, he was adjudged insane, due to remorse for his revolting crime, and committed to an asylum. He is now back in prison.

NOW, I'll explain briefly a few interesting things. The fact that the parrot in the Brunen kitchen had been removed convinced me, after I had talked with Mohr, that the crime was an inside job. As I previously stated, a guilty man will immediately shift the responsibility for a crime. Mohr, like all guilty persons, had his story all made up when he implicated the discharged circus chef, Werner. I let Mohr think that I believed him and thus tricked him. Had I shown that I doubted him, in the beginning, he would probably have fled before I had a chance to pin anything on him.

Another thing was, that Mohr lacked the real feeling of an affected person, when he pretended to be greatly upset about the death of his brother-in-law. I saw through that at once. Then, quick as a flash, I figured that it was Mohr who had had the parrot removed from the kitchen. I was later proved right. Mohr probably figured that the parrot would pick up any words which might be exchanged at the time of the murder. *Everything looks suspicious to a man with a guilty conscience.* That's why the parrot was removed. And that parrot was what first implicated the Brunen slayers. It put me on the right track at the very beginning.

The moment I laid eyes on Mohr, I was convinced that he was an arch criminal of the worst type.

So interested was I in bringing the guilty persons to justice during the long, hard investigation, which left me a nervous wreck, that I overlooked the strange actions of my associate, State Trooper Herman Bading. Little did I realize that, while I was busy tracking other people, he was just as busy fooling me!

When the Brunen case was over, and I had the opportunity to think of other things, I discovered that Bading had committed one of the cleverest thefts ever brought to my attention. He stole my secretary. She is now Mrs. Bading.

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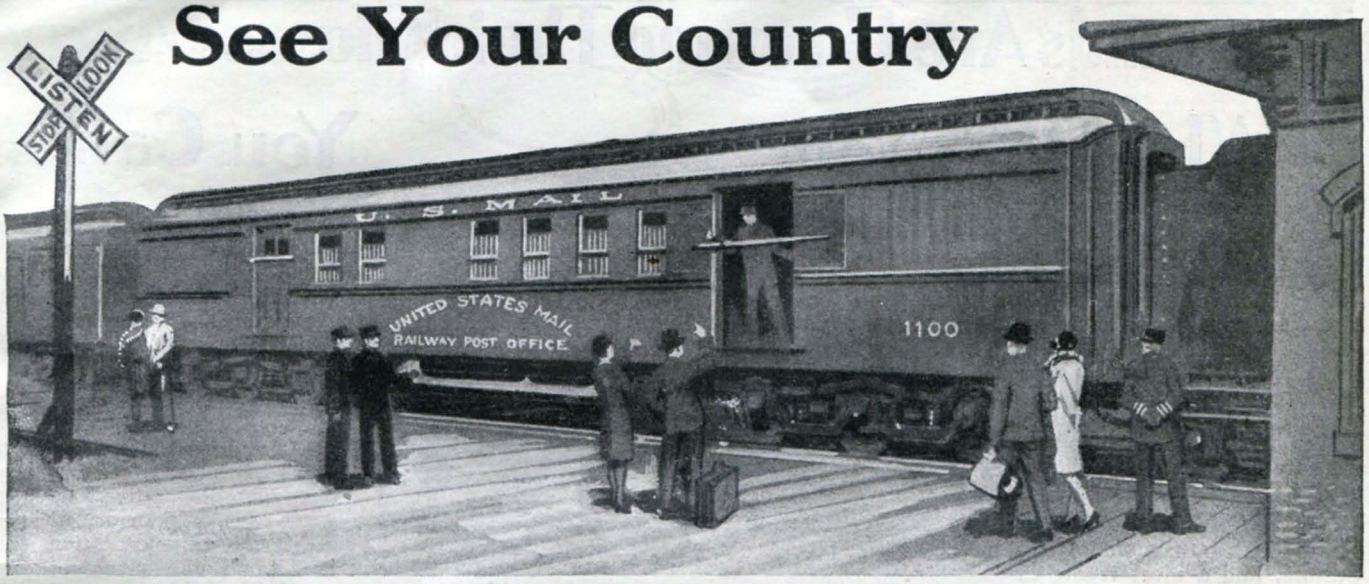

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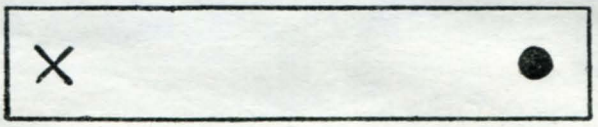
Upon their findings has been based a remarkable new scientific system of eye-training which quickly enables you to train these muscles of the eye so that you can make them work properly at all times, and without effort or strain. This new system has been prepared by Bernarr Macfadden, in collaboration with the eminent ophthalmologist who discovered the real truth about eyes.

Although this remarkable system has only recently been introduced to the public, it has been in use for more than twenty years, and it has been conclusively proven of inestimable value.

If you already wear glasses, find out how you can discard your glasses —and see better without them. If you do not wear glasses, but feel that your sight is failing, then find out how a few minutes each day assures you perfect sight without the use of glasses. If you are a parent send at once for this method, and learn how to save your children from the scourge of near-sightedness, how you can save them from the slavery of eye-glasses, and how you can train their eyes so they will always have perfect, normal vision.



Make This Test of Your Eyesight

Do you know that there is a spot in your eye where you are totally blind? Prove it now. Hold this diagram about 10 inches directly before you. Close the left eye, and fix the right eye on the cross. Then bring the diagram gradually closer and about 7 inches the black spot will suddenly disappear. This is but one of the important points of information about your eyes which you should know, particularly if you have any eye trouble.

For What Price Would You Sell Your Eyes?

The benefits which you can derive from this new method of eye training may seem too surprising to be true. Yet you cannot doubt its efficacy when you read the letters from the people who have found it of immeasurable value, when you know that it has helped over 2,000 children to regain normal vision in a short time. Your eyesight is your most important possession. It can never be replaced if it is lost. And since no amount of money could make you sacrifice your eyes, you owe it to yourself at least to investigate what this new scientific method can do for you.

Here is a man who writes: "Strengthening the Eyes has enabled me to completely forget the optician. It has practically cured a bad case of astigmatism."

And here is another who says: "By faithfully following the directions given in your Eye Course I have discarded glasses worn for years, and have had absolutely no trouble for the past two years."

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These inspiring results bring a message of hope to everyone who is troubled with weak eyes or poor sight. There is hardly any condition that is beyond the reach of Bernarr Macfadden's revolutionizing method of eye training. Even the hopeless cases, as shown in the letter reproduced here, respond with almost unbelievable results to the treatment outlined by the noted physical culturist.

You Can Try This Course At Our Risk

We want every reader of this publication afflicted with eye-trouble to examine Mr. MacFadden's wonderful course and try the eye exercises that it prescribes. In order to bring this about we are willing to send the entire course on approval, giving you the privilege of returning it within five days after receipt if not satisfactory. The price of the course has been placed within the means of everyone—only $3.00, plus delivery charges. It is less than you would pay for a single pair of glasses. Can you afford not to take advantage of this offer and all it may mean to you? Not if you value strong eyes. So mail the coupon now, before it slips your mind, and you will never have to wear glasses again.

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It is understood if after trying the course for five days I decide not to keep it you will immediately refund my money upon return of the course.

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TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES
A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION
January 1929

Science and Detective Stories

By George William Wilder

ONE explanation of the universal enjoyment of detective stories is their appeal to the finer instincts. The reader follows the detective as he matches his wits against the cunning of the criminal and, consciously or unconsciously, he shares in the ultimate triumph of the Law.

Now, Ray M. Simpson of the University of Chicago, goes a step further and attributes to detective stories the quality of possessing an antidote for nervousness. We quote below, in part, from a news item appearing in a recent issue of the New York Evening *Post:*

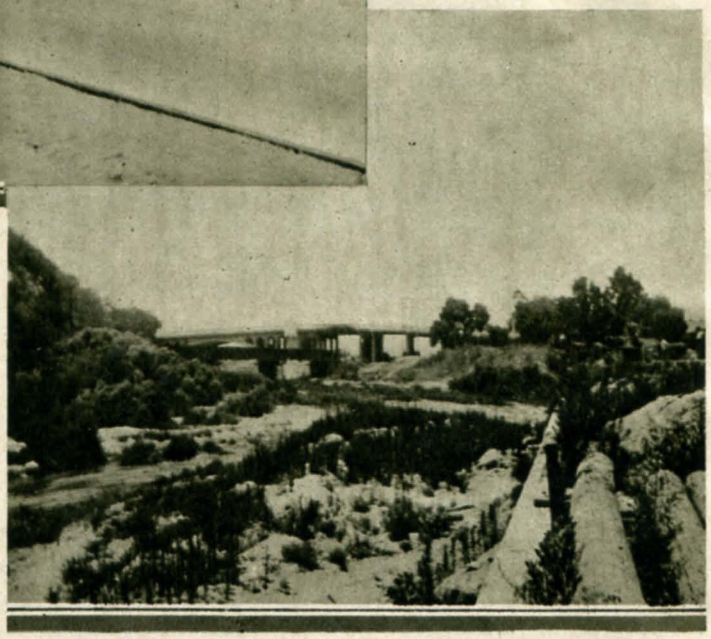
> "To calm the frazzled nerves, read a thrilling detective story. A heavy dosage of a couple of hours after dinner, but *before* going to bed, is the prescription being worked out in the University of Chicago psychological laboratories to cure that 'gone' feeling so common after a hectic day of modern high-pressure life.
>
> "Paradoxical as it may seem, the more blood and thrills there are in the detective tale, the more it serves as an antidote to quiet the reader's state of mind—as is being demonstrated by Mr. Simpson through exact scientific data with graphs of pulse, charts of respiration and similar methods. These experiments show with astonishing invariability that the person who has been reading a 'thriller' for an hour or more, has a quieter pulse, a slower respiration and greater self-control than he had previous to the reading.
>
> " 'This,' said Mr. Simpson, 'is because what we regard as our prosaic routine of living is much more stimulating than what we imagine. In fact, our everyday life is probably far too stimulating. Too many people nowadays are afflicted with speed fever. We need the complete change of mind, brought about by reading a gripping mystery story, to calm us down to a more nearly normal pace, absurd as this may seem at first thought.
>
> " 'Our results in the group tested show that the heart beat is much more regular following a two-hour period of reading. *I hope to prove that the reading of absorbing detective stories is one of the best of nerve tonics, and that it is beneficial to men and women of all ages.*' "

There is, we believe, nothing new in this. It is an old truth, a fact that has always existed, which not everyone has understood.

Mr. Simpson's laboratory tests simply mean that Science now verifies that truth—makes it understandable to us.

JAIL-BREAK!

How could this beautiful Spanish dancer, Carmen Castro, set her convict lover free? "I will try! You shall see! I shall succeed!" she cried passionately. . . . . Did she succeed?



(*Above*) San Fernando Road, showing North side of Lincoln Heights Stockade. (*Right*) View of Dayton Avenue Bridge from window of the Stockade. It was from this bridge that Carmen flashed signal lights to the convicts in the prison

ADJACENT to the Plaza—social and civic center of Los Angeles when the city was a small Spanish *pueblo*—lies the Mexican quarter, known as Sonoratown.

At night, the *Café Madrid*, facing the Plaza, is a scene of gaiety. Gilded fixtures and red-shaded lights form a brilliant background for swarthy men and pretty olive-skinned women in bright-colored toilettes. White-aproned waiters dart to and fro with dishes of hotly seasoned viands. Light-hearted laughter and the soft cadences of the Spanish tongue mingle with the sensuous rhythms of mandolins and guitars. . . .

In pathetic contrast to all the brightness about her, Carmen Castro sat in a booth, alone. Hat and frock of unrelieved black accentuated the slenderness of her figure, the waxen whiteness of her smooth skin, the blackness of her big eyes, now wide with helpless dismay.

Her modest meal consumed, the waiter's check tightly clutched in one hot little hand, she dared not move, after making the dreadful discovery that the purse containing all her money had been . . . lost or stolen!

At that moment, by chance or design or destiny, Jose Loya, adventurer, ex-convict and international dope-smuggler, swaggered into the restaurant. He swept the crowded room with a glance of insolent good humor, then sat down at a table a few feet from where the shrinking girl was trying to rally courage to confess her moneyless plight to an impatient waiter.

For one fleeting moment, those great dark eyes met his. An inexplicable something held the adventurer's gaze and impelled him to eavesdrop. He heard the girl tremulously explain her loss, heard the waiter suggest that she leave a piece of jewelry as security for her bill, saw trembling fingers tug at a little ring on her right hand. . . .

With the easy grace of a panther, Jose Loya lounged over to the booth and sat down opposite Carmen.

"The *señorita* is my guest," he announced, blandly, at the same time possessing himself of her check. The waiter took quick note of his patron's expensive though flashy clothes, the diamond gleaming in his tie . . . He smiled discreetly, bent his sleek head to receive Loya's order, and vanished, elated at the prospect of a handsome tip.

Carmen flushed, uncertain whether to accept the stranger's courtesy or run from the booth. But the handsome adventurer, like many of his kind, had a "way" with women. A flashing smile, a pretty compliment, and Carmen sat still, attracted and fascinated by his bold eyes. Soon, under the heady influence of the wine served in stoneware cups, she yielded to a sudden desire to interest—to please her host.

She told her story briefly. Six weeks before, she had come to Los Angeles from Mexico City, with her brother Juan. The latter, a printer, had found employment with a Mexican newspaper. Then, one night, in a poolroom, a drug-crazed man had run amuck with a revolver. One wild shot struck Juan Castro, killing him instantly.

NOW she was alone; no relatives, no friends in the strange city; that night she had lost what little money Juan had left her. If only she could get an engagement . . . She was a dancer; she had danced at the fine clubs and at theaters in the City of Mexico. If only . . . quite unconsciously, she wrung her slender, white hands in a gesture of pitiful appeal. . . .

Loya scanned her face and figure appraisingly.

"If I could see you dance," he said. "I might get an engagement for you. The manager of the *Teatro Hidalgo* is a good friend of mine."

Alight with joy, her face took on a new beauty—not lost upon Jose Loya.

"We can go to my apartment, *señor*! There I could dance

A Tale of Bands of Steel—and Pretty Eyes

By Detective Lieutenant JACK MALINA

Robbery Squad, Los Angeles Police Department

As told to

DOLORES L. MICHEL

(*Above*) Carmen Castro, *La Carmencita!* star of *Teatro Hidalgo*, whose beautiful dark eyes completely won the heart of Jose Loya, swaggering adventurer and international dope-smuggler (*shown below*). When Loya was jailed, the girl's fighting spirit to free him burned within her like a consuming fire—and nothing could stop her!

for you!" Then the glow faded from her face. "Oh! . . . there would be no music!"

"I can judge without music," he assured her, as he paid the bill from a fat roll of greenbacks.

Leaving Loya in the living room of her tiny apartment, Carmen vanished, with a promise to reappear in "one little moment!" The little moment dragged into long minutes. Loya smoked two cigarettes, blasphemed under his breath, started to rise, and then. . . .

The door flew open and a flash of living flame darted into the room. Her slender body swathed in a great fringed shawl of rose-red silk, the pale wisp of a girl was transformed into a creature of exotic beauty.

TO the click of castanets, she swayed and writhed in fiery abandon through the measures of a voluptuous Spanish dance, while Jose Loya watched with burning eyes. . . . And when at last, with flushed face and sparkling eyes, she sank down before him with a little ripple of breathless laughter, he swept her up into his arms. . . .

A week later, billed as *La Carmencita* she made her first appearance at the *Teatro Hidalgo*, most popular of the several Mexican theaters, dedicated to vaudeville and pictures. Her grace and beauty were wildly acclaimed by her countrymen. There were invitations, gifts, flowers—from prosperous merchants down to the humblest ditch-digging peon who could pay the price of admission.

She had smiles for all, but her kisses were for Jose Loya alone. However, although blindly enamored of her lover, she still clung to her early religious precepts. One day, between smiles and tears, she begged Loya to marry her. Surprising as it would seem to those who know his kind, the adventurer agreed. He was proud of Carmen, as his protegée; he saw that she was his slave, and figured that her beauty and talent would be valuable assets at some future time, in his own nefarious undertakings.

So far, he had kept from her knowledge the fact that he used and trafficked in forbidden drugs—as well as other unsavory facts, such as his one-time sojourn in San Quentin Penitentiary.

The wedding was set for April 21st. Loya procured a license and was to call for his bride, to go before the priest. The manager of the *Hidalgo* had arranged for an elaborate supper at the *Café Madrid* afterward.

At five o'clock, Carmen, in a girlish white frock, and wearing a large white hat that drooped charmingly over her pretty face, ran to the head of the stairs. Jose Loya was supposed to be waiting below in a car. . . .

On the landing Carmen stopped short in surprise. In the hallway below stood her lover, between two strange men, one of whom was addressing him roughly in English. Fear gripping her heart, Carmen ran down the stairway—and saw Loya's right wrist encircled with a band of steel, linked to the wrist of the American by a short metal chain.

"What is this?" Carmen's little hands seized and rattled the handcuffs.

"GUESS this is the girl he was going to marry!" said Detective Yoakum, of the Narcotic Squad. "Mendoza, you'd better give her the low-down on this rat. Damn' narrow escape for her!"

Detective Mendoza gently drew the puzzled and frightened girl aside. He showed his police badge and briefly explained in Spanish that Loya was under arrest as a drug addict and peddler; some of the stuff had been found on his person, more of it in his room; he had done this thing before; had been doing it for years; many times he had gone to jail. . . .

Here the big detective involuntarily recoiled before the lightnings that flashed from Carmen's eyes.

"*Lies, lies, lies . . . all lies!*" she shrieked, and threw herself upon Loya, who stood in sullen silence.

It was with difficulty that Mendoza succeeded in tearing Carmen away. When she finally staggered against the wall, panting and sobbing, the officers hurriedly dragged Loya out. As the door slammed loudly behind them, Carmen, with a heart-rending cry sank, unconscious to the floor.

On the following day, April 22nd, 1926, José Loya—known to the police as Joe Loya, and by six other aliases—

was taken into the Municipal Court by Detectives Yoakum and Mendoza, on "Vag-Idle" and Drug Addict charges; he was convicted and sentenced to serve 180 days in the Lincoln Heights Stockade.

THE Stockade, one of the city's several jails, is located on Avenue Nineteen, in North Los Angeles.

North of the building winds San Fernando Road, merging into the inland highway to San Francisco. On the south, a concrete embankment drops twenty feet to the sandy bed of the Los Angeles River. On the farther side of that shallow stream, at the top of another embankment, the multiple tracks of the Southern Pacific Railroad parallel the wooded hills of Elysian Park.

The Stockade is a rectangular building, with grounds and garages, housing 1200 to 1400 prisoners. Inside, two long corridors run east and west. On either side are barred cells, dining-halls and shower-baths. The extreme westerly section consists of two stories. On the second floor, at the southwest corner, is *Cell 27*.

Number 27 is a high-ceilinged room, about 50 by 100 feet. The walls are painted a cream-color, and the furniture consists of benches, tables and three-tiered bunks—the latter being heavy, movable, iron frames, upon which three canvas hammocks are tightly stretched.

In April, 1926, the cell held about 35 men, all serving time on narcotic charges—mostly Mexicans, with a sprinkling of Americans and Negroes.

The man who said he could judge dancing "without the music"

THE lower-class Mexican is ordinarily good-natured, steady-working, and appreciative of kindly treatment. Under the baleful influence of drugs or drink he affords a serious and never-ending problem to the police. The records show that practically every Mexican drug-addict is a criminal: petty thief, burglar, bandit or murderer. And almost every addict is a narcotic-peddler.

A favorite narcotic is *marihuana*. The dried leaves of this sinister weed are smoked in cigarettes. The *marihuana*-fiend is subject to flares of homicidal rage. He is also dead to all sense of physical fear, and will hurl himself upon an officer with drawn gun, fighting like a maniac until handcuffed or knocked unconscious.

Cocaine is also extensively used, the white flakes being sniffed through the nostrils.

The Mexican usually makes a solution of powdered morphine, draws the liquid up into an eye-dropper, and stabs himself with a pin. He then places the eye-dropper over the puncture thus made and forces the morphine solution into it. Introduced into the muscular tissue, the immediate effect of the drug is to quiet the nerves. If the solution is forced into a main-line vein, it goes straight to the heart and —to literally translate the Spanish expression—"blows the top of the head off."

The most powerful and most vicious of all narcotics is that dread derivative of the opium poppy, called heroin. It is taken through the nostrils, or injected into the body in solution form. The heroin habit is the most difficult to break. The user fancies himself monarch of all he surveys; he believes himself invincible, and, like the *marihuana* addict, attacks superior numbers with the blind, uncalculating ferocity of a madman.

ON April 23rd, 1926, Joe Loya, with several others of his feather, became one of this variegated flock of jail-birds. He immediately found himself among friends. He was particularly pleased to re-encounter a former boon companion in the person of one Jesus Delgado, serving ninety days on a narcotic charge. The past career of this ruffian somewhat paralleled his own, save that Delgado's was distinguished by two penitentiary terms (San Quentin and Folsom) instead of one.

Before night, he enjoyed another pleasant surprise, when one Jose Chavez, known to his familiars as "El Chango" (The Monkey), was admitted to the cell. This desperado had three penitentiary terms to his credit, including a stretch in the Federal Prison at Leavenworth. Now, he was serving twelve months in the Stockade, and, with two other prisoners, occupied a small cell at the opposite end of the corridor. He had learned the barber's trade while in San Quentin Penitentiary, and was permitted by the Stockade jailer to make himself useful by administering shaves and hair-cuts to his fellow-prisoners. This excuse afforded frequent opportunities to fraternize with friends in *Cell 27*. He knew Jose Loya of old, and the unexpected meeting was a source of mutual satisfaction.

At once a tacit alliance was formed between the three men, equally cunning, bold and ruthless. Jose told them of Carmen Castro, and the three scoundrels promptly planned to use her as a tool, if possible, wherewith to effect an escape from the Stockade.

A few days later, Carmen came to see her lover, and as the result of a few significant words slyly interpolated by Loya into their brief conversation, Carmen set her nimble woman's wit to work, to connive at his escape.

In vain the theater manager urged her to forget Loya, and accept the attentions of other admirers, eager to promote her happiness.

"It may be as you say!" she stormed. "My Jose may be a seller of drugs, a thief! But I love him, señor! Can I laugh and dance when my heart . . . it is breaking! And the man I love is in a vile prison! No! No!"

Tears gushed from her beautiful eyes, and the manager, wise in the ways of women, shrugged his shoulders and subsided.

SO Carmen broke her contract and went to live in a small apartment with one Nacho, an ex-convict and friend of Loya, and his wife Marie.

The Stockade regulations permitted prisoners with money of their own to buy groceries and tobacco to the amount of two dollars, once each week.

Carmen became a frequent patron of the Mexican grocery from which the prisoners' supplies were purchased, and used her pretty eyes with telling effect upon the two young clerks who put up the orders. Hence it was not surprising that they were looking elsewhere on the occasion when Carmen, taking a large bunch of bananas, selected one, deftly slit it, and *inserted therein two five-inch lengths of a broken hack-saw blade.*

A few hours later the blades were in the hands of Jose Loya, in *Cell 27*.

Shortly afterward, he, Chavez and Delgado put their heads together, and after due consideration of all possibilities, it was decided to saw the bars in the window of the bathroom adjoining *Cell 27*, opening over the rear yard of the Stockade.

DURING the following ten days the assistant-jailer (whom I will call Captain Smith) was struck by the number of orders for cayenne pepper issued by the inmates of *Cell 27*. However, well aware of the taste of his Mexican guests for hotly seasoned dishes, he assumed that they were finding the

culinary concepts of the jail chef too mild, and wished to "pep up" the edibles from their own supplies. Canned goods and tinware were not permitted in the cells, hence several ounces of cayenne went into *Number 27* in paper bags.

When work was finally started on the bars, the hack-saw blades were greased with butter. Loya or Delgado would adjourn to the bathroom and turn on two faucets. Immediately, there ensued a mighty splashing in the empty tub, that completely drowned the faint rasp of sawing metal. The two arch-conspirators had taken several others of the more desperate characters into their confidence, and one prisoner was delegated to parade up and down outside the bathroom, partly undressed, and with a towel over his arm, apparently awaiting his turn for a wash—in reality acting as a look-out!

Ten minutes' sawing at a time was considered a discreet limit, and surprising progress could be made by a deft worker in that period. As each man left the unfinished job, the severed bars were joined together with chewing gum, and all outward trace of the cuts cunningly concealed.

Small morsels of fat were surreptitiously extracted from helpings of beef stew in the dining-room. At night in the cell, between the assistant-jailer's rounds, the fat was put into the inverted lid of a baking-powder can and rendered into tallow, over a series of burning matches.

The resulting tallow was the same cream-color as the paint on the window-bars. When the cuts were carefully filled with this substance, they were invisible to the naked eye.

The cell window was some 30 feet from the ground. Ropes were taken from the bunks and skilfully spliced together by two ex-sailors among the prisoners. The suspicions of the jailer were diverted from the rope by Manuel Franco, an ex-cowboy, expert with the lariat. Several times the jailer saw Manuel in action, dexterously roping and throwing obliging friends, amid the laughter of the bystanders, and went on his way in blissful ignorance of the practical purpose for which the rope was ultimately intended.

In the course of three days, Loya and Delgado sawed through four bars, leaving them joined in the manner already explained, and requiring only a powerful push or a jerk, to force them out.

Carmen, "a flash of living flame" —the girl who danced

THE night of May 3rd was set for the general exodus. Loya, Delgado and their satellites decided upon the final details.

It was arranged that several prisoners should start a mock fight. Captain Smith would be called by others to quell the fracas.

In the meanwhile, the upper part of a calendar was made to serve as a tray, on which was piled a large quantity of red pepper. Delgado was instructed to stand just inside the door with the extemporized tray of pepper in his hand. Another prisoner was to stand beside him, with orders to slap the cardboard smartly from below, just as the jailer entered, thereby flinging the blinding condiment up into the latter's face.

While Captain Smith was momentarily "out," he was to be overpowered and deprived of his keys, after which the prisoners would make a bolt for the bathroom.

Some of the conspirators—by this time most of the inmates of the cell had been informed of the project—favored tying the jailer with ropes. Loya and El Chango advocated a more drastic procedure—which proved their undoing! Their plan was none other than to give Captain Smith what was termed a "social tap" on the head, with an iron bar wrested from one of the bunks. This motion eventually carried.

Together with the Mexicans were several American prisoners, including one "Blackie" O'Hallahan, whose long record included two felony convictions.

"Blackie," when apprised of the plan to "cold-cock" Captain Smith, became panic-stricken. He knew only too well that if the wielder of the iron bar, in a burst of misguided enthusiasm, overdid his stuff and killed the officer, every prisoner in the cell could be tried as principal to a murder. As a "two-time loser," Blackie realized that his chances to dodge the noose would be slim indeed.

He wracked his brain for a means of warning Captain Smith without exposing himself to the wrath of his fellow-prisoners, aware that the enraged Mexicans would make short shrift of him if his treachery were discovered.

He scrawled the following words on a fragment of a paper-bag:

Bars cut in bathroom window.
Plan to kill you and make
get-away tonight.

The problem of getting the note to the jailer was solved by stuffing an empty *Bull Durham* tobacco sack with scrap-paper, then tying the warning message between the stuffed sack and a half-slice of dried bread.

He watched his chance and tossed the packet through the bars of the door out into the hall, rightly figuring that such an unusual-looking object on the erstwhile immaculate floor of the corridor would instantly attract the attention of Captain Smith on his periodical round of inspection.

IT did. The assistant-jailer read the message with dismay and consternation a half-hour before the time set for the break. He hurried to the bathroom and examined the bars; however, so craftily were the cuts concealed that he could see nothing amiss. Nevertheless, he decided to report the matter to the Chief Jailer, Captain Fisher.

That officer, a grizzled police veteran who had frustrated several attempted jail-breaks in his time, promptly repaired to the bathroom, and with one vigorous rap of his gun-handle, dislodged the sawed bars.

With several officers from the regular station night-watch, Captain Fisher entered *Cell 27*. The prisoners were quizzed, one by one, but through a sense of loyalty or fear of their vengeance, none would betray Loya or Delgado. Unable to identify the originators of the plot, or the men who had actually cut the window-bars, Captain Fisher was unable to take any punitive measures. The hack-saw blades were never found.

In a closed car, parked amid trees just off San Fernando Road, Carmen waited, with Nacho and Marie. The hands of her wrist-watch crept slowly past the hours of *seven—eight—eighty-thirty* . . . Eager anticipation, nervous impatience; then burning tears of rage and disappointment as Nacho, shrugging his shoulders philosophically, declared his opinion that "something had slipped up," and headed the car back to the city.

"We will try again!" Carmen declared passionately. "And next time—you will see! *We shall succeed!*"

Two months passed before Loya deemed it prudent to plan a second break—two months of exemplary behavior on the part of the occupants of *Number 27*, and marked only by infrequent visits by Carmen, upon whose impatience and loving solicitude he thought it best to put a curb.

On the afternoon of June 21st, she called at the Stockade and had a brief talk with her lover.

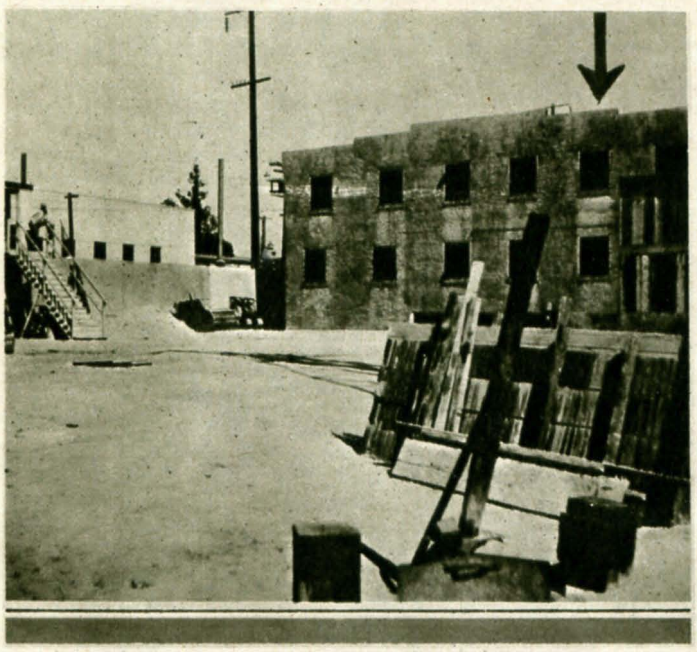
At nine-thirty that evening, Loya and El Chango, watching from one of the windows, saw a car drive very slowly west on San Fernando Road, and disappear around the curve about 100 yards beyond the Stockade. A few minutes later, a slender figure in boy's clothes crept up to the ten-foot board fence enclosing the rear yard, climbed upon one of the piles of débris littering the ground at the foot of the wall, and scaled the remaining distance with the swiftness and agility of a young monkey. The furtive trespasser halted, breathless, and glanced about cautiously.

This intruder upon forbidden ground was Carmen Castro. Almost invisible in the darkness, hugging the fence and the wall of the building, she stopped under the third window from the southwest corner. For a few tense seconds she waited, until a white streak shot down from above. It was a weighted cord.

FROM a pocket the girl drew seven hack-saw blades around which she hurriedly tied the end of the string. The cord was drawn swiftly upward and Carmen, with fast-beating heart, scrambled up the side of a sand-pile at the base of the fence, jumped from the top out onto San Fernando Road, and rejoined Nacho and Marie in the waiting car around the curve.

About four-thirty on the following afternoon, Loya and Delgado set to work to saw the bars on the second window from the southwest corner of the big cell. Several prisoners, already in the "know," stood around the bunk in front of the window, talking and singing, hiding the hack-saw operations from the crowd, who were to be told of the plan at the last minute. Atop of the bunk sat a look-out, keeping a vigilant eye on the assembly.

At the door of the cell the prisoners had posted a sentry, on the *qui vive* for Captain Smith on his rounds. The latter's office was a small room at the opposite end of the 200-foot



West Wall of Lincoln Heights Stockade. Arrow indicates window through which the 31 desperate jailbirds made their sensational break for freedom

corridor. A clever trick was used to watch his approach.

The sentinel, with a mirror in his hand, thrust his arm through the bars of the door. By looking into the glass, he could see Captain Smith almost as soon as that officer entered the corridor, headed toward the cell. Whereupon he quickly withdrew the mirror, and signaled to the look-out, who in turn warned Loya and Delgado to cease sawing for the moment.

Captain Smith looked in upon his guests, found some of them reposing peacefully, others beguiling the time with a brisk card-game, or throwing dice, cunningly fashioned from bones retrieved from the dining-hall. Satisfied that all was well, he returned to his den and resumed his reading of a periodical, serenely unaware of the brewing storm.

When the news that a break was planned finally spread through the room, a chorus of excited chatter rose—dying

Jesus Delgado, boon companion of Jose Loya. Previous to his part in the Lincoln Heights Stockade jailbreak, he had served terms at San Quentin and Folsom

down, however, to an innocuous murmur whenever the approach of the assistant-jailer was signaled.

ABOUT seven o'clock El Chango, through the door of Cell 13, told Captain Smith that two men in *Number 27* had asked for a hair-cut; they were leaving the jail on the following day. The officer readily granted the desired permission to enter *Cell 27*, as he had done on numerous previous occasions, and El Chango, hiding the gleam of devilment in his black eyes, took his scissors and accompanied the Captain to the big cell.

There, in a brief whispered consultation with Loya and Delgado, the barber's part in the impending drama was decided upon.

At seven-thirty, the task of sawing three bars was finished. Loya and Delgado stood at the window, with straining eyes fixed upon the Dayton Avenue bridge, three hundred yards westward. At last motor-car headlights flashed the pre-arranged signal—Carmen, Nacho and Marie would be waiting at a designated place on San Fernando Road! Delgado and Chavez had already communicated with friends, who had a car stationed at another point near by.

With one jerk of his powerful hands, Delgado wrenched a stout wooden cross-piece from the head of the nearest bunk. At the same time Loya pulled the three cut bars inward, snatched the piece of wood from Delgado and, with several strong blows, knocked the heavy wire-mesh screen from the window down into the yard.

There was a scene of wild excitement as Chavez tossed a spliced rope to Delgado. The latter tied it with several knots to one of the heavy, iron-barred bunks, and flung the free end of the rope out the window.

With the swiftness and elasticity of a snake, Jose Loya twisted his body through the narrow aperture, slid down the rope, and dropped from sight. Jesus Delgado followed, and a low murmur of triumph rose from the prisoners milling around the window.

As the men began to crowd so close that free movement was impossible, Chavez (El Chango), with a vicious snarl, planted himself before the bunk in front of the open window. He brandished a pair of long scissors, pointed outward, and swung the gleaming blades from side to side menacingly.

The surging human mass retreated before his threatening gesture. The several prisoners already at the window dropped out in swift succession. Then Chavez tossed his scissors aside, and went down in turn.

Pushing, sweating, cursing, the others followed. There was but one delay in the proceedings, when one Ramon Ruiz, short and squat; and with an abnormal muscular development about the hips, jammed in the narrow opening. He stuck fast, alternately cursing and whining with pain as the frantic men behind him tried with shoves, blows and kicks to expedite his exit. At last, mainly due to the ruthless brutality of his comrades, he went through.

Jose Chavez, known to his familiars as *El Chango* ("The Monkey"). He had served three penitentiary terms, including a stretch at Leavenworth Federal Prison, before joining Loya and Delgado in planning the Lincoln Heights Stockade jailbreak

Within five minutes *Cell 27* was empty, save for two prisoners too ill and weak to bolt, and three others whose sentences were about to expire; they discreetly decided to remain, rather than incur additional penalties in the event of re-capture.

MEANWHILE, Loya, first to reach the ground, darted across the deserted yard, scaled the fence and dropped down on the other side. Fifty feet away was San Fernando Road, with its endless procession of motor cars. . . .

The fugitive ran swiftly down the highway. Around the first curve, off the road, in the shadow of a huge concrete laundry building, was parked a sedan car. A girlish figure sprang from the car—and, a moment later, Carmen was clasped in her lover's arms!

However, a staccato fire of imprecations from Nacho, at the wheel of the car, cut short the ecstasy of reunion.

Loya hurriedly kissed the girl whose love and devotion had given him his freedom. Then, as she refused to unclasp her arms from about his neck, he picked her up and carried her to the waiting car. Nacho stepped on the gas, and they sped northward. A few hours later they were the guests of his wife, Marie's brother, on a small ranch near Ventura, in the adjoining County.

During this time, the other fugitives had scattered in all directions. Some jumped over the embankment into the river-bed, scuttling like hunted rabbits across the sands to the shelter of the scrub-oaks that lined the river-bank. Some went east, others west. A few waded the shallow stream, clambered up the southern embankment and wandered through the maze of tracks, and string of freight-cars, back into the City.

Two patrolmen, en route to the Stockade to report for night duty, saw the shadowy forms of the last of the fugitives vanish over the edge of the embankment, and gave the alarm.

A few minutes later, twenty officers, with re-enforcements from other divisions, were combing the river-bed, armed with guns and equipped with flashlights. But the mass of dense shrubbery hid the refugees well, and not a man was re-captured that night.

At Headquarters, Captain E. Raymond Cato, in command of the Robbery Squad, assigned me to handle the round-up, inasmuch as I had held the post of jailer at the Stockade in 1924 and 1925, and most of the escapes were well known to me both by name and sight.

A Bulletin was promptly printed, with gallery "mugs" of all the "wanted" men, and distributed through the Southwestern States.

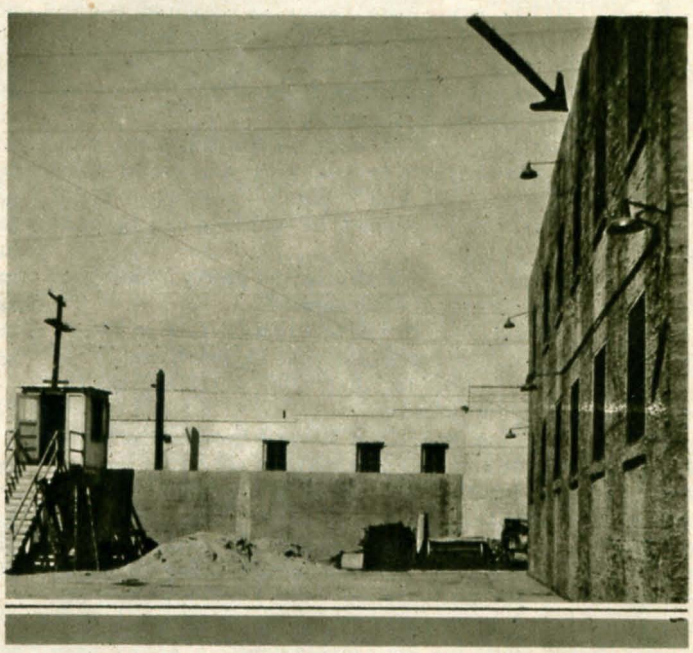
WITHIN a few days, Marie's relatives made it plain that her friends were not welcome; they feared the penalty for harboring an escape, if Loya were apprehended on their premises. Nacho then suggested that they go to San Bernardino—a small town 85 miles east of Los Angeles—where he had friends. To this Loya and Carmen agreed.

They could not have made a more ill-starred decision. San Bernardino, with its torrid summer climate and close proximity to the Imperial Valley—that least conspicuous gateway to Mexico—had already attracted about a dozen of the fugitives, and, with the energetic co-operation of the local Sheriff's office, I had already rounded up a number of the Mexicans in the town and adjacent river-beds.

Having shipped my first consignment of re-captured prisoners back to Los Angeles, I remained—the appreciative guest of hospitable Deputy Sheriffs—patiently waiting for additional flies to flop into my web.

Arrived at San Bernardino, Nacho and party became the guests of his friend, a bootlegger and dance-hall owner, who went by the suggestive sobriquet of El Modrego (The Buzzard).

In the meantime, funds had run low. El Modrego suggested that Carmen dance one night at his dance-hall; he would give her a generous cut of the proceeds—money enough to enable her to flee with Loya to Mexico, from which country it was unlikely Los Angeles authorities would take the trouble to extradite him. The girl eagerly consented.



View of West Wall of Stockade, looking North, showing the height of the "drop" made by the escaping fugitives

The event was advertised by cheap handbills and by word of mouth for two days. As a result, an enthusiastic crowd assembled from all the nearby towns and ranches, to see the beautiful *bailarina* from the City of Mexico—and maybe dance with her for a few rapturous moments, all for the small sum of ten cents!

While Carmen danced with hope (*Continued on page* 89)

TRAILING PERFUME

When I caught her eye, I got a jolt... Without a doubt she was the mystery girl!

Who was the beautiful "mystery girl" of the Oriental perfume? Had she been sent out by the rum ring to "get" Detective Watson?

By

HARRISON C. WATSON

Special Investigator

As told to

ALLAN VAN HOESEN

"ANYTHING new, Miss Grey?" I inquired of my secretary, as I closed the door to the inner office of the suite in the tower of one of Manhattan's downtown office buildings, from which I conducted my business as a special investigator.

"Nothing particular, Mr. Watson, except that some man, who appeared most anxious to talk with you, called twice on the telephone. I told him I didn't know when you'd return. The last time he phoned, he said he'd call again at five."

I glanced at the clock. It still lacked thirty minutes of that hour. "Did he hint at his business?"

"No, sir. He only said to tell you it was *Number Thirty-three* calling and it was important that he reach you."

"Umph—yes. I'll wait for that call," I replied, seating myself at my desk—wondering.

Number Thirty-three was Klem Baker's designation when, a few years back, he and I, as operatives in the Secret Service, usually worked together out from Washington. Several times we had operated successfully against some of the big rum runners. He stuck to that game and, today, holds a position of authority in the Customs Service, being connected with the New York Headquarters, while I had branched out for myself, occasionally being called in to do some particularly secret work for the Government. I hadn't seen him for a long time, but guessed he desired to consult me concerning some phase of the "alky" industry, whose leaders had become so bold that they employed thugs to attack Enforcement officials.

I HAD been away in Philadelphia for two days, obtaining additional data concerning a stock swindler I had turned over to the authorities, and tried to focus my attention upon the mail which had accumulated. But, somehow, I just couldn't. For more than a month I'd been fighting mad, because of the open flouting of the Government by the rum runners operating over the old route, extending from Detroit, through Buffalo and Albany, to New York. In my own mind, I was convinced that a new, and unusually resourceful, leader was in command of a powerful bootleg ring working that territory, and, more than once, I'd been tempted to volunteer to take a hand in uncovering this "mob."

It wasn't because I was sold on the "dry" side of the prohibition argument, but I hated to see a lot of vicious crooks getting the better of the Government agents. And they'd done just that. For weeks, the territory between, and including, Detroit and New York had been liberally supplied with Scotch and rye, brought in from Canada and the Bahamas, and sold at a price so much lower than in several years past, that the small-timers, with their cellar-made whiskey and imitation gin, had been unable to meet the competition. But the running in of an immense quantity of wet goods was a minor consideration. What got me was, that several Enforcement agents had been seriously wounded in gun battles, both on land and water, the bootleggers fighting back viciously, when cornered. Among the injured had been some of my former pals. While I was thus speculating, the buzzer sounded and I answered the call, "Watson speaking."

"HELLO, Harry! This is *Thirty-three*."

"O. K. This is *Forty-seven*." I knew Baker would expect that identification.

"Correct! Now, Harry, listen carefully, for I don't want to say much over the phone—and I can't come to your place or have you come to me. We are too closely watched. But it's imperative I see you tonight."

"I'm free. Shoot!"

"Good! At precisely ten o'clock tonight be in the doorway of the warehouse at Number——Hudson Street. See that you're not followed, but pack a gun, anyway. Good-by!"

Terse? I'll say so! Obviously, he feared listeners on a wire which was supposed to be beyond tapping. And, not only were his words ominous, but the fact that he believed he would be trailed, if he came to me, suggested unusually clever enemies. But, not having smelled real danger for some weeks, I was all of a tingle to take a hand in whatever he had to offer. I felt I needed a bit of jarring after the recent months of matching wits with "blue sky" stock-swindlers who fought only through lawyers. However, had I realized then just how desperate a band of crooks I was going up against, I might not have been so anxious

At Grips with the Million-Dollar Rum Ring!

to shoulder a portion of the Government's troubles.

The meeting-place that Baker had appointed was unfamiliar to me, though I knew the neighborhood—dank, gloomy, and practically deserted after dark. I rode to lower Broadway in a taxi, dismissed it, then doubled back through side streets, keeping in the shadows. Occasionally, I passed a laborer headed for his tenement home, or a slinking youth, bound for some nearby water-front dive, but felt positive I was not followed. Reaching the building I sought, I sidled into its darkened doorway, to bump into a human body with a suddenness which sent my hand reaching for the automatic in my pocket.

"That you, Harry?" came Baker's voice.

"Yep! What's up?"

"Quiet!" he whispered. Then I heard a snap as a key turned in a lock and I was pushed inside, and a door closed softly. A hand gripped my wrist and led me up two flights of stairs into a room. The whole thing was so mysterious—almost foolish, it seemed to me—that I was grinning when he switched on a light. But there was no laugh on Baker's drawn features, and, after an exchange of grips, we dropped into chairs before a desk, in a room so barred with steel shutters that no ray of light could penetrate outside.

"This is a Government warehouse," he began. "The watchmen know all about our visit, so remained in concealment. We keep this office for purposes like the present, where we can meet people without being spied upon. At that, I may have been followed.

"I SUPPOSE all this mystery on the part of a Government official surprises you. But, Harry, my office is up against the cleverest mob of bootleggers organized since the Eighteenth Amendment went over. We've nicknamed it the 'Million-Dollar Rum Ring,' but a million is nothing to their actual resources. And, though I hate to admit it, the Ring has a secret service of its own which, so far, has beaten us at every turn. I know I'm watched—that office secrets have leaked, and I guess all my men are under espionage. That's the reason I want you—an outsider and unknown to them—to do what *we* haven't been able to do—uncover the leader, the damnable, resourceful, and ruthless crook who is laughing at us!"

"O. K. You're on!"

"I knew I could count on you—but I want you to understand that it will be no picnic. You will face real danger! This bunch doesn't hesitate at murder and——"

"They've given someone the works, eh? Give me the low-down, all you know, so I can start right."

"I'm sorry I can't tell you much—which means that I'm practically putting the whole case up to you. There's no limit on expense and you can call upon us, or the Border Patrol for any help you require. Here's what I know about it. The bulk of the trade in contraband has been controlled by a new Ring for the last six months. We learned that much from two small time operators who got sore because their game was ruined. We might have obtained more from them but they disappeared, and word was passed all along the line that they were taken to sea in a rum runner, hand-cuffed and leg-ironed—*and tossed overboard!* That put the fear of God into the other little fellows, so we obtained no more squeals! Now, we come to Larry Denton."

"I read he was killed in a gun fight with bootleggers."

"He was *murdered*, shot from behind, never had a chance! We managed to keep that out of the papers. Larry got in with some of the Ring as a buyer for a few clubs, and was making fine progress when—well, you know his weakness—women. To make certain of getting him they put one of their janes after him. He fell for her . . . I don't know what she learned, but one night she took him for a ride in Central Park. Next morning, he was found in some bushes, with two bullets in him! I don't know whether she used the gun. Probably, it was the chauffeur who killed him."

"Nice playmates he picked! Of course, the taxi belonged to the gang."

"I SUPPOSE so. Now, we're certain the booze is coming along in two ways—into this city and Detroit. With Rum Row broken up, and the close watch we're keeping, we simply can't figure how it still gets in here! And yet it does; some times as many as twenty or thirty thousand cases in a day—or night. At Detroit, it is worked across the river, of course. These rum runners are a desperate bunch, not only fighting pistol battles with the patrols, but they've actually used gas and tear bombs, and driven off agents about to board their craft.

"Their boldest move there came three nights back. Inspectors Gray and Taylor, of the Border Patrol, went out in a launch to look for runners. The bootleggers must have been tipped off, for the pair were located by a powerful speed boat, carrying no lights, which chased them and, going about fifty miles an hour, deliberately crashed into and sank their craft. The Inspectors had a hard time swimming ashore. That's all I can tell you. I haven't even a description of the woman Larry fell for, except that she's tall and good-looking. I suggest you stand more chance of picking up a real lead in Detroit, for this outfit is bolder there. So many are running in liquor from Canada at that point that they probably expect to get by in the jam—plus rough methods and intimidation!"

"I'll start west in the morning," I told him. "I'd go at once but I must prepare some written instructions for my secretary, as there's no guessing when I'll be back. We can keep in touch with each other through the usual channels. I'll make myself known to the heads of both the Secret Service and the Customs men as soon as I reach Detroit."

"Great! Be careful when you leave here. Someone may have trailed me and, if so, will follow you to learn your identity. Don't grin! You'll find yourself up against the slickest bunch of crooks you ever tackled. And—always have a loaded gun in an outside coat pocket! I'll stay here 'til morning and slip out in daylight, when the street is crowded. For once, I hope to pull a move these birds

don't get wise to—by calling on you to solve the puzzle."

Back in the street, after Klem had locked the warehouse door behind me, I discovered a light, summer rain was falling, which made walking disagreeable. This determined me to make for the not distant Elevated railway station. It was better than walking to Broadway and getting wet.

NOT a person was in sight, so I turned up my collar and raced for my objective. Once or twice, I looked back, but, apparently, was not followed. While waiting for an L train, I decided to go directly to the Grand Central Terminal and purchase my train ticket and chair reservation, as I might not be able to obtain the latter in the morning. The rain had ceased when I descended to the street from the Elevated.

At the Terminal, a train for upstate was soon to leave and many persons were before the only ticket-window then open. I took my place in line and others fell in behind me. Although believing I had not been trailed, I decided, with my customary caution, to purchase transportation for Buffalo, instead of for Detroit. Even the man who sold my ticket, if questioned, would not know I was headed for the Michigan city. I studied those before me. None excited my suspicion. Directly behind me was a tall girl. A quick glance told me she was in deep mourning, a veil covering her face to her chin. I wondered, however, why one whose dress indicated recent and intimate grief should use the perfume I had noted in the Terminal Station the night before. Then I recalled that the young lady in mourning had been of about the same height and build. Yes! Without a doubt, she was the mystery girl!

I pretended to read my paper. But sinister suspicions began racing through my brain. If this girl was the same one I had noted at the ticket-office, was she a spy set to watch me? If so, it meant two things—that I had been careless in not covering my movements, and that Klem Baker had been correct when he stated the opposition was uncannily resourceful. The girl was not near enough for me to catch the odor distinctly again. But I figured a way to make certain—later. As she gazed steadily out of the window, paying me not the slightest heed, I studied her carefully through half-closed lids. If she turned out to be what I guessed, I was determined to recognize her next time, even though disguised.

There was no change in the situation until the train reached Albany, where we made a ten-minute stop. As we came to a halt the girl hurriedly left the train, hastened to the window of the telegraph-office and sent a telegram. I alighted from the train, too, but kept out of her sight. When the engine bell clanged the departure signal and she climbed aboard with several others, I managed to get into the crush and to pick a pocket of her traveling coat, securing a handkerchief. I remained on the enclosed platform of the car, alone. One good smell told me the perfume on the dainty

"All of us crouched with guns ready---when, suddenly, from the exhaust from the machine ahead, streamed a yellowish smoke. Having been over-seas, my first whiff warned me it was *poison gas* . . .

"I let out a yell of warning to the others, with one swift movement pulled my coat over my head . . ."

perfume she did—a heavy, Oriental odor which immediately suggested a girl of the cabarets or night clubs.

When I had purchased my ticket I stepped back, and looked at the others still waiting in line. None, apparently, took the slightest interest in me. I noted the girl applied a black-bordered handkerchief to her eyes as she bought her ticket, and that her mourning was of the richest materials, nothing in the cut of her dress hinting of the professional performer.

Returning home, I prepared instructions for my secretary, roused my man, and directed him to deliver them to her the next day. Then I packed a suitcase with a single change of clothing and a lot of cards, booklets and price-lists which, to a stranger, would indicate I was in the hardware trade. The grip was of light-brown leather, similar to thousands of others. If, by chance, it fell into other hands, it and its contents would yield little information.

Next morning, I was aboard train by nine o'clock, anticipating a good rest, and a long think for several hours. If I was being watched by anyone in the chair-car—and most of the chairs were occupied—there was nothing about any of the passengers to arouse my suspicions. Leaving the Grand Central Terminal, the train made its final stop in New York City at the Harlem station, where three persons appeared to claim the still vacant chairs. One of them was a young lady. I gave her a second glance, for she was tall, handsome, and wore a stylish hat and fashionable traveling coat of light silk. She came down the aisle of the car with head held high, and I lowered my eyes. She took the chair directly across the aisle from mine, and when I caught her eye, I got a jolt that set my blood to tingling! For, if I could believe my nose, she was scented with the identical bit of cambric was the same I had noted the previous night. My theft had scored a bullseye! I only regretted I hadn't had time to learn to whom she had sent the telegram.

Realizing that the girl, discovering her loss, would probably conclude she had dropped the handkerchief on the station platform, I decided—since she would be watching me closely—to keep her from thinking I had it. It would be fatal to my chances of keeping track of her if she detected the odor about me. I wrapped the handkerchief, therefore, in a time-table, placed it in my wallet and—after ascertaining no odor penetrated the leather container—crushed it into the leather pistol-case beneath my vest, and put my automatic in a coat pocket.

RETURNING to my chair, I noted the girl was pretending to doze, her head turned from the aisle. I stooped to recover a newspaper I had dropped when I followed her out of the train, and noted a small cross, made with chalk, on one end of my suitcase. It had not been there when I left the car and I felt certain the porter hadn't made it. Naturally, I suspected the girl across the aisle. Puzzling over the matter I reached the conclusion that she had telegraphed to Buffalo for someone to meet the train and trail me. She hadn't dared wire my description and she didn't want to run the risk of my seeing her point me out to anybody. Besides, I might leave the train ahead of her, or by another car. Marking my grip was a simple way to indicate me to a stranger, and permit her to remain in the background.

My first thought was to select a grip similar to mine in appearance, and permit the trailer to follow the wrong man. But I vetoed this almost immediately. I believed I had already uncovered one enemy. If I gave my foes more rope,

I might spot others before they were aware I suspected any of them. So when, just before reaching Buffalo, the porter began gathering up the grips, I passed him mine. The girl, who was watching, must have noted that the chalk mark remained, for she made no effort to be among those to alight quickly. I was the first passenger off. Snatching up my suitcase, I headed for a taxi and directed the driver to take me to a downtown hotel. This was part of a plan I had suddenly fixed upon. I made no effort to see if I were trailed. I knew a way to establish this later, and, if I had been followed, it would mean that my theory concerning the girl was correct.

At the hotel I took a room for the night and went to it at once. Drawing the curtains, I hung my hat over the doorknob so that none could look into the room. Then, arranging the contents of my suitcase so I would know if they were disturbed, and placing the suitcase in a closet, I locked my door and left the hotel. As I desired to leave my trap clear for some hours, I ate outside, spent some time at a movie, then went to the railroad station and purchased my ticket for Detroit, to be used next morning. I chose a route through Canada. If I was followed during my absence from the hotel, the trailers were too clever for me to detect them.

Reaching my room I found, as I had anticipated, that someone had been there, had opened my grip with a skeleton key, and searched it. The intruder had taken a few cards of hardware dealers in New York—those of which I had several duplicates. A fine chance my enemies would have of establishing my identity by checking up on them! However, the theft of the cards satisfied me on one point. If I had been trailed to my home the previous night—and I, undoubtedly, had been—nothing had been learned there. I had quarters in a gigantic bachelor apartment-house, and the help there was so trained that no questions concerning tenants were answered.

I had a good night's rest, though I kept a revolver beneath my pillow, and my windows remained locked, so that none, by use of a rope ladder, could enter that way, for I was beginning to have a wholesome respect for my enemies. Next morning, in the Pullman car in which I was to journey to Detroit, I watched eagerly for the mystery girl. But she did not appear. And neither did anyone else whom I could recall having seen before. However, another girl, also tall and well-formed, occupied the seat next to mine. She was younger than the girl of the perfume, and also good-looking, though there was a glint in her eyes which warned me she was old in experience. I might have ignored her, had she not deliberately scraped acquaintance with me, first asking me to adjust her window, then borrowing my newspaper.

NATURALLY I guessed that she was another spy, and something made me recall Larry Denton. My path had now been crossed by two tall, young, women. He had been lured to his death by just such a girl. I wondered if either of these two, who, obviously, were interested in me, had been the accomplice to his murder. Inwardly I smiled. If they were trying to snare me with the same bait they would find themselves up against a cold proposition. I decided to give the girl near me every opportunity to play her hand, but, at the same time, I hoped to learn if she had a confederate on the train.

After a little conversation about nothing in particular, I excused myself, saying I was going to smoke a cigar. Instead, I hunted up the Pullman conductor and informed him I was a Secret Service operative. He led me back to the baggage car, and there, where we were alone, I inquired for the other girl, whom I described in detail. He said there was one who answered to part of the description, in a drawing-room in the car next to the diner, but that she was dressed differently and her hair was blond.

"The hair may be a wig," I said. "Did you notice a strong odor of perfume in her compartment?"

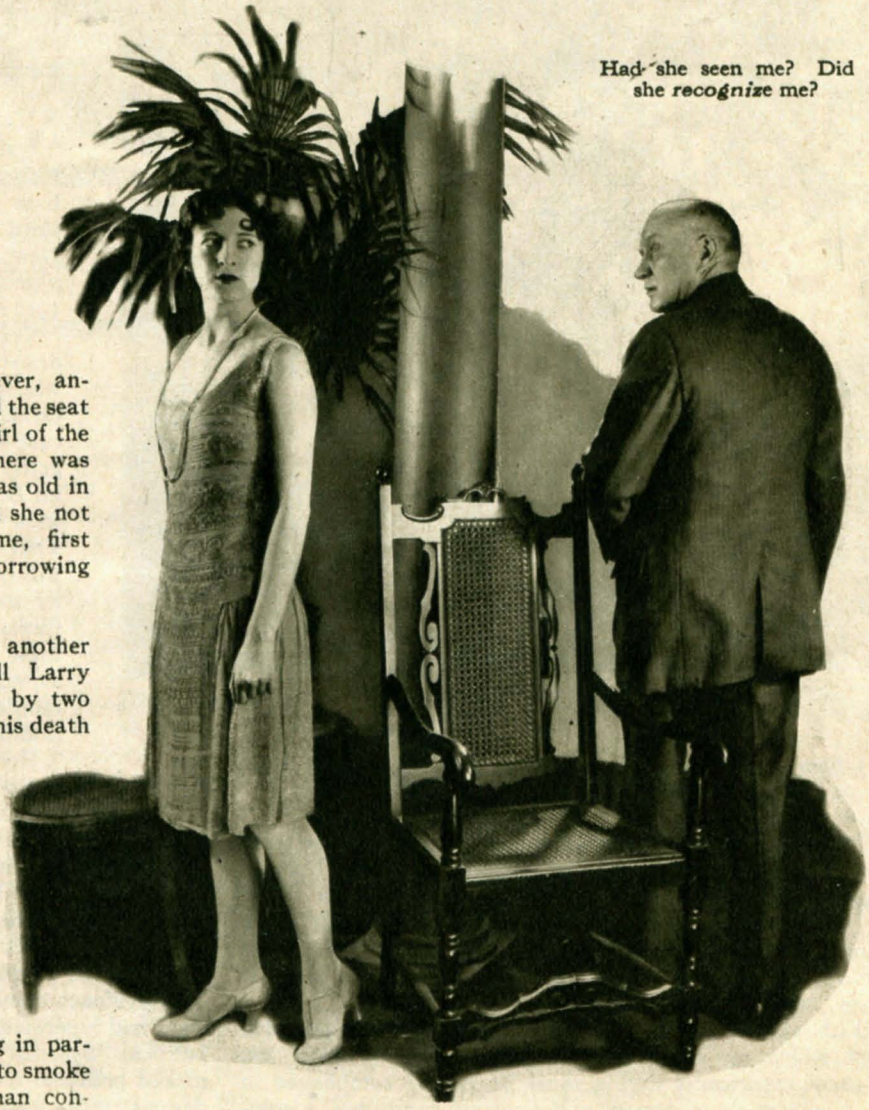
"I sure did, even though she'd been smoking cigarettes. It was a peculiar scent."

TAKING the handkerchief from my wallet I gave it to him to smell. "That's it." He grinned. So did I. That perfume might do the Government a turn which would be worth several millions, plus some much desired prisoners.

"I'll wait here," I said. "See the porter in her car and arrange to have him notify you if anyone visits the lady. Should there be any such person I want a good description."

He soon returned, his face flushed and a bit excited. "Some man was in her stateroom while we were talking. That fool porter only saw his back when he left, and paid no attention to him. All he knows is that the fellow was heavy-set, and that he walked toward the rear of the train. Maybe he'll come back."

While I was bitterly disappointed at not seeing this visitor to the perfumed lady, I congratulated myself that I had learned I had three enemies aboard—the unknown man being possibly a gunman! Hoping he would pay another visit to the stateroom so the porter could note him, I returned to my chair, half consciously fingering the automatic in my pocket. The girl next to me at once became very talkative, trying to draw me out. I gave (*Continued on page* 90)



Had she seen me? Did she *recognize* me?

WHAT *Really Happened*

Right at the height of his fame, "Big Tim" Sullivan, New York's all-powerful political boss, came within a hair's breadth of a pauper's grave, as an "unclaimed corpse." What was the black secret of his mysterious death?

New York's East Side worshipped "Big Tim." Here is shown his funeral procession passing along the streets he played on as a boy

By STUART N. LAKE

Formerly of the New York *HERALD*

DEAD men are chiefly noted—as this tale emphasizes—for information kept to themselves. It is likewise true, though far less generally accepted as truth, that no mystery, no problem of fixing guilt for a crime has necessarily been solved, simply because officialdom chooses to turn the page of a police-blotter into what, it hopes, may be forgotten history.

With all the respect for conscientious police detective work which my years as a newspaper reporter gave me, repeated experiences during those years also established in me a willingness to accept, under certain conditions, a solution of a criminal mystery *contrary* to that offered for public consumption and satisfaction by officers of the law. It is such a solution that I am setting down here.

As a matter of fact, this story can scarcely be claimed as one of my telling. In a sense it is "a dead man's tale." Because of unusual circumstances which, later, will be revealed, I am sponsor to its public appearance.

NO crime perpetrated in America in the years of the current century has had such a widespread, such a lasting effect upon so many lives as a murder committed in West Forty-third Street, in front of the Hotel Metropole, New York City, a few minutes before two o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, July 16th, 1912—the killing of Herman Rosenthal.

It is not my purpose here to relate the long-drawn-out investigations, trials and re-trials which ended—so far as the police were concerned—what was called the Becker-Rosenthal case with the electrocution of five men judged guilty of the crime. I have excellent reason for believing that two of the five electrocutions were—shall I say, grave miscarriages of justice? That is another tale which, at an early date, will be published in this magazine, as obtained by me from the same "dead" man who has furnished the story which here follows, to which these remarks are preliminary. What I aim at, now, is merely an outline of the Rosenthal murder case sufficient to explain certain of the ramifications of that crime.

Herman Rosenthal, an East Side New York gambler, who had moved into the Tenderloin, on the West Side, under protection of New York politicians, was murdered after he had taken steps to expose to District Attorney Charles S. Whitman the conditions under which New York's protected vice-ring operated. The killing, if evidence upon which five men were electrocuted may be accepted as truth, was accomplished by four gangsters, hired for the purpose by Police Lieutenant Charles Becker. This evidence came mostly from other gamblers, and those who had operated the vice-ring under protection of the political "System." Disclosures made by these witnesses rocked political, social and financial New York to its foundations, more through fear of what might be told, than

to "BIG TIM" SULLIVAN

because of what actually was revealed at the trial.

There was no doubt in the mind of any newspaper reporter who covered the Rosenthal murder story but that much of the case, as presented in court, was a "frame" on the part of the System's leaders, who sought to save themselves. Such belief was further substantiated by the number of "unsolved" murder mysteries, with victims in circles close to the System,—murders which followed quickly after the presentation in court of the evidence against Becker and the gunmen.

"Big Tim" Sullivan (center) in the heyday of his vigor and popularity, smiles on the crowds that greeted him on his return from Washington

IN short, there seemed to be too many people alive who knew too much about the truth of the Rosenthal murder, for life to remain secure for the System's leaders. So, retired police officers, gamblers, gangsters, and even some politicians of greater or lesser repute, died mysteriously with their boots on! But, the public hue and cry was concentrated upon Charles Becker and his alleged accomplices, and few of these sudden death mysteries attracted the attention they should have.

In a recent work on famous crimes a British writer has listed the murder of Herman Rosenthal on a par with that of the monk, Rasputin, the sinister power behind the former Russian throne, and with the killing of the Russian Czar and his family by revolutionists, for far-reaching effect and importance in criminal history. Certainly, it was the forerunner of a series of crimes, most of them murders, also, which have puzzled the police of many cities far removed from New York, and which are still listed as unsolved mysteries. Apparently, the end of this series is not yet. Two murders committed on the Pacific Coast within recent months have been quite definitely ascribed to a feud which began with the shooting of Herman Rosenthal more than 16 years ago! All of which lends, it seems to me, no little support to certain theories advanced by my friend, the "dead" man.

For, the man who furnishes the information which is the gist of this story is dead, *legally*, though not physically!

Soon after the death of Herman Rosenthal I wrote this man's obituary notice for a New York newspaper, and saw him buried from a public funeral establishment with much pomp and ceremony! Then, many years later, in a small, out-of-the-way hotel, *I met him, face-to-face!*

Many readers would recognize the "dead" man's name if I should write it here. He was once a power in New York's political System. He had started life as a lawyer, then mixed in politics, and abandoned general law practice to handle the System's undercover business. He became the owner of various resorts operated under protection, his brother was at one time a ranking police official, and his mistress the wealthiest woman then operating an establishment in the New York Tenderloin.

With the Rosenthal murder case well under way, this man was mentioned as one who might be *forced* to tell more than witnesses in the case were disclosing. The next thing the public learned was, that he had been buried in a New York cemetery, which information was purposely widely announced. It was not until years later than I learned what had actually happened.

MENTION of this man's name as a possible witness in the Becker-Rosenthal case had been closely followed by a tip to him from a friend in the System's inner councils that he, the possible witness, was to be silenced *in the most effective fashion!* Less than two hours after he received this warning, another System employe was found murdered only a short distance from this man's residence. The next morning still another System satellite was shot and killed in the broad daylight of a busy thoroughfare. Whereupon, to recount his actions briefly, my acquaintance betook himself to a hospital, where, with the connivance of certain persons, he traded identities with the first friendless bum to die in that institution after his arrival. The bum was buried as the man who had fled the System's wrath, while the man who had given him his identity, and his ornate funeral, slipped over into Canada!

Later, under an assumed name, this "dead" man served with distinction in the British Army in France through four years of the World War, and was discharged as captain. Today, he is a respected citizen in an unsuspecting community.

There is one thing more I know that should preface the "dead" man's story.

Three days before Herman Rosenthal was murdered, and after he had made public his threats to expose his enemies in the gamblers' war that was then waging in the Tenderloin, Rosenthal said:

"There is only one man who can call me off; that is the big fellow, Big Tim Sullivan."

NOW, it must be recalled, Big Tim Sullivan was a power in New York politics, his influence in that field at that time, being second to one man only. And, Herman Rosenthal was one of Sullivan's chief lieutenants.

At that, I doubt if the "dead" man would be making his story public even now were it not for the recent publication of *Sacrificed*, a book in which Henry H. Klein—formerly a New York City official and Chief Investigator for the Citizens' Committee, organized in 1912 to investigate police conditions following the murder of Rosenthal—tells of Becker's part in events leading up to that crime. In commenting upon this book, one reviewer observed that the turbulent, mercurial feuds of those hectic times have not yet died, while another calls attention to the *first definite linking* of Big Tim Sullivan with "the never-solved mystery of the murder of Herman Rosenthal, super-gambler."

HENRY KLEIN states in his book that Police Lieutenant Becker died because he kept a pledge to protect the name of Big Tim Sullivan. Sullivan, it is indicated, had agreed to get Becker free of the murder charge, but died before this could be accomplished. Becker kept faith with Big Tim, refused to "squawk," and so went to the electric chair. Still another New York reviewer calls the Klein volume "the most sensational Times Square document ever set in type." Possibly it is that, but it does not tell a story more sensational than that of Rosenthal's murder; it does not take up in any detail, "The Passing of Big Tim Sullivan."

Obviously, it is impossible here to point a finger at any one man, or group of men, and say: "You killed Big Tim Sullivan!" But it is quite possible, as you will see, to marshal the facts that have a bearing on the death of Big Tim in such an array, that the reader with average powers of deduction, may readily solve what should have had public recognition as one of the most compelling mysteries in the book of New York crimes. Incidentally, its solution would have brought lasting fame to that detective who would have had the courage to brave the wrath of the System.

It is such an array of facts that a "dead" man now offers. Beginning with the next paragraph the story is his, not mine. I have merely deleted a few repetitions, and set it down exactly as he told it. From this point you are roading the "dead" man's words. . . .

IN that veritable deluge of mysterious deaths which fairly swamped the files of the New York Police Department in the hectic days which followed the murder of Herman Rosenthal and which, as a direct or indirect result of that murder, went unsolved, there was none that so intrigued my intimate conception of methods followed by protected vice as the death of Big Tim Sullivan. Of course, I knew

(*Left*) Herman Rosenthal, New York gambler, who was shot to death in front of the Hotel Metropole (*shown below*). He was killed in cold blood a few moments after he was called to the street, supposedly to accept $15,000 from rival gamblers who were "buying him out." In answer to a "show-down" threat from these rivals, he had taken immediate steps to expose to Dist. Atty. Whitman the conditions under which New York's protected vice ring operated—and his sudden death followed

why the death of New York's best known politician was allowed to lapse as a police problem, as far as official action toward public solution of the mystery was concerned. What I never could understand was *how* Big Tim's friends could persuade themselves to accept, without apparent question, the official pronouncements which barred the paths to further investigation!

Where were Big Tim's friends when they should have been fighting to avenge the killing? Where were the newspapers who might have seized wide-open opportunity to trace another bold stroke of the System to the source of its

inspiration? Where were those astute limbs of the Law whose duty it was to unearth details of a crime that, by its brazen execution, might have relegated the murder of Rosenthal, the gambler, to the commonplace?

All these agencies were in New York. But—and herein lies the one answer to all these questions—*so was the System!*

BIG TIM SULLIVAN, at the time of his death, was the duly accredited Representative in Congress from the Thirteenth Congressional District of New York—a district embracing within its borders the heart of an organization which had fed and fattened at the trough of official corruption until, as the full-grown System, it dominated the city. Yet, despite Big Tim's prominence, despite his great wealth, despite the power he had wielded and despite the affectionate esteem in which he was held by thousands to whom he had extended a kindly hand, he only escaped the indignity and the eternal obscurity of burial in an unmarked pauper's grave by a bare few minutes of time—and the barer chance which brought his dead body under the passing glance of a man with whom the System had not reckoned—a police officer who had not "been seen," who had been beholden to Big Tim in life and remained loyal to him in death.

But for the coincidence, determined by a Power above that which the System knew, Big Tim Sullivan would have vanished from all human ken with the burial of his unidentified body in the comforting oblivion of Potter's Field—and the System would have been overjoyed. As matters transpired, however, the identification of Big Tim's body was hailed as the sensation of the newspapers one Sunday morning; his funeral services were held in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, while speculation over the manner of his death constituted a nine days' wonder on the East Side—and then the affair was dropped from public consideration, and apparently dismissed from official attention, by some mysterious—but effective influence!

(*Top to bottom*) "Lefty Louie," "Dago Frank," "Gyp the Blood" and (*below-center*) "Whitey" Lewis, the four gunmen who were electrocuted at Sing Sing for the murder of Herman Rosenthal—a crime, said by a famous writer, to be as far-reaching in its effect, and its importance in criminal history, as the killing of the Russian Czar by revolutionists

In my knowledge of the underworld, which was the very life of the System, lay the reason why I never could fully understand this sudden termination to such an affair. Because of the rather abrupt severance of my relations with the System, I was not then in on the schemes and plans of the mighty. I could understand the System's part in the crime well enough; what I could not fathom, I repeat for emphasis, was the attitude of those who were supposed to be smoking the System out of its lair. The thing was so palpable; and what a smoke-cloud might have been raised with fuel to be found in the passing of Big Tim Sullivan!

Perhaps I took an unusual interest in Big Tim's death, and took particular pains to analyze the problem it presented, because the last weeks of Sullivan's life, and the attempts of his friends to prolong it, paralleled, to some extent, the methods which saved my own life.

WHEN the System decreed that I must die, I did not wait for its emissaries to act, but hastened to accommodate. I entered a hospital, that being the safest place my friends and I could think of. I chose a public institution for my retirement, as we desired my "passing" to be as public as possible. Big Tim was surrounded by safeguards of a more private character. To appease—and deceive—the System, I "died" in the limelight of publicity—by proxy—and so am alive today!

The exact manner in which Big Tim Sullivan was killed may never be generally known—I cannot give the minute details, myself. The one fact which counts with those who could furnish such information is that Big Tim is dead—dead men being famous for the information they keep to themselves.

As I review the years of my intimate acquaintance with Big Tim Sullivan I realize that, to tell the story of his death, I must first tell the story of his life. Such a tale, at times, is strongly reminiscent of the Alger books over which I pored as a boy; also, there are chapters transcending the heights of fiction, so incredible as to challenge belief.

Timothy D. Sullivan was born in a Leonard Street tenement in New York City, in 1863, one of a large family of full, and half-brothers and sisters. In those days, and in that district, education for youngsters was held in no particular esteem, and the Sullivan household was conducted along lines which the neighbors favored. At an age when he should have been commencing school, young Timothy went out to earn his living. He combined the sale of news-

papers with the operation of a portable shoe-shining equipment, as the start toward the millions of dollars and commensurate power which he later acquired.

By the time he was ten, young Sullivan was the leader of an organization of boys of like age, which numbered its membership by the hundreds, and was composed entirely of the precocious gamins whose homes were in the rat-holes and empty barrels of New York's lower East Side. Even then, Tim showed his natural bent, for he arrogated to himself the delivery of newspapers to the arbiters of East Side politics, and he was, also, the one who made the daily round of certain saloons, to shine the shoes of personages who were the forerunners of the all-powerful System.

LONG before his age entitled him to cast a ballot, young Tim Sullivan was well along the road to power in the political world. He continued his leadership over the youths whose fealty dated back to the days of the newsboys' gang, and nursed his acquaintanceship with political leaders until they came to respect his ability and to trust in his judgment. His ideas of politics, quite naturally, were the result of his training and environment. He took the common political practices of the East Side as a matter of course; he knew of other methods or procedure, probably, through hearsay only.

Then Tim blossomed into fuller power. He bought and operated a saloon. About this time another of the Sullivan clan loomed on the East Side political horizon. Likewise, his name was Tim. Inasmuch as the two owed allegiance to the same party, and there was need of ready differentiation, they were dubbed according to stature. Therefore, the product of the Leonard Street tenement rose to national fame as "Big Tim."

Charles S. Whitman, District Attorney at the time of the Rosenthal murder, who prosecuted the case against Becker and the four gunmen, sending all five to the electric chair. He became Governor of New York State at the first election following the ending of the trials

On the strength of his acquaintanceship, his political acumen, and his absolute control over thousands of East Side votes, Big Tim rapidly ascended the scale of fortune. His business boomed as his political prestige increased. And, hand in hand with his success, went Big Tim's reputation for a tender heart, and a generous spirit, that helped no little toward his popularity as the best friend the East Side ever had.

Big Tim's holiday parties, the lavish entertainments and the bountiful feasts which he provided for public consumption on Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, the pension-roll of needy widows, orphans, and infirm old men, whom he supported and never failed to remember, his ready response to every appeal of a charitable nature—all these, whether he would or no, turned into a cumulative advertising force that won for him the absolute dictatorship of East Side politics and, because of that dictatorship, the coveted place in the inner councils of the men who ruled New York.

Big Tim took a notion to run for public office and was elected to the New York State Legislature with scarcely a dissenting vote in the district. He was re-elected as often as his name appeared on the ballot. He bought a string of race-horses, and his operations at the tracks in the days when gambling was a legalized institution, increased his fortune tremendously. Then he fell in with Considine and the two formed the partnership which soon acquired power in national theatrical circles. Out of all these ventures Big Tim made enormous profits. Independently of his own efforts, everything he touched seemed to turn to gold.

The East Side boy then took another notion—this time, that he'd like to go to Washington, and be classed with those who directed national destiny; he aspired to "be a solon," as I once heard him say. This was easy. Big Tim's district, ever ready at his command, sent him to Washington as Representative in Congress!

FOR some reason which I never have exactly determined, Big Tim Sullivan always held for me a fascination, an appeal beyond that of any man I knew during my active years in New York. Perhaps, it was because there was such a wide divergence in the beginning of our respective paths which were later to parallel so closely. Big Tim had risen from poverty, squalor and ignorance. I had descended from the other end of the scale. My very interest in him served to acquaint me better with certain events of Sullivan's life than would have been the case if his career had not thus attracted me.

Big Tim disliked Washington. I have often heard him say so. He missed the wide acquaintanceship, the daily salutations of familiars, the constant homage of loyal subjects which, for him, marked life in New York. The life of a solon, to use his own expression, was "not so good."

The truth of the matter was that, in Washington, Big Tim found himself outclassed; he was over his head in politics for which East Side methods were still too crude. If psycho-analysis had been in vogue in those days, someone might have diagnosed the complaint of the New York politician as an "inferiority complex!" Whatever it was, he came back to New York and the warmth of the limelight, out of the obscurity of the national capital, and told his political henchmen that he was going back to Albany. His re-election to the State Legislature followed as a matter

of course, and Jefferson M. Levy took Big Tim's place in Congress.

During all these years the System had been ascending to the zenith of its power in New York, basing its pretensions to a czardom over the underworld on the political prestige which first had brought a realization of the possibilities in the organization of vice-protection—the organizing of vice, itself, and the organizing, in turn, of the extortion practised upon it. In other words, the power of the System was established and rested entirely upon the System's previous organization of the political government of New York. What's more, in the history of the System are to be found the first tangible clues toward a solution of the mystery that surrounded the death of Big Tim Sullivan.

THE heart of the System was on the East Side. It was there that most of the System's leaders obtained their knowledge of the ways of dubious politics, and the fortunes to be gained from their pursuit. When the time came to organize vice in wholesale fashion, to organize the Tenderloin, and to descend upon New York's White Light District in organized strength for the purposes of control over all illicit establishments, the System picked for its trusted emissaries the men who had been trained in the purlieus of the East Side underworld. The number of us in the inner councils of the System who owned origin entirely beyond the influence of the East Side political ring could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Scene at the Becker trial. (*Above*) Lieutenant Becker

When the life and training of Big Tim Sullivan are considered, there can be no doubt that he reached the height of his political career, and consequent wealth, with full cognizance of all that gave to the System the arrogance with which it asserted full control of commercialized vice in New York City, and the right to live from the earnings of such vice under the protection of corrupted officialdom.

After Big Tim formed his theatrical partnership with Considine, it was in the latter's *Café Metropole* in West Forty-third Street that the leaders of underworld activities had their favorite gathering-place. It was from Considine's *Café Metropole* that Herman Rosenthal was summoned to his death in the full glare of the White Lights.

Big Tim's office with the Sullivan & Considine partnership was in a building from which one looked straight into the heart of Times Square, then but recently acknowledged as the center of New York's night life. The Tenderloin was moving uptown, following the trend of fashion which selected Times Square as the rallying ground for the leaders of illicit exploitation. It was in Times Square that the System rose to its greatest power in New York. Around and about this crossroads gathered the henchmen of crime and corruption, myself among them. They loafed brazenly in its sunshine by day, and stalked boldly out of its shadows by night. Here, the System murdered the gambler, Herman Rosenthal. Here, men foregathered and plotted to cover the trail of his murderers. Here, Police Lieutenant Charles Becker and his Strong-Arm Squad plied their brutal trade. And here, the System plotted the double-cross which sent Becker to the electric chair!

In such a neighborhood, straight from his lifelong dominance over East Side politics, and with all the knowledge which that dominance brought him, Big Tim established an office overlooking the streets below. No one ever can be sure of all that Big Tim knew. Those who feared him were well aware of his familiarity with their affairs; his friends were fully cognizant of other knowledge which was his; all who knew him, in any way, were impressed by his acumen, and by the keen edge of his reasoning.

But, no one knew all sides of this many-sided man. That is why I am certain that no one will ever know all the secrets which he carried to his grave.

Thirteen months before Big Tim Sullivan met his death, Herman Rosenthal met his violent end. Rosenthal, also, was a product of New York's East Side. He was the operator of a gambling establishment who had learned his business around the corner from Sullivan's headquarters, was one of Big Tim's most zealous political supporters, and he had moved into the newer, uptown Tenderloin, under protection of the System, with the aid of money loaned to him by Big Tim Sullivan himself for that very purpose.

INDICTMENT of Becker and the four gunmen—Lefty Louie, Whitey Lewis, Dago Frank, and Gyp, the Blood—as the Rosenthal murderers, was followed by their trials, convictions and sentences to death in the electric chair at Sing Sing. Close on the heels of the court proceedings, however, came a greater fear than the System yet had known. Rumors that all was not as it should be with the murder trials, and the evidence they produced, spread about the city. Constant news of further investigations of graft, and the System's control of the New York Police Force, filled the channels of underworld communication. Word was out that someone was going to squeal—that District Attorney Whitman was hot on the trail of the higher-ups—that the end would be reached only when the men who had inspired the Rosenthal crime, and dictated the System's policy in the betrayal of its henchman, Police Lieutenant Becker, had been dragged from their fancied security to the fates it was known they richly deserved.

New trials for Becker and the gunmen were forecast. Certain of Becker's friends in the System, his family, and others, were determined that he should not be sacrificed to save the System's king. Friends and relatives of the gunmen took similar views of their predicaments. There were those within the System's ring who were known to be too "wise" concerning much that had gone before.

Big Jack Zelig was killed in cold (*Continued on page* 66)

Thirty Thousand Dollars

By ZETA ROTHSCHILD

THE police who gathered evidence about the murder of Miss Marian Gilchrist, in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1908, were convinced that Oscar Slater had killed her. And, on perhaps the slightest circumstantial evidence ever offered in court, at a murder trial, Oscar Slater was found guilty.

But—a growing number of people were opposed to the finding of the jury. And, after twenty years of continuous effort, these same persons have been able to prove to the world that Oscar Slater was a victim of the unjust prejudice of the police, and the biased charge of the Judge who presided at his trial.

Here is how the crime was discovered:

On the night of December 21st, 1908, Miss Gilchrist, a spinster of eighty-two years, sent Helen Lambie, her servant, to the corner to get the evening paper. When the girl left, her mistress was in the dining room, well protected from any intruder. The apartment door was locked, the hall door downstairs had a double lock. And, moreover, Miss Gilchrist would stare at any visitor through the two long glass panels of her front door before letting him in.

On this particular evening, the Adams family, living below Miss Gilchrist, heard a series of heavy thuds above their heads. This family, consisting of two sisters and a brother, were on friendly terms with the old lady. And, since Miss Gilchrist was occasionally alone, in case she needed help it had been agreed by them that if she wanted anything she would knock on the floor of her room. Therefore, when they heard these thuds repeated, the sisters insisted that their brother go upstairs to inquire if anything was the matter.

Mr. Adams did so, and rang the door bell of the Gilchrist flat. Though he rang three times, he got no answer. While he waited he could hear a sound as if someone was breaking sticks. It occurred to him that probably the servant girl was chopping wood for the open fireplace, and so he went back down stairs.

The noise above continued, however, and the Misses Adams insisted that he go back again to the Gilchrist apartment. Again he rang the bell. Still no response from within, but now he heard footsteps coming up the stairs. These footsteps brought Helen Lambie to the threshold, the newspaper for which she had gone out, under her arm. She had left her mistress alone, she assured Mr. Adams and the noise he had heard was probably caused by the wash-line breaking and letting the pulley fall to the floor.

AS Helen Lambie hurried toward the kitchen to see if the wash-line had fallen, Mr. Adams stood at the open front door, waiting for her report. A moment later he was mildly surprised to see a man come down the dim apartment hallway, walk by the dining room door, brush past Helen Lambie, and come on through the hall door at which he stood.

Let Mr. Adams describe this incident himself:

"I stood at the door at the threshold," testified Mr. Adams at the trial, "half in and half out, and just when the girl had got past the clock to go into the kitchen, a well-dressed man appeared. I did not suspect him, and she said nothing; and he came up to me quite pleasantly. I did not suspect anything wrong for the moment. I thought the man was going to speak to me, till he got past me, and then I suspected something wrong. And, by that time the girl had run into the kitchen and put the gas up and said it was all right, meaning the pulleys."

This man, the murderer, thus calmly walked away from the scene.

But, of course, neither Adams nor the maid yet knew that the old lady had been attacked.

A few minutes later the maid went into the dining room and there found the body of her mistress. On the floor, close by the chair where the servant had last seen her, lay the old lady, a rug over her head. Her skull had been smashed by a blunt instrument, both feet were crushed and her chest was caved in. Though still breathing when Adams and the maid came into the room, she died shortly afterward without gaining consciousness.

A THOROUGH search of the apartment by the Glasgow detectives showed that the murderer had overlooked most of the jewelry in the place. The box in which the old lady kept her papers had been broken open. But there was nothing negotiable in that box for the thief. In a glass dish on a dressing table in her bedroom were a watch and chain. Only a diamond brooch, crescent shaped, was missing.

The descriptions given by the maid and Mr. Adams of the man who passed them in the hall were rather vague and of very little help to the police. Helen Lambie, the day after the murder, even told two of the detectives that she would not be able to identify the man.

But, on December 24th, three days after the murder, the detectives got a tip from a man named McLean which seemed worth investigating. McLean reported that a man whom he knew by the name of "Oscar," was trying to sell a pawn-ticket for a diamond brooch.

Oscar Slater (*seated at left*) at the time of his arrest in New York. Second from right is U. S. Commissioner Shields and next to him (*standing*), U. S. Marshal Henkel

for 18 YEARS of HELL!

THE whole world was shocked when it heard of what had happened to Oscar Slater. Millions wondered how a man could meet such an awful fate—an almost unbelievable injustice!—and come out of prison without a deep rancor in his heart against all humanity. Who was responsible for this gross miscarriage of justice? Who gave this innocent man 18 years behind prison bars, without a chance to defend himself? Read below the amazing story of his case—and you will find the answer.

The police then found, after some effort, that the brooch for which Oscar had been offering the ticket, had been pawned on November 18th, or almost five weeks before the murder occurred. And also, Helen Lambie, on being shown the brooch, said it did not belong to her mistress.

But despite this set-back, the police decided to get more of a line on this Oscar, whose last name they learned was Slater, and upon investigating, found that he had left town—in fact, had left the country. He had sailed, with his mistress, from Liverpool on the 26th of December, five days after the murder, bound for America. On the ship's passenger list they had used the names of "Mr. and Mrs. Otto Sando."

BY this time the police were convinced they were on the right track. They immediately set about to dig up all the information they could find on Slater's past. They learned that two days after the murder, on the 23rd, he had applied at Cook's Tourist Agency for berths on the *Lusitania*, and had given there his name as Oscar Slater, and his right address in Glasgow. But he did not get his tickets here. These he obtained later at the Cunard offices, giving the assumed name and taking passage on the *Lusitania*.

It was not difficult to find the house where Slater had been living. There was no evidence that Slater had tried to avoid the police at any time. He had at first made his bookings under his right name. Nor did he try to hide the fact that he was leaving the country. For on December 25th two friends from London came to his house to take over his flat and his furniture. The same evening Slater went to the Central Station in Glasgow and arranged for the transportation of his trunks to Liverpool. At Liverpool he registered at one of the good hotels as "Oscar Slater, of Glasgow."

As yet the police had only one alleged connecting-link between the Gilchrist murder and Slater, namely, that more than a month before the murder he had pawned a brooch which the servant, Helen Lambie, denied had ever belonged to her mistress.

Oscar Slater, shortly after his release from his long prison term. See picture on the page at left, and note the marked change in his features

Nevertheless, the police cabled to the authorities in America to arrest Slater when he landed from the *Lusitania*. And six detectives boarded that vessel at Sandy Hook and took Slater in their charge. On his person they found a pawn-ticket for a diamond brooch, the one which he originally pawned on November 18th, and on which he had later tried to raise money.

Slater was advised by his American attorneys that he

could not be extradited to Scotland on the evidence presented. But he preferred to take his chance with an Edinburgh jury, and be cleared of the charges against him. And so, *he voluntarily returned to Scotland.*

At the subsequent trial the prosecution depended mainly on twelve persons to identify Slater as the man who had fled from the Gilchrist flat. None of them knew Slater, or had had more than a fleeting glance at the murderer. Adams, whom the murderer had passed so close that he had brushed against him, refused to identify Slater as that man, but said there was a resemblance. Helen Lambie, who on the night of the murder had told the detectives she would not be able to identify the man she had had a glimpse of in the hall, now identified Slater positively as the man in the Gilchrist flat. A young girl, an errand girl, said she saw the murderer fleeing through the street. And though she admitted it was a dark night, and that the man wore a hat pulled down over his face, and that she only saw him running along, she did not hesitate to identify Oscar Slater as the fleeing man.

THE other witnesses were all those who said they had seen a man lurking in the vicinity of the Gilchrist flat on the day of the murder, or had seen a man running down the street shortly after 9 o'clock that night. They one and all, despite the dark night, and the shadowing hat, identified Slater as the man they had seen.

There was nothing else but the identification of these persons to connect Slater with the murder of Miss Gilchrist. And, argued the defense, many facts to prove that Slater had had nothing to do with that event.

For instance, the brooch which the detectives had insisted at first pointed to Slater as the guilty one. It was proven that the brooch had been pawned by Slater more than a month before Miss Gilchrist's death. Also, that it bore no resemblance to the one missing from her jewel case.

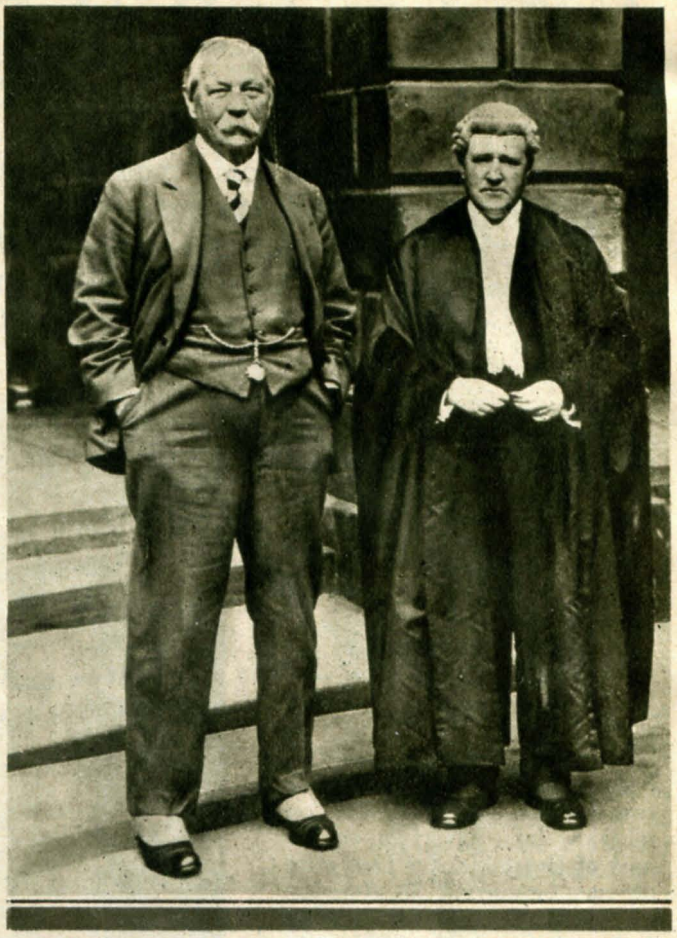
As for his trip to America which the prosecution insisted was evidence of the flight of a guilty soul, the defense showed that Slater had planned this trip many weeks before that fateful night in December. Also, that he had gone openly to the steamship offices. He had booked under the name of "Sando" to prevent any word of his plans reaching the ears of his wife. The lady who accompanied him on his trip, and with whom he had been living for some time, was not his legal mate. This fact, though it could not have any bearing on the murder, counted heavily against Slater in the eyes of the strait-laced Scotchmen who sat on the jury.

The doctor who first examined the body of Miss Gilchrist on the night of the murder, testified that the murderer must have gotten his clothes splotched with blood. The murderer had beaten the old lady with the leg of a chair, while leaning over her. Yet when the detectives searched Slater's flat a few days later, there was no sign of blood-stains on any of his clothes, nor had any piece of clothing been sent by him to the cleaners.

As for the identification made by the twelve witnesses, the defense ridiculed their claims. Five witnesses declared the man was clean shaven—seven swore that he had a mustache. Helen Lambie had first said she could not identify the man she had seen in the flat. But later she did not hesitate to point out Slater as the man. The fourteen-year-old errand-girl, Miss Barrowman, who had seen a man running in the street and who identified Slater, *admitted that she had been shown a photograph of Slater before she was brought to identify him!*

Those who have studied the evidence and the trial blame the charge of the presiding judge for the verdict of the jury. He cast a glamour of mystery about the prisoner, insinuated that he had led a criminal life, and in every way emphasized the probability of his guilt. Since a judge, presiding at a murder trial, is supposed to limit his remarks to the legal points of the case, it is not surprising that those who freed Oscar Slater eighteen years later blamed the miscarriage of justice to the prejudice of this judge.

But let the comments of Judge Guthrie, who presided at the trial, speak for themselves.



Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, famous creator of "Sherlock Holmes." He is credited with accomplishing more than any other one man toward Oscar Slater's release. Craigie Atchinson, barrister (*at right*), also helped materially in this great humanitarian protest against injustice, which was carried on for years against strong opposition before it was finally successful

Said he:

We do not know who that man sitting at the dock really is. We do not know where he was born, who his parents are, where he was brought up, what he was brought up to, whether he was trained to anything. We do not know whether he ever did an honest day's work in his life.

Then the Judge later added:

The man's life has been not only a lie for years, but is so today. He had maintained himself on the ruin of men (because he gambles) and on the ruin of women, living for years past in a way that many blackguards would scorn to live.

THIS last remark was made because Slater admitted that, at the time of Miss Gilchrist's murder, he was living with a woman not his wife. But to the logical, it will hardly seem that the one condition includes the other!

Those who later came to the defense of Slater complained that the police concealed evidence that was in his favor. For instance, a man by the name of McBayne had said he had seen Slater within an hour of the time the murder was committed. Slater then was standing calmly outside his house.

Also, Helen Lambie later said she was never sure that the man she saw was Slater. And, that she at first thought that the man she saw leaving the flat was someone she knew, and who had once before called on Miss Gilchrist, but that when she told this to the police they had insisted she was mistaken.

Anyway, between the charge of the Judge, and that evidence presented by the prosecution, the jury decided he was

guilty. The jury of fifteen men deliberated for an hour and ten minutes, then returned with the verdict.

The jury voted nine for "guilty," five for case "not proven," and one for "not guilty." Under Scottish law, a majority of the fifteen jurymen is sufficient for a verdict.

Slater was pronounced guilty of the murder of Miss Gilchrist, and was sentenced to death.

But, there were many outside of the court who were not convinced of his guilt. A petition, signed by twenty thousand persons, was offered in court in his behalf, and two days before the day set for his execution, his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

From that day to this, there was always a small group of persons agitating in behalf of Slater. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle published a book about the case in 1912. That same year Sir Herbert Stephen wrote a letter to the London *Times* which attacked the prosecution. And a Lieutenant Trench, of the Glasgow Detective Force, offered to tell what he knew of the evidence, both changed and suppressed by the police.

As a result of this agitation a single commissioner was appointed to review the case. But of this action nothing more was heard.

Then the late Andrew Lang, in a review of the Slater trial, voiced his perplexity at the details which had been admitted in the evidence, while William Roughead, who edited the Slater trial for the *Notable British Trials* series, wrote:

I have ventured to describe the verdict as surprising, and the reprieve as illogical and unsatisfactory . . . and I believe that if the evidence taken at the inquiry had been before the jury, they must have given the accused the benefit of the doubt.

ALL this cumulative effort to get another hearing for Slater was bound to have some effect, backed as it was, eventually, by an active press campaign that called on the British Government not only to release Slater but to give him a chance to establish his innocence.

Last year the five Judges of the Court of Criminal Appeal at Edinburgh announced their unanimous decision that the conviction should be set aside. They ruled that the trial Judge gave a misdirection of the law. And after eighteen years in prison, Oscar Slater was free to walk out into the world again.

To the reporters who flocked around him when he came out of prison, Slater said he had no definite plans for the future. All that he wanted to do was to "get into the country and walk for hours across the open fields."

The recent decision of the British Government that a slight recompense to Oscar Slater for those lost eighteen years would be a lump sum of money resulted in an offer to him of six thousand pounds, or about $30,000. And so it looks as if, after all, Oscar Slater would have a chance to enjoy that freedom that to him stands for the ultimate in happiness.

—o—

THERE are many instances in criminal history of stories like Oscar Slater's, but not all with happy endings. Often has an innocent man—and woman too—gone to the gallows only to be found innocent when too late. Local prejudices sometimes blind a jury to the weakness of the testimony against the accused.

Take the story of William Shaw, accused and convicted of killing his daughter. The possibility of his innocence never occurred to his contemporaries.

William Shaw had a rebellious daughter. In his generation parental severity was the usual thing, not the exception. There was only one way to manage an offspring who disputed her parent's authority. When Catherine Shaw refused to obey her father's orders to no longer receive the attentions of a certain young man, William Shaw had iron bars put on the window of her room, and locked the girl in every morning when he left the flat, thus compelling obedience.

But Catherine was not easily persuaded to accept her father's views. Arguments, even the sound of those late-lamented old-fashioned spankings could be heard by the neighbors. One morning the wailing and groans seemed louder than usual shortly after William Shaw's departure to work. And, when Catherine did not answer, two women decided to send for the constable to investigate.

The constable decided to break in the door. On the floor of her room lay the unhappy Catherine, bleeding to death from a terrible wound in her breast. Nearby was a long-bladed carving knife, evidently the weapon with which she had been attacked.

The girl was too weak to talk. Asked whether her father had attacked her with the knife, she nodded her head. Those present assumed that the girl had understood their question and had answered in full consciousness of the importance of her reply.

A few minutes later Catherine Shaw died.

(*Continued on page 95*)

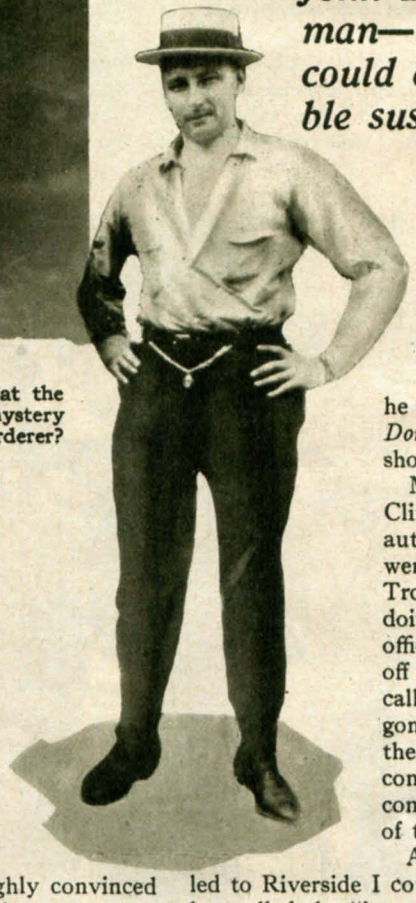
Oscar Slater is seen talking with a London "bobby." He later explained to newspaper men that he was perplexed by the great number of radical changes which had occurred in the city during his long confinement

The *Vanishing* PARROT

These two men, Powell above, and Mohr at the right, were the principals in the murder mystery which follows. Which man was the *real* murderer?

When Ellis Parker, famous New Jersey sleuth, swore to get the murderer of John Brunen, wealthy showman—he never guessed he could check up on 600 possible suspects without finding a single clue!

Here was a stone wall . . . Where would he turn now . . . ?



BETWEEN 7:45 and 8 o'clock on the evening of March 10th, 1922, the telephone in my office rang. I was lying down at the time, having lost two nights' rest while working on an important case, and did not much relish the idea of getting up to answer a call. However, something told me that the call was for me, and that it might be official business. Call it instinct, or whatever you like, but, during the few seconds that elapsed between the time that idea first occurred to me and the time my secretary, Miss Anna Yoos, answered the phone, I became thoroughly convinced that "something was in the wind." I was right.

"Is that you, Mr. Parker?" were the words that greeted me when I answered, Miss Yoos having told me that the call was a personal, and important, one.

I recognized the voice on the other end of the wire. It was that of Chief of Police William Voshell, of Riverside, New Jersey. Riverside is just a few miles from Mount Holly, the county-seat of Burlington County, where I have made my home for 35 years.

I replied to Chief Voshell in the affirmative, and was greeted with this:

"John Brunen has been murdered in his home!"

"Where are you, Chief?" I queried.

"At the Brunen home."

"I'll be there as quickly as possible," I said. "Don't let anyone touch anything."

A queer feeling passed through me. No wonder, for I was a warm friend of John Brunen. I had known him for years. I had talked with him only a few days before, at which time he was discussing his carnival, *The Mighty Doris Shows*, which was to take the road shortly.

Miss Yoos, and one of my assistants, Clifford Cain, donned their coats for the automobile trip to Riverside and, just as we were getting into my car, along came State Trooper Herman Bading, who had been doing some work in connection with my office. Mr. Bading joined us, and we were off within two minutes after the phone call. Little did we realize that we had gone to work on what proved to be one of the most brutal, as well as one of the most complex, and baffling, crimes that has ever come to my attention in thirty-five years of tracking down criminals.

As we drove along the quiet road that led to Riverside I couldn't help but think of what some one has called the "irony of fate." For John Brunen had often asked me how I went about the thrilling business of solving murder mysteries!

IN spite of the fact that I had not even reached the scene of the crime, I instinctively began speculating as to a possible motive. Had John Brunen been killed by some disgruntled, discharged employe? I couldn't recall Brunen ever having told me that anyone was out to "get" him. Brunen was reputed to be wealthy, and was known in Riverside as "a big theatrical man." I wondered, therefore, if robbery could have been behind the killing. But these speculations were neither here nor there, so I stopped quizzing myself.

As we drew up to the Brunen home I was immediately impressed by the fact that it was an excellent spot for a killer to accomplish his hideous purpose. The night was pitch black and there were no lights nearby. To the right of the Brunen home, which was a large, old-fashioned, frame dwelling, stretched fields enough to give a dozen slayers

By ELLIS H. PARKER,

Chief of Detectives, Burlington County, N. J.,

As told to ALAN HYND,

formerly of the Boston *Post*

room to make clean getaways. In the rear of the house was a garage. Beyond that, nothing for quite a distance. To the left of the place, quite a bit of ground separated it from the next dwelling.

Ringing the front door bell, I was admitted to the home by Mrs. Brunen, a widow of less than an hour. Her eyes were swollen from crying, and she was in a state bordering on extreme hysteria. Chief of Police Voshell, upon seeing me, told me where the body was, and led me to the kitchen. There was the man I had talked with only several days before. He was slumped in a chair. Half of his head had been blown off by the charge from a shotgun. The floor was literally covered with blood and brains! On the floor, near the body, was a newspaper which the murdered man had been reading. I found out, later, that he had been reading about a murder case in California. What a strange coincidence!

Brunen had been sitting in a chair close to, and with his back toward, the one window in the kitchen, which, of course, was in the extreme rear of the house. There was a hole in the window-pane about four inches in diameter. Looking more closely, I found that the glass had been blown inward. This was clear and positive indication that the murderer had fired the death shot as he stood outside of the house.

Going around to the rear of the house, I succeeded in finding, with the aid of a flashlight, the foot-prints I expected. There were two sets of them—those of a man, and those of a woman. Mrs. Brunen told me, later, that the woman's foot-prints were her own, and that they had been made when she went to put her bulldog in the cellar for the night.

The other foot-prints were those of a man of, presumably, short and slight stature. I arrived at this conclusion because the size of the prints was quite small, and the impression made on the soft earth was not very heavy.

I TRACED the foot-prints as best I could under the difficulty presented by the extreme darkness, and they led to a lane, where I found fresh automobile tracks.

The fact that a shotgun had been used convinced me, beyond doubt, that the crime was not the work of a hired, or experienced, gunman. In the first place, a hired gunman wouldn't run the risk of being detected carrying anything so bulky as a shotgun. In the second place, a hired killer usually "works" with a revolver, because, in almost every case, he is clever enough to get his man with a hip instrument, generally, on the first shot.

A shotgun is, as a rule, used by a person who is not sure of his aim, and who therefore believes that the bigger the weapon the bigger is his chance of hitting his "target" on the first attempt. Then, too, the fact that the slayer stood right up against the window to fire the shot, as revealed by the foot-prints, proved to me that he was more or less of an amateur—who wanted to make doubly sure that he "got" Brunen at the first shot! The comparatively small hole in the window-pane was, also, additional proof that the shot had been fired at close range.

I decided that to make any further attempt to trace material clues around the grounds was impossible then, on account of the dark night. So I instructed my associates to keep a close guard about the grounds all night. I then went back to the kitchen.

HERE I might pause, for a moment, to explain that the eye of a man trained in detecting crime will instinctively notice things which are overlooked by the average person. The peculiar arrangement of a bit of furniture, a stopped clock, a disarranged curtain—any one of these may be the very thing to furnish the solution to the most baffling crime, and yet they seem so unimportant on the surface.

Bearing this in mind, as always, I was immediately impressed by the fact that a parrot, which had been in a cage hanging in the kitchen, was missing, cage and all! I had been in that room on more than one occasion before. I had, unconsciously, taken a mental photograph of everything in it. The parrot—which was a talking one—had been there for years. That night it was missing. Looking around the house, without saying what I was looking for, I soon discovered the parrot in the cellar-way. A cloth had been thrown over the cage. I kept this observation to myself, as I have found that a detective invariably makes a blunder whenever he reveals his hand except when forced to do so.

Now, the incident of the parrot being removed might mean very little. And I won't go so far as to say that it was of paramount importance to me just then. *But it was something to be taken into consideration.* It gave me an inkling that the murder might be an *inside job.*

Detective Parker (*overcoat over his arm*) and Supreme Court Justice Samuel Kalisch, on their way to the opening of the Brunen trial at Mount Holly, New Jersey. Justice Kalisch presided at the trial

I then asked Mrs. Brunen for a statement. She said that her husband had arrived home at six o'clock, or thereabouts. He had driven to Williamstown, New Jersey, early that morning in "*Hortense*," the family car, to attend to several business matters at the winter-quarters of his show. When he arrived home that night, he put the car in the garage, as usual, and then entered the house. He said he was tired and hungry, but that he thought he would wash up, and put on fresh clothes before eating dinner. After fixing himself up a bit, Brunen came downstairs, feeling in good spirits. He joked with his wife:

"Say, Dot, I'm not such a bad looking guy when I'm cleaned up, am I?"

Brunen and his wife were alone in the house. He ate a hearty dinner. Mrs. Brunen then washed the dishes, while her husband sat with her in the kitchen, with his back to the window, and began reading the news of the day—his usual custom. One of the first things that caught his attention was a California murder case, wherein a woman had been accused of brutally slaying her husband.

"Do you know, Dot!" said Brunen to his wife, "I don't believe that woman knows a thing about that killing."

It was then about 7:30 P.M., and Mrs. Brunen said she went outside to put the dog in the cellar. Coming in again, she went upstairs to draw her husband a hot bath. The shade above Brunen's head had been pulled down half-way, as was customary. A light directly above his head outlined the killer's target very clearly.

There is a railroad near the Brunen home, and two trains were scheduled to pass at about 7:30. That's when the shot was fired, and Mrs. Brunen was the only one who heard the gun's report, the noise of one of the trains drowning it out. It was, apparently, perfectly timed.

Mrs. Brunen said that she ran down to the kitchen when she heard the shot, but stopped at the threshold when the ghastly sight met her eyes. She notified a woman neighbor about ten minutes later. When I asked her why she had allowed such length of time to elapse before giving any alarm, she replied that she had been so upset she didn't know what she was doing.

Ellis H. Parker (*with hat on*) and Jonathan H. Kelsey, former Prosecutor of Burlington County, talking over the plan of attack for the Brunen trial. Mr. Kelsey handled the prosecution

DURING my questioning of Mrs. Brunen, I found that she and her husband had often quarreled. She assured me, however, that there had never been any serious difference between them. Mrs. Brunen, at the time of the murder, was an attractive, blond woman of 36. Rather plump. She had been married once before becoming Brunen's wife. Brunen, a German of middle age, had also been married before he married her. He had a daughter, Hazel, a pretty girl of 17, by his first wife. I found out, later, that the Brunens had quarreled seriously at a time when Hazel ran off with a circus lion-tamer, and that shots had been fired by both Mrs. Brunen and her husband. A bullet from Brunen's gun struck Mrs. Brunen, but the injury was not serious, a corset-steel causing the bullet to glance off. I also learned, through questioning the widow, that her husband, years before, had been tried for murdering another man. He was acquitted on grounds of self-defense.

By this time, the plot, as they say in the movie sub-titles, was thickening.

Mrs. Brunen was getting more nervous every minute, and the process of drawing information from her was growing more difficult. I was afraid that she was going to faint on several occasions, but I tried to get as much from her as possible, for I had no time to lose.

I then asked Mrs. Brunen if she had any idea as to who killed her husband. She thought for a moment, and replied that she suspected a man named George Werner, a circus chef, known as "Dutchy." Werner, she said, had been discharged by Brunen not long before the murder, and had threatened to "get" his former employer. I asked the widow to describe "Dutchy." She said he was a short man. I then asked if he was heavy, or slight, in build. She said he did not weigh very much. I noticed, at once, that this description fitted in fairly well with the picture of the slayer which I had conjured up with the aid of the foot-prints. I asked Mrs. Brunen when she had seen "Dutchy" last, and she replied that it had been a matter of weeks. She added that she hadn't the slightest idea as to his present haunts.

IT was now pretty well along toward midnight. The doorbell rang, and in walked Harry C. Mohr, Mrs. Brunen's brother. Mohr, a tall, heavy-set, fellow in his middle thirties, was a showman himself and, for a year or more, had been associated with Brunen's show. Prior to that, he had had a show of his own on the road. Mohr, who lived with the Brunens, explained that he had driven up from Philadelphia. He seemed, apparently, greatly upset about the murder, and asked me if I had picked up any clues. I told him about the foot-prints. He went out and looked them over, swore, and then called me to one side. "Parker," he said, "there will be a big reward in this for you if you can track down the fiend who did this job."

Then I asked Mohr if Brunen had any enemies who would be likely to murder him for a grudge. Mohr reflected a moment and then mentioned the same man as Mrs. Brunen had spoken of—the discharged chef, Werner. I asked Mohr to describe Werner and his description tallied exactly with that of Mrs. Brunen's.

I asked Mohr if he thought the foot-prints in the rear of the house might be those of Werner. He said it looked that way to him, adding that Werner had been overheard, on more than one occasion, to say that he would "get even" with John Brunen for discharging him. Furthermore, he stated that Werner was of the type who would seek vengeance, and that, on one occasion, Werner, following an argument with Brunen, chased the latter from a lunch-car at the point of a gun.

I told Mohr and Mrs. Brunen that I would bend every effort to catch up with Werner (*Continued on page 6*)

STEALING the "HONEY"

This story is all fact, and the man who writes it, says, "I shall never forget this experience." He is now in prison for a long stretch, and, while there is a touch of humor in what he has to say that here follows—there is also a solemn warning

By ONE WHO HAS QUIT

(See sketch of the author's life in the front pages of this issue.)

THREE nights I had watched while a man in a drug-store removed the money from his well-fed cash-register, and packed it in a large brief-case of brown leather. Three nights I had swung aboard a street-car behind him, and followed him to his home far out on Canal Street. I had learned in which room the man slept by watching the windows until a light was switched on. On the fourth night, I preceded the man to his house and climbed a tree, from which I could look into his room. I waited patiently and saw him come in, and conceal the brief case behind some clothing in a closet. I sighed in relief. I had got the "lay" and there was no more to be done until my partner and I should be ready to pull the job.

In our high-ceilinged, 18th-century-France, apartment, which we rented from a white-haired old Creole woman on traditioned Royal Street, New Orleans, I detailed my observations to Louis, my partner.

"The drug-store is closed all day Sundays. The manager must leave the money in the closet until Monday. It's a sure thing he goes out for some recreation Sunday. Probably goes to a show Sunday night. That's our night!"

Louis looked over the drawings of the locality that I had penciled on the back of an envelope. "I hope you've got this all straight," he said. "You moon about so much, wandering over the city looking for ancient houses to get poetic about, that I don't suppose you really know what we're here for. If you want to take a sight-seeing trip I wish you'd wait until we've got plenty of dough."

Louis never could understand why I enjoyed strolling about the cities we visited. He was all business and wanted to fly about from city to city like a busy bee—stealing the honey from every flower but never stopping to admire their beauty.

"Don't worry about me," I said. "I've never failed you. But I do want to see a bit of New Orleans before we have to shove off."

We had made our way from Los Angeles, California, stopping at every large city in Arizona, New Mexico and Texas—and even making a detour into old Mexico. All the way, I had looked forward to New Orleans, and the chance to take in the famous *Mardi Gras*. Once we arrived in the city, I fell in love with the Vieux Carré, but the picturesque old setting didn't lift Louis at all.

"I don't give a damn about it!" he would say. "All I want is a good stake to travel on."

THE success of our plans depended on the Sunday night habits of the drug-store manager. We watched the house for an hour and, at last, he emerged and boarded a street-car. Then we roamed about the neighborhood for half an hour to see if we were followed.

"Better pull it now and get it over with," Louis finally suggested, and we got on the job.

The house was a "rooms for rent" place and the doors were not locked. There was a side door opening onto a stairway that led to the upper part of the house. We entered and made our way cautiously up the stairs. From the front room we could hear the voice of a woman singing. "Long as she keeps *that* up we'll know she's not coming after us!" Louis whispered. Somewhere in the rear of the house we could hear the sound of water running into a bathtub. Ours was a ticklish job. It was impossible to know when the person in the bath-room would suddenly appear in the hallway. In a regular rooming-house, or a hotel, we would have had no fear. We could have easily explained our presence. But, in a private house where only two or three rooms were let out, we would have been instantly suspected.

We tried the door of the room we wanted to enter, and found it locked. We tried a pass-key and it wouldn't work. We tried another. The third key turned the lock. We were in the room. The woman was still singing. We closed the door softly, and Louis snapped on his flash-light. "Damn!" he muttered, as he quickly switched it off. "I forgot about that open window." I tip-toed over and pulled down the shade. Louis flashed his light again. In the path of its beam was the closet door. Louis tried the knob.

"The damned door's locked," he grumbled. I held the flash-light while he manipulated our keys. At last it was unlocked. Louis opened it slowly, inch by inch. The woman in the front room sang on.

THE door was opened six inches. A little more and we would have the coveted brief-case. My heart was pounding against my ribs. Louis opened the door another inch and—it squeaked! To my nervous ears it fairly screamed. "Douse that glim!" hissed my partner. In excitement he was never grammatical. We waited in the darkness. But the woman went on singing. We were safe. I flashed the light, and Louis grasped the knob and pulled gently. The hinges squeaked again—and the woman *stopped singing!* She became so silent that we knew she was listening. We stood like statues in the dark. We were afraid to move, almost afraid to breathe. We expected the woman to investigate and find us there. She would scream and we would be lost. The few seconds of silence seemed hours to us. At last she called:

"What are you doing, Helen?"

From the bath-room at the other end of the house came the saving voice of the never-to-be-known Helen.

"I dropped a glass and broke it, Sis. I'll be out in a minute."

And, while "Sis" was calling something more to "Helen," Louis took advantage of the noise to open the closet door. I grabbed the brief-case and we hurried into the hallway. At the same instant the door of the front room opened, and the singing woman was staring at us wide-eyed. "Helen—Helen!" she screamed, and then, *"Help!"*

Louis made a dash for the stairs and I followed. Two at a time, we took the steps as we crashed down. We made enough racket to startle the dead, but we had no time to be quiet. We did not know who might be aroused in the lower part of the house. Perhaps there was a gun behind us

aimed, and ready to halt our flight with its whizzing lead. We made the front porch and leaped over the railing. There was an iron fence and we fumbled at the gate. We tried to swing it the wrong way. From the house a woman's voice cried "*Burglars!*" A door slammed. Foot-steps could be heard—running on the stairs. The gate wouldn't open. The foot-noises loudened. Clattering down the stairs—closer—*closer—closer!* They would catch us. We were lost—but the gate opened. Down the street we ran. Around the corner, we slowed to a walk, and tried to appear unconcerned, as we boarded a street-car a few seconds later.

Back in our apartment we opened the brief-case. In it we found—*two copies of a cheap fiction magazine!* The druggist had left his money somewhere else.

Louis and I sat and looked at each other. I was self-consciously aware that, in the mind of my partner, I was under indictment for leading him on a bum steer. We had taken a chance and had almost been nabbed. And we had nothing to show for it but some cheap reading matter that would have held no interest for us even under more tranquil circumstances. I knew that Louis had cause to be angry. He sat and looked at me a minute longer, then he said:

"Well, kid, we'll have to lay low for a while. That woman got a good look at us. She'll describe us at Headquarters. The bulls will be on the watch for us. You'll have to quit roaming around as you've been doing. Soon's we spot something good we'll make a haul and beat it."

"This is a big city," I suggested. "Perhaps we could get by here until after the *Mardi Gras*."

"They got a big jail here," said my partner. "We'll crawl out of town before we break into it."

We hurried into the hallway

NEW ORLEANS is like a beautiful half-caste woman, flirtatious and moody. She is youthful and modern, although, under her twentieth-century cloak, she wears the antique costume of the Napoleonic era. She keeps the heirlooms of her ancestors intact, laying them beside the modern inventions of her contemporaries. The modern side of her absorbs some of the scent of old lavender from her 18th-century French side, and so fails to be completely of our day. Her spirit has never been touched by *Kiwanitis;* she loves laughter more than commerce, art more than five-foot bookshelves. She leaves Evolution for the Scientists and Fundamentalists to fight over, while she, herself, dances at the *Mardi Gras*.

The old-world quaintness of the Vieux Carré had got under my skin. It fascinated me. In spite of the continued warnings of Louis, I went out alone every day and roamed the narrow streets, looking with interest at the French houses that were old when Napoleon was riding the Paris Boulevards in his carriages. Much to the disgust of Louis, I dragged him off to little French restaurants on side streets, where intriguing dinners could be had for 50 cents. Louis was plainly impatient with me. He wanted to keep under cover as much as possible. Cold reason told me that he was right. But reason seldom rules in this world. The most calculating racketeer will fall when his emotions and passions are aroused. Louis and I had known more than one clever crook who had fallen because of some weakness that had taken his mind from his racket.

There was Montana Harry. In more convivial days he had played the piano in saloons, and "pulled the leather" from the pockets of the flush miners and lumber-jacks who came into Sacramento from the Sierras to let off steam. Harry was a clever dip, but he loved his booze. After the Eighteenth Amendment came into force he opened a house on M Street, and started selling rot-gut by the cupful, served from a tea-pot. As a side-line, he continued to pick pockets in the famous St. Nicholas pool-room. He collected a carload of watches and rings which he never tried to sell. And, all the time, he drank more and more of his own moonshine. That's what got him. The cops got tired of seeing him drunk on the streets and ran him in. They found his house full of loot. Montana Harry got ten years in San Quentin!

Dave Holt was a stick-up man that knew his stuff. He never pulled a job unless he had an alibi, all fixed, to prove he was on the other side of town at the time the hold-up was staged. He never wore a mask, but his disguise was perfect. His victims always reported that a Negro had stuck them up. Dave was a blond Nordic! They never could stick anything on him. But Dave loved women. His one boast was: "I have loved many women and many more have loved me." But a woman did him in. She was only a little Portuguese broad, one of forty that racked balls in the St. Nicholas pool-room, but she made a bum out of Dave. He took her on a party and talked too much about a job he was ready to pull. Her man was an informer, and the bulls were waiting in a vacant store when Dave attempted the stick-up. They took him to the Station-house and made him wash off the make-up. They fastened seven jobs on him. He went to Folsom Prison.

There were others. Some had had a mania for gambling that kept them broke until they lost their nerve. Others used dope and became reckless under its influence. Many of them were clever racketeers, but each had some weakness that undermined the wall of his will. My weakness is a passion for the exotic places of the world. I could not resist the charms of the Vieux Carré. New Orleans seduced me and I threw caution to the winds.

"You'll get dropped some night, and then what will we do?" Louis warned me.

"Don't worry," I pacified him. "I won't talk."

"I know you won't. But I would have to 'spring' you. I don't know how I'd do it, but I'd have to find some way. Why the hell don't you wait until we're in the money before you start playing around? Wait until we hit New York. Then we'll both tear loose for a while."

"I want to stay here," I protested. "But if we can't do that I want to see as much as I can while we're here."

"All right; but don't be singing the blues if you get picked up."

THAT night I strolled through Jackson Square, over near the French Market. I spent much of my time in that vicinity. The market, with its polyglot personality, interested me.. I liked the thick, black, French-drip coffee I could get at the

stalls there, and I liked to hear the musical voices of the vegetable venders calling their wares, and singing out to each other their amusing comments on the passing city people. And I liked to sit in the leafy-green quietness of Jackson Square, smoking cigarettes and thinking of how history had been made on this spot in the ancient Cabildo buildings that could be seen across the Square. The Cabildo was a museum now, and in it were relics of Louisiana's heritage. I could see the second oldest cathedral in America, the old Cathedral of St. Louis. My thoughts had turned completely to the past. All fear of danger to my liberty had left my mind. I got up and started to stroll slowly from the Square. As I neared the Chartres Street entrance I was startled by the appearance of a uniformed officer—a "harness bull"—at my side.

"Whatcha' doin' here, buddy?" he asked in a gruff voice.

"Just enjoying a smoke in the park before I go home," I told him.

"Stranger in town, ain't cha?"

I explained that I had been in New Orleans ten days. Answering his further questions I told him that I had come from Los Angeles and expected to find work in the city.

"We don't want you guys from other states to come here an' take jobs our own men need," he said. "Too damn many of 'em comin' here. Lot o' sick guys come here to die, an' they make some o' our natives starve to death 'fore they kick off, themselves."

By this time, we had reached the street and another officer joined us. "Whatcha' got there, Bill?" he asked.

"Don't know yet. Says he just come in from California. Ain't workin'. Reckon we better take him over fer investigation."

The newcomer felt of my pockets, looking for a gun. He found nothing. We were walking down the street, a cop on each side of me. I slowed up. I didn't want to go any farther than I had to with them. One of them gave me a shove with his elbow.

"Move along there, kid. You can walk faster than that, can't you?"

"Sure I can, but where are you taking me?" I wanted to know.

"Right down to Precinct Headquarters. We're goin' to find out who you are."

My heart sank. Of course, they had my description at Headquarters. They would recognize me, and all would be lost. Why hadn't I listened to Louis? He had a good head. I was too damn' romantic. But it was too late for regrets. They had me and I must do some quick thinking.

I had a half-dozen pawn-tickets in my inside coat-pocket. The cops would never believe that they represented honest dealings. I must get rid of them. I folded my arms across my breast, and worked my right hand into the pocket, grasping the tickets and rolling them into a wad. I did not dare throw them away. The bulls would see me, and pick them up. I held them, and watched my chance to dispose of them.

At the Police Station I noticed a space half an inch wide between the desk and a wooden rail. I slipped the pawn-tickets into it and breathed a sigh of relief. That much was off my mind. But my greatest fear was that they would identify me. The man at the desk asked my name and address.

"Why am I here?" I asked. "I haven't done anything."

"Well, we'll keep you here and see that you don't do anything," he sneered. "You go to night court at ten o'clock," he added.

I was locked in a huge cage with bars on all sides. Through the bars I could see other cages, in which other prisoners sat on wooden shelves that served as chairs, as well as beds. Each cage had four of these shelves. There were no other furnishings. There was no privacy, for the corridors were brilliantly lighted, and there was no way to get out of sight in the cages. They were like huge monkey cages into which spectators might look from all angles.

I sat on my wooden shelf and worried. How long would it take them to identify me? Would they beat me to force a confession? I had suffered the "third degree" before. Burly detectives barking questions and beating my face when answers didn't please. I could feel the crash of hard knuckles on my jaws. The breaking of teeth, and the splitting of lips, came back to me and I shuddered. Must I go through all that again? I walked back and forth in my cage, smoking the last of my cigarettes. Why had my perverse nature lured me out into the open against the better judgment of Louis? My throat was dry, and my head began to throb with a dull ache as I brooded over my predicament. I had no chance to beat the case. Far from home and friends, with no money for bail, or to hire a "mouth piece," what hope had I of escaping the State Prison? I was being held for investigation. I feared investigation. They would find out things that would result in unpleasant sessions with the police in other cities. I sat again on the shelf and buried my head in my hands.

"Help!"

Would ten o'clock never come? I wanted to get it over with. The hardest part of any criminal's fall is the time when he waits to be called to court. Ten years in "stir" are not so hard as two hours waiting for the call to court. I wanted to hear the worst and to know what to expect. The uncertainty was maddening. It was making me sick, physically and mentally. Good God! Wouldn't ten o'clock *ever* come? What had those bulls found out about me since they had locked me in that monkey cage?

At last! They came and took me in a police car to the Parish Prison. In Louisiana they have no counties. They call them parishes. Hence Parish Prison, instead of County Jail. I was thrust into a large, foul-smelling, smoke-filled bull-pen where fifty other prisoners, of every description and color, were indignantly telling each other their troubles. Most of them had been picked up for disorderly conduct, or vagrancy. Their talk drifted into my turbid mind and colored my fears with disgust for the trivialities they seemed to think so important. What did they know of troubles?

We could look through a barred door and see the women prisoners in their cage nearby. Most of them were Negresses. They told us in lurid Billingsgate speech what they thought of cops in general, and of New Orleans cops in particular. One husky, black wench discovered that her man was locked up with us, and she demanded bail money instantly.

"Yo' gits me outen this here jail-house ternight er Ah gits

'nother man!" she shouted, glaring threateningly at him.

"Yo' gits 'nother chump an' yo' also gits yo'se'f a corpse ter bury," he came back at her. A few minutes later, a black lawyer came to see the woman, and she pointed out her man in our bull-pen.

"See dat good-fer-nawthin' nigger in dar? He gits me out. Git de cash money fum him fer bail me outen here."

The lawyer came over to our door and spoke to the man. The woman called out: "Give 'im the money, honey, an' soon's Ah gits out Ah gits yo' out, too."

"Yo' go jump yo'se'f in de river, yo' bum. If yo' waits fer me ter git yo' out yo' is goin' be damn' old."

My name was called and I was escorted to the court-room, and seated with other prisoners in a railed-off section near the judge. I looked at His Honor. His stern visage presaged no good to me. What would he do when the officer told him of my suspicious behavior in Jackson Square? Of course the cop would exaggerate and make me appear as sinister as possible. They always did. And, probably, one or more of the detectives in the room would recognize me from the description they no doubt had. But other cases were to be called before mine. I was to be kept in suspense a while longer.

Two white women, charged with disorderly conduct, were brought before the judge. They had been out on bail, and, as they arose from their seats among the spectators, their lips curled in contempt of the men who sat near them. Their faces were heavily painted, and their costumes were such as are seldom seen outside of a honky-tonk.

"These women," said the cop who had arrested them, "had a room over a saloon. I was watching the joint and seen them come to a door behind the bar, and signal to a man that had come in for a drink. He followed them through the door and I went after 'em. When I reached their room the door was locked. I climbed over the transom and found 'em there with the man."

"Your Honor," cried one of the women, "that bull is a cock-eyed liar! He tried to climb over the transom an' got stuck, an' we had to get a table an' help him down. If it hadn't been fer us, he'd a broke his damn fool neck. An' now he wants to get us locked up!"

"Where is the man?" asked the judge.

"The man got away," explained the cop.

"The man is right here in this room," shouted the woman. "There he is!" pointing to a foreign-looking little man among the spectators, "an' he's here to tell you that that bull's a liar."

"WHAT the hell!" exclaimed the cop. "That guy's here on another charge! He was peddlin' without a permit."

"He's the man that was in the saloon," insisted the woman. "He come in to take orders fer salted peanuts. He had his sample case with him. We was talkin' to him about peanuts when this nutty bull crashes in. We didn't know what it was all about an' we hid. But we didn't have that man in our room."

"These women talked to that guy in the court-room an' fixed him to alibi 'em," accused the cop. "It was another guy I found in their room."

"You're tryin' to frame us," charged the other woman. "I wish to God we'd let you fall over that transom an' break your neck! That's what we get fer bein' kind to a cop. He's a liar, Your Honor."

The room was in an uproar. The Clerk pounded for order. The two women were now excitedly jabbering in concert, and the cop was adding his share to the general commotion. Finally, the judge got them quiet, and said he had decided to hold the women over for the Higher Court. They were led from the room, protesting profanely. I looked expectantly, and somewhat fearfully, at the judge. Would I be next? I felt weak and helpless there, with so much law surrounding me. Why didn't they tell me the worst and get it over with?

But my turn had not come. The New Orleans cops had been busy rounding up a herd of the city's ladies of joy. I listened to the comments of the spectators, and the other prisoners who evidently found it highly diverting.

"Gotta try the dames first, so's they can get back to business," said a vagrant sitting near me.

I didn't answer. I was wishing they would try me before they had time to dig up too much information about me. I felt the eyes of detectives boring into me. Probably they had sent for the singing woman, known to me only as "Sis," to come and identify me. I felt hot and uncomfortable. I wanted to know my fate. But here, as in more refined society, the etiquette of "ladies first" seemed to be recognized. The first entered a plea of not guilty, and the officer took the stand.

"This woman was standin' in her doorway invitin' men to come in," he said.

"Did you see her take a man into her house?" the judge asked.

"No, but she spoke to 'em an' beckoned."

"Did you hear her ask a man to come in?"

"No. I couldn't get close enough to hear what she said."

"How do you know she asked him to enter?"

"Her lips moved, an' she smiled when the men went by."

"But you didn't hear what she said and you didn't see any men actually going in?"

"No."

"THEN, all you actually saw was this woman standing in her doorway, smiling, while her lips moved. She might have been singing to herself, mightn't she? All you can swear to is that she stood there and moved her lips and smiled?"

"That's all."

"Case dismissed. Next!"

In rapid succession, five women were brought before the judge. In each case the procedure was the same. The questions and answers hardly varied by so much as a word. All the women were promptly dismissed.

"These same women are up here every night," remarked the man next to me. "The judge acts like he was their attorney!"

Well, I thought, it wasn't likely he'd play attorney for me. Perhaps I'd be called next. I hoped so. But no; several cases of vagrancy were tried, and several bums were ordered locked up. I paid slight attention to their cases. In my mind was a turmoil of fears and doubts. I wondered if they had found Louis yet. And if they didn't find him, what would he think when he missed me? I wished that I could smoke. I wanted a drink of water. I wondered if the judge had noticed my abjectness. Surely my morbid state of mind must be expressing itself on my face. I tried to look cheerful. I didn't feel cheerful. I sat on my hard chair and watched while four Negroes, charged with being drunk and disorderly, were tried.

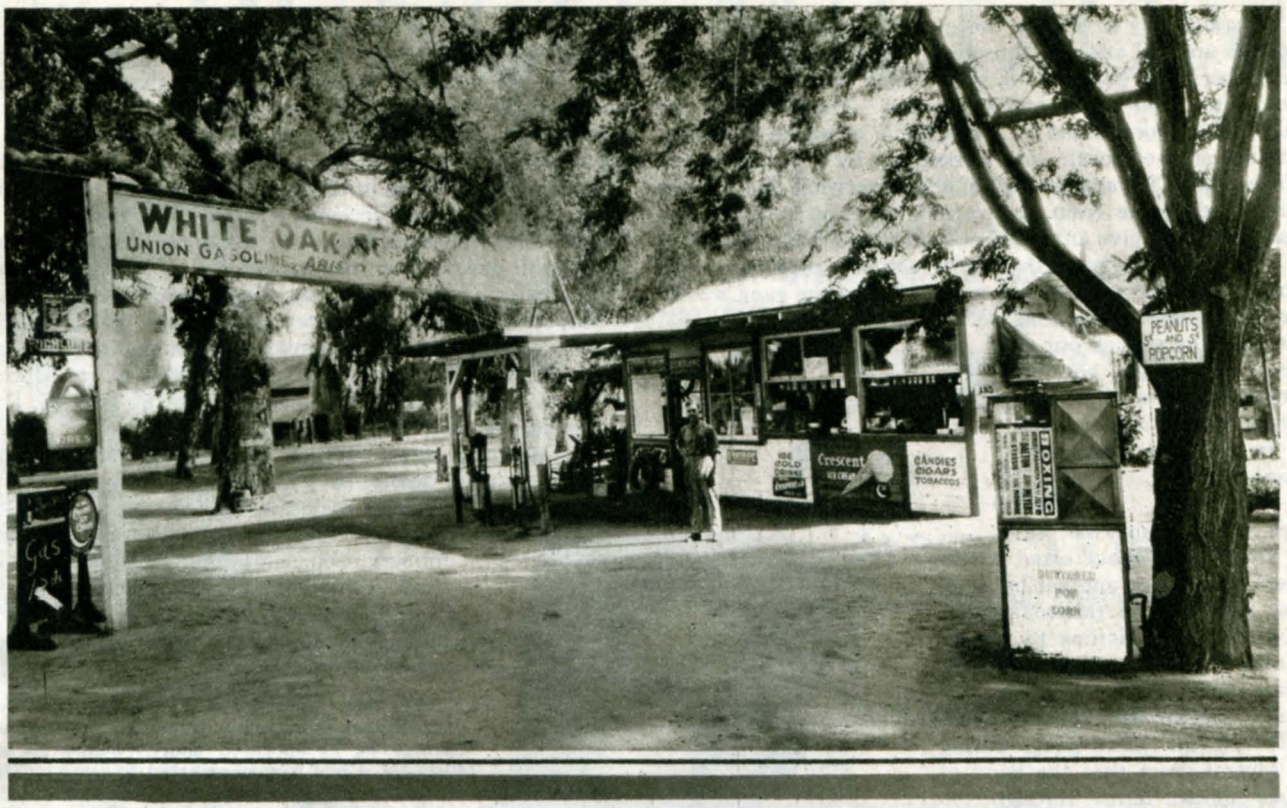
Obviously, the men were laborers. Their hands were rough, and their overalls bore unmistakable evidence of hard work. They were contrite, and hung their heads dejectedly, while the arresting officers acquainted the Court with their erratic doings. They had consumed gin in copious quantities, and had shamelessly raised merry hell along the virtuous levees of the respectable Mississippi. The placid meditations of the cop had been rudely disturbed and he had run them in. He had done his duty. He didn't care what the judge might do to the miscreants.

"Were you men drunk?" the judge asked them.

"Ah reckon we-uns did have a mite too much o' dat ol' gin, jedge, Yo' Honah. But we-uns nebber meant to 'sturb no peace. We-uns didn't see none erbout dar, nohow."

The judge smiled, and reflected a moment. "Well, the officer tells me you work hard along the docks. I guess you don't have much fun. I can't blame you for getting drunk once in a while. But you mustn't do it out on the docks. Stay in your houses and drink, if you *must* get drunk. You may go. Case dismissed."

The four blacks looked up at the judge and great smiles wreathed their ebony faces. White teeth gleamed and eyes opened wide in excitement. Then, suddenly, all together, they began to dance and shout (*Continued on page 102*)



The filling-station at Arcadia, California, where Dale Jones and Marjie Dean were shot to death by deputy sheriffs

The *Crimson* TRAIL

DEFYING death—spreading terror and disaster in his wake, the ruthless killer, Dale Jones, moves on in a wallow of blood to his inevitable end. Words can hardly picture that last wild scene of human butchery when the bandit chief, with his sweetheart, Marjie Dean at his side, makes his final desperate stand against the police.

By I. B. WALSTON

Former Chief of Detectives, Kansas City

As told to JERRY E. CRAVEY

of the Witchita *EVENING EAGLE*

THE Katy Flyer stops on a siding that the North-bound Limited may pass. Now, the road is clear for the Flyer to resume her thundering way to Texas. The engineer's hand reaches for the throttle. . . .

A vague form—out of the shadow of the water-tower—leaps into the engine cab. The veteran fireman—quick to think and quick to act—reaches for his gun. But Dale Jones is quicker—he always is—the fireman crumples, his ankle broken by the bandit's bullet.

While Jones barks staccato commands to the locomotive engineer, another drama unfolds itself at the rear end of the train.

Covered by an automatic, leveled at his head by one of the train robbers, the unfortunate clerk in the mail-car stands—helpless, hands stretched upwards. . . !

THE train started forward, just as several pistol shots were heard above the hissing of the steam in the locomotive. Frank Lewis, Blackie Lancaster and Sherrill were raiding the passenger coaches. E. C. Wicher, the train auditor had made a move that looked as if he was reaching for a gun. Blackie immediately clipped the auditor in the thigh with a bullet. All three bandits were firing. One bullet struck a woman passenger, Mrs. L. D. Williams, of Oklahoma, in the shoulder.

Having completed his work of uncoupling the mail and baggage-cars from the rest of the train, leaving these still coupled to the engine, Knight ran back along the side of the train to join the three men who were going through the chair-cars. Marjie Dean was also busy. She could be seen flitting through the mass of trembling humanity that, a few moments before, had been peacefully sleeping.

Federal authorities, who worked on the case during the next few months, still are unable to explain how the robbery of two baggage-cars and three chair-cars of the *Texas Special* was accomplished so quickly and so thoroughly by Dale Jones and his men. There were only six men and a woman actually engaged in pulling the robbery that night, and two of these are known to have ridden, with the uncoupled engine and baggage-cars, to a switch two miles south of the siding on which *No. 27* stopped. This left only five persons to hold up and search more than 100 passengers riding in three coaches, an operation executed with startling ingenuity.

"How did they do it?" is the question that Postoffice inspectors are still asking themselves, in spite of the fact that the robbery was explained in great detail by members of the gang, after their arrest and conviction. The plans for the train robbery formulated by Jones, while he was in Colorado, were the most elaborate ever worked out by a bandit leader.

They called for a great deal of shooting, while the bandits were boarding the train, to overawe the train crew and the passengers, and give an impression of a raid participated in by many more persons than were actually present. Once aboard the passenger coaches, no member of the gang was to remain in one place long enough to be singled out as one of the robbers, but was warned by Jones to be constantly on the move, working in and out among the passengers.

EACH of them was instructed to shout often to the others, calling one another by numbers, from one to thirteen, which would lead the victims to believe that the bandits numbered, at least, thirteen men.

Like every other robbery committed by the Jones gang, during the several years that the band of crooks spread terror through the Southwest, the hold-up of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas passenger train went through without a hitch. Every newspaper within a radius of several hundred miles of the lonely spot near Koch, Kansas, where the *Texas Special* was looted, "screamed" the next day on the train robbery, in spite of the fact that the World War was at its peak, and the papers were devoting column after column of space to describe the activity on the battle front.

To show how perfectly the bandits' system of calling to each other by number worked out, one large daily, the next morning, carried a "double streamer" across the front page which read:

Three Wounded when 13 Bandits Loot Katy Flyer

The theory that thirteen persons had actually participated in the hold-up was advanced the night of the hold-up by Sheriff M. A. Stevenson, of Ossawatomie, after he had conducted a preliminary investigation into the robbery, and talked to several of the passengers on board. Nor was this theory discarded by other investigators, including those assigned to the case by the United States Postoffice Department for several months to come, so thoroughly had Dale's bandits followed his instructions.

ONLY a few hundred dollars were secured from the mail cars of the train, but the loot taken from the passengers was estimated as totaling thousands of dollars in money and jewelry.

For days following the night of the hold-up, the brushwood bordering the Marias de Cygne River was combed by more than 250 searchers, who volunteered to aid Sheriff Stevenson in the man-hunt. The only trace of the bandit's trail was found when a party of searchers discovered a small safe, on a farm ten miles southeast of Paola, Kansas. It was identified as one taken from the mail car. The door had been blown open with nitro-glycerine.

When Dale Jones led his men into their raid on the passenger train near Koch, Kansas, that night, he laid them open to the vengeance of the United States Government, and brought the wrath of the Postoffice inspectors down on their heads. He knew, at the time he talked to his subjects back there in the house on Wyandotte Street, that few criminals ever escape the relentless man-hunters in the employ of Uncle Sam. But criminals, universally wise as they are to what inevitably happens to a man who tries to beat the Law, are the easiest persons in the world to influence. Dale Jones' gang of desperadoes accepted the word of their chief as gospel. They believed him when Jones assured them he was leading his gang into a "new racket" from which they would reap greater harvests, with less danger involved.

But now the job had been pulled, and the Postoffice authorities, with that determination which characterizes that group of men, and sets the service in a class by itself, when it starts out to track criminals, took up the trail of Dale Jones and his pack of marauders.

To California, down through New Mexico, across Texas, into the Arizona desert, back through Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas, over the very route taken by the gang on that fateful night of the train robbery, two men trailed Dale Jones and his seven confederates. The bandits had no time to engage in robbery or plunder. All their days and nights were occupied with one problem—a problem that remained with them always—the problem of escaping Uncle Sam's man-hunters.

(*Left*) Dale Jones (*Below*) Chief of Detectives John Rowan ("Two-Gun Johnnie") of Colorado Springs, as he appeared shortly before his last gun fight. Chief Rowan was shot to death by Dale Jones, before the dreaded Colorado Springs officer could reach for his guns

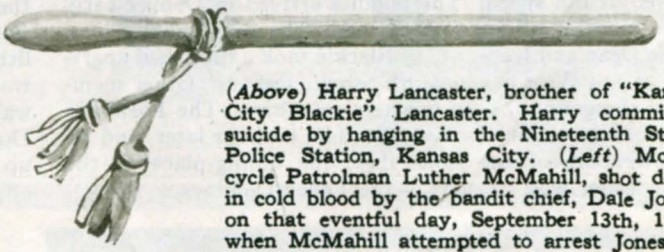
(Photo by Carl F. Mathews, Supt. of the Bureau of Identification, Colorado Springs Police Dept.)

The robbers were trailed into Colorado, forced to take to the open road again, and were followed by the Postoffice inspectors back through the once famous Missouri bad lands, and into Kansas City. The old rendezvous in the hills was watched day and night by Federal officers, having been discovered by two of them, Donaldson and Adamson. The bandit gang moved back into the house on Wyandotte

Street, barricaded the place, where they stayed, cooped up like so many rats, creeping out only when the need for food necessitated it.

After weeks of confinement in the house, that had, so far, escaped the notice of the man-hunters, Dale Jones' love for excitement again manifested itself. He needed action, and adventure. So he proceeded to look for it.

Disguised as a woman, he went out each evening, called the police and gave them tips on where Dale Jones might be found. He would then stand on a street corner and watch the car of the short-call officers, as it sped through the crowded city to the fake address, where a mysterious informer had said Dale Jones was hiding. Each time one of these telephone messages was received, a squadron of officers was dispatched immediately to the address given as the hiding-place of the notorious bandit.



(*Above*) Harry Lancaster, brother of "Kansas City Blackie" Lancaster. Harry committed suicide by hanging in the Nineteenth Street Police Station, Kansas City. (*Left*) Motorcycle Patrolman Luther McMahill, shot down in cold blood by the bandit chief, Dale Jones, on that eventful day, September 13th, 1918, when McMahill attempted to arrest Jones for breaking into a filling-station near Denver

THE Kansas City police were being run ragged. There was nothing to do but to send out a carload of policemen every time one of these calls came in, as there was no telling when one of them might prove to be the real thing. There was too much

(Photo by Anderson Studio, Denver)

money on the bandit's head to miss a chance of capturing him.

But even these dangerous pranks were growing tame for the daring robber chief. So one night, tired of watching police cars run for nothing, Dale slipped away from the house on Wyandotte Street, and going to a telephone pay-station, called Police Headquarters.

It was about 10 o'clock. I happened to be on duty, when the call came in. Removing the receiver from the hook, I barked the usual "Detective Bureau" into the mouthpiece of the telephone, little anticipating who the caller was.

"Hello, that you, Ike?" came the laughing voice of Dale Jones. There was no mistaking that voice, once you had heard it. "You can find me at 1500 Wyandotte Street in 30 minutes. But don't send your men any sooner than that."

Somehow, I knew that Dale Jones was not lying, when he added he had been in hiding on Wyandotte Street for the past several weeks, and I felt confident that the youthful robber chief would be in our jail the next morning.

But again the swiftness with which Dale Jones moved had been underestimated, and this time, I was to blame when the raiding party returned to Headquarters empty-handed, but showing every sign of having been interestingly engaged out on Wyandotte Street. I sent out eight men, when I should have sent 50. The officers found the house all right, and they also found something else.

EIGHT police officers stood about the same chance of beating the Jones-Lewis bandits in an open gun battle as so many high school boys, even when the bandits refused to shoot to kill.

Dale had rushed back to the house, after calling me and giving the tip on his gang, and warned the men that the cops were wise. The two cars, in which the bandits had traveled over half the United States, in their flight from the Federal officers, were in readiness long before the party of officers arrived, and had been driven around the block. They now stood waiting, with Eva Lewis at the wheel of one, and Marjie ready to drive the other machine out of Kansas City, as she once had driven the same big Marmon out of Los Angeles.

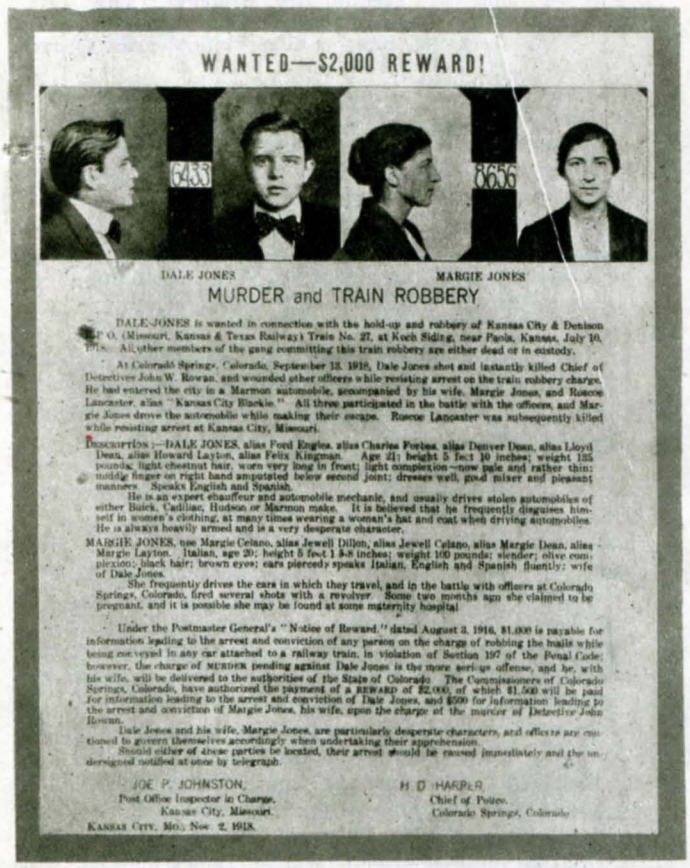
The house occupied by the bandits sat in the middle of a block, with vacant lots on either side. Tall bushes and weeds had grown up around the house, and in these the six male members of the gang concealed themselves, to await the arrival of the officers. They did not have long to wait, for, within ten minutes after I received Dale's message, two police cars came to a halt in front of the rambling old house. Eight policemen leaped from the cars, and began surrounding the place, some heading straight for the front door, and others circling toward the back yard. Those who had started for the rear of the house were greeted with a fusillade of shots

from the direction of the weed patch. The officers returned the fire, but their shooting was ineffective because they had only the shadows to aim at. It has always occurred to me, that, had the bandits cared to do so, they might easily have killed at least half of the eight officers who stood there in the open, pumping shot after shot into the patch of high weeds concealing their quarry.

The battle lasted perhaps three minutes, until the gang, fearing the shooting would bring other carloads of officers swooping down on them from all directions, took to the waiting automobiles and sped away.

The two bandit cars, driven by Marjie Dean and Eva Lewis, headed out of Kansas City, and sped toward Colorado. We notified J. M. Donaldson and J. W. Adamson, postoffice inspectors who had been trailing the bandits, of the gun battle on Wyandotte Street, and then warned officers all along the line to be on the lookout for the robbers. Donaldson and Adamson were on the road in a fast automobile in less than half an hour. Reports came in all that night from towns between Kansas City and Denver, telling of a night watchman here, and a villager there, who had seen two cars speeding on toward the Colorado line.

BUT the two motor cars bearing the most desperate gang of criminals Missouri and Colorado has known, since the reign of terror spread by the James boys shortly after the Civil War, sped through the night, unchallenged. A few miles behind, Postoffice inspectors Adamson and Donaldson followed at full speed. The bandits arrived in Denver early on the morning of September ninth. The gang split. Jones, Marjie Dean and Kansas City Blackie took a furnished apartment at 815 West Seventeenth Street, Denver. Other members of the gang took up quarters elsewhere. The Postoffice inspectors drove into Denver less than an hour later, and by mid-afternoon, of the same day, the hiding-place of the bandit leader was located by the Federal officers.



WANTED—$2,000 REWARD!

DALE JONES MARGIE JONES

MURDER and TRAIN ROBBERY

DALE JONES is wanted in connection with the hold-up and robbery of Kansas City & Denison R. R. Co. (Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway) Train No. 27, at Koch Siding, near Paola, Kansas, July 10, 1918. All other members of the gang committing this train robbery are either dead or in custody.

At Colorado Springs, Colorado, September 13, 1918, Dale Jones shot and instantly killed Chief of Detectives John W. Rowan, and wounded other officers while resisting arrest on the train robbery charge. He had entered the city in a Marmon automobile, accompanied by his wife, Margie Jones, and Roscoe Lancaster, alias "Kansas City Blackie." All three participated in the battle with the officers, and Margie Jones drove the automobile while making their escape. Roscoe Lancaster was subsequently killed while resisting arrest at Kansas City, Missouri.

DESCRIPTIONS:—DALE JONES, alias Ford Engles, alias Charles Forbes, alias Denver Dean, alias Lloyd Dean, alias Howard Layton, alias Felix Kingman. Age 21; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 155 pounds; light chestnut hair, worn very long in front; light complexion—now pale and rather thin; middle finger on right hand amputated below second joint; dresses well, good mixer and pleasant manners. Speaks English and Spanish.

He is an expert chauffeur and automobile mechanic, and usually drives stolen automobiles of either Buick, Cadillac, Hudson or Marmon make. It is believed that he frequently disguises himself in women's clothing, at many times wearing a woman's hat and coat when driving automobiles. He is always heavily armed and is a very desperate character.

MARGIE JONES, nee Margie Celano, alias Jewell Dillon, alias Jewell Celano, alias Margie Dean, alias Margie Layton. Italian, age 20; height 5 feet 1 3-8 inches; weight 100 pounds; slender; olive complexion; black hair; brown eyes; ears pierced; speaks Italian, English and Spanish fluently; wife of Dale Jones.

She frequently drives the cars in which they travel, and in the battle with officers at Colorado Springs, Colorado, fired several shots with a revolver. Some two months ago she claimed to be pregnant, and it is possible she may be found at some maternity hospital.

Under the Postmaster General's "Notice of Reward," dated August 3, 1916, $1,000 is payable for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any person on the charge of robbing the mails while being conveyed in any car attached to a railway train, in violation of Section 197 of the Penal Code; however, the charge of MURDER pending against Dale Jones is the more serious offense, and he, with his wife, will be delivered to the authorities of the State of Colorado. The Commissioners of Colorado Springs, Colorado, have authorized the payment of a REWARD of $2,000, of which $1,500 will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of Dale Jones, and $500 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of Margie Jones, his wife, upon the charge of the murder of Detective John Rowan.

Dale Jones and his wife, Margie Jones, are particularly desperate characters, and officers are cautioned to govern themselves accordingly when undertaking their apprehension.

Should either of these parties be located, their arrest should be caused immediately and the undersigned notified at once by telegraph.

JOE P. JOHNSTON,
Post Office Inspector in Charge,
Kansas City, Missouri.

H. D. HARPER,
Chief of Police,
Colorado Springs, Colorado.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Nov. 2, 1918.

This is a photograph of the reward circular which was placed in the filling-station at Arcadia, California, and which was read by the proprietor, Mr. Krebs, who gave the information that resulted in the killling of Jones and Marjie Dean

The arrest of Jones, Blackie and Marjie could now be effected at any moment, but when Uncle Sam's men go out after a gang of crooks, they mean to bring in the whole gang —not part of it. Donaldson and Adamson were biding their time, waiting for all the members of the band to assemble, before attempting a capture. The Postoffice inspectors did not believe Jones and his two companions would make an effort to leave Denver, at a time when every law-enforcement officer, as well as filling-station attendant from Kansas City to the Pacific Coast had been furnished with photographs of Dale Jones, and others of the gang.

But again the daring of this reckless youth who led the pack of robbers was not taken into consideration. On Thursday, September 12th, Dale Jones, Marjie Dean and Blackie Lancaster walked boldly out of the front door of their apartment house, stepped into the car, that had been left parked at the curb for three days, and drove out of Denver. Donaldson and Adamson followed them, trailing the bandit car toward Colorado Springs.

By some arrangement, the details of which have never been learned, the Jones party met the rest of the gang, on a road just outside Colorado Springs. The two Postoffice inspectors, who were following the Jones car, passed the two machines containing the entire bandit gang. Jones and Lewis climbed out of their cars and walked a little way from the rest of the gang, engaging for some time in conversation.

Returning to the cars, Jones and Lewis started on toward the city, with the machine, in which Lewis rode, taking the lead. The two bandit cars passed the machine of the Postoffice inspectors, and continued at a leisurely pace. A little farther on Jones stopped his car because of tire trouble. He removed his hat and coat. The other bandit car was now out of sight, having entered Colorado Springs. Donaldson and Adamson also stopped their car. Jones looked up from his work occasionally, and watched the Government officers. He looked directly into their faces.

His car ready, Dale got in beside Marjie Dean, with Blackie in the rear seat, and started on toward Colorado Springs. But, just before the car approached the first city street, Dale swung the big automobile around, and pointed its nose back toward Denver. His car met the Postoffice inspectors, who were trailing along at a safe distance. The officers also turned their car around, and trailed Jones back to the house in Denver.

NEXT day, Friday, September 13th, Dale Jones again started for Colorado Springs, accompanied by Marjie and Blackie.

At a filling-station, just outside the city limits of Colorado Springs, Dale stopped for gas. A woman was getting gas for her car just ahead of the bandit car.

The proprietor of the oil-station, standing in the door of the small office, looked at the waiting automobile, and recognized the driver as the man with the big price on his head, Dale Jones. Pretending he had not noticed the bandits, or recognized them as such, the proprietor of the station walked to the side of the attendant serving the woman customer, and gave a whispered order to the workman to delay her car as long as possible. He then walked back into the office, and called the Colorado Springs police.

Chief of Detectives John Rowan, known throughout the state of Colorado as a two-gun man, with a handful of picked men, drove out to the filling-station to arrest Dale Jones. The Chief of Police of Colorado Springs followed.

Rowan took no precautions, but, without the least hesitation, drove directly up to within a few feet of the car in which sat the dreaded gang leader. Rowan's car swerved sharply to the right, and the Detective Chief drove a few yards away from the station, then circled the bandit car. The machine bearing the Chief of Police and several other Colorado Springs officers circled Dale's car from the opposite side.

Foreseeing what was soon to follow, the proprietor of the station climbed into the car beside the woman who had made it possible to hold the bandits until the police could arrive, and drove her machine out of the danger range.

Again the car of Chief Rowan circled the bandit car, then headed straight for Dale Jones, who was taking in the situation calmly, almost gloatingly. A queer, little smile lit up his boyish face. He knew the time had come, at last, when he must kill, or be killed. There was no time to think of trials now, or to count the chances.

As Rowan's car drove up within a few yards of Dale Jones' big Marmon standing there beside a gasoline pump, the detective's chauffeur killed the engine. Chief Rowan leaped out of the front seat and started walking toward the filling-station.

Jones sat in his car. Both hands were resting on the steering wheel. His eyes were mere slits, peering out from under tightly drawn lids. Rowan approached within 20 feet of the bandit car.

Then, with a movement that was unseen by any of the dozen officers and spectators who watched with bated breaths, the right hand of Dale Jones shot beneath his coat, and under his left arm. The hand came out even more quickly, holding a smoking automatic. His first shot struck Chief Rowan in the head, killing him instantly.

The quiet neighborhood in which the filling-station was situated was instantly converted into a veritable battle-field.

A POLICE officer nearly half a block away raised a rifle to his shoulder, and aimed at Dale Jones, the murderer. Dale pointed his gun at the officer and the rifle was lowered. Jones turned away without killing him.

Detective John Riley drew his gun, and started to fire from the hip. Blackie Lancaster shot off the thumb and forefinger of the hand holding the gun, and the detective's weapon dropped to the ground.

Marjie Dean was lying on the floor of the car, firing shot after shot. The bandits were protected to some degree by the brick pillars supporting the shed over the gasoline pumps. The officers were in the open, and because of their unprotected stations, they were unable to score a hit, as the problem of keeping out of range of the constant hail of lead pumped in their direction by the bandits was a serious one. The officers were running for cover, and had ceased firing. This lapse gave Jones the chance he had been waiting for.

Emptying his gun at the retreating police officers, the bandit started the motor of his car, and sped out of the driveway of the filling-station. He headed back for Denver.

The bandit car was running low on fuel. A new supply was the great consideration of the moment, and, nearing Denver, Jones passed a filling-station and turned in. The place was locked. Dale got out of the car, and walked up to the barred door, intending to break in.

Motorcycle Patrolman Luther McMahill, riding along the road, discovered the party of apparent gasoline thieves. He approached the car, and spoke to Marjie Dean.

Dale Jones, standing near the door of the oil-station, preparing to break in the door with a hammer, turned when he heard the voice of the motorcycle officer. For the second time that day the right hand of Dale Jones shot beneath his left arm, and again the hand came out holding a large pistol, spitting instant death.

The body of Officer McMahill was found two days later. It lay in a road ditch, face downward, within a half mile of the place where he was murdered.

In the meantime, almost at the same hour of the Colorado Springs battle, the Denver police were being engaged in another gun fight with other members of the same gang.

Frank Lewis, assuming charge of the rest of the gang after leaving Jones the day before, had returned to Denver and had taken refuge at the home of some of his wife's people.

The two Postoffice inspectors, who had missed Dale on his second trip out of Denver, had discovered the hiding-place of Lewis and the remainder of the gang.

Following the custom of the Postoffice authorities, Adamson and Donaldson notified the police of their discovery, and waited nearby for the arrests to be made, taking no active part in the capture themselves. The house in which Lewis and the gang were staying was completely surrounded by police officers, their guns in their hands.

THEY watched Eva Lewis and Sherrill walk from the house and get in a car parked at the curb. Still the officers waited. In about five minutes, Frank Lewis came out of the house, and started for the machine occupied by his sister and Sherrill. The police opened fire.

Sherrill, sitting at the wheel, pressed the starter and the motor roared. He let the machine in gear, and steered the car at a breakneck speed through a convenient alley, the only avenue of escape not barred by police officers. Eva lost her hat when the automobile lunged violently forward in high gear.

Sherrill drove with one hand, and fired over his shoulder with the other. Eva did not carry a gun.

When the car in which the bandit and the cabaret singer were speeding to safety disappeared down the alley-way, several of the officers started in pursuit. Others remained at the scene of the shooting, to determine the number of casualties, if any. There were two. Detectives Harry Lane and Frank Cole had been hit by bullets from Sherrill's gun.

Eva and Sherrill eluded their pursuers, but every road leading out of Denver was manned by National Guardsmen, who had orders to shoot to kill. The car in which Eva Lewis and Sherrill rode was riddled with bullet holes. A great number of shots were fired after the fleeing bandit and the pretty girl with him, when they dashed away from the house in Denver. One bullet had struck the motor, and Sherrill was having trouble in keeping his lead over the carloads of officers that were hot in pursuit after him. The bandit determined to get a fresh car, at the first opportune moment. He got his chance just as he reached the city limits.

Looking down the road, Sherrill saw a large automobile approaching. It looked to be a good substitute for the peppered machine he drove. Not only did it look like an excellent automobile trade to Sherrill, but sitting beside the driver of the other vehicle was a (*Continued on page* 80)

(Photo by Lieut. Wm. C. Gordon, Supt. Bureau of Identification Kansas City Police Dept.)

The house at 1904 Mont Gall Avenue, in which "Kansas City Blackie" Lancaster was killed in a spectacular two-hour gun battle with the Kansas City Police. Photograph shows the house as it appears today

The CLUE of the

Impenetrable, black mystery shrouded the fiendish killing, on New York's crowded East Side, of Beneditto Mondania—stabbed 13 times and his bloody corpse crammed into an old barrel. Who, and what, was back of this horrible butchery? Was it the work of the dread Mafia?

AS the sun crept up into the sky on Tuesday, April 14th, 1903, and the vapors of the night disappeared, the vicinity of Eleventh Street and Avenue D, New York, echoed the piercing shrieks of a woman who seemed to be in great distress.

Patrolman James F. Winters, of the Union Market Police Station, and Sergeant Bauer, who were on duty in the neighborhood at the time, together with several night watchmen from gas-houses and factories nearby, went in search of the screamer in order to rescue her, if such aid was desired. Presently, they ran into Mrs. Frances Connors, of 169 Avenue D, who had been making the outcry.

The woman was speechless from fright. A little soothing and coaxing on the part of the policemen led her to guide them to two piles of lumber on Eleventh Street, just west of Avenue D. Here the officers found, tightly packed in an old sugar barrel, the body of a man whose head was almost severed from the body. Part of the left hand and right leg protruded from the barrel, on top of which an overcoat had been thrown, so that the improvised coffin would be fairly inconspicuous to passers-by. The body was still warm.

There were 13 stab wounds on the side of the neck. In the center of the throat, just over the Adam's apple, there were marks of frightful plunges of a sharp knife which, apparently, had been turned in the wound many times after the blade had severed the jugular vein. The wounds in the side of the neck varied from one-eighth of an inch to one inch and a half. The linen collar worn by the dead man was slashed cleanly across the front by a razor or a very sharp knife. The face was covered with blood. The eyes were wide open.

Although a good-looking man and, seemingly, prosperous, there was no distinguishing mark by which to identify him. Nor was there any real, live clue as to how, where, and why the murder was committed. A watch-chain dangled from his pocket indicating that he had been robbed of the timepiece. No money was found on him.

The man was well-dressed. He appeared to be 5 feet eight inches tall, 40 years of age, and to have weighed approximately 165 pounds. Both ears had been pierced for rings. His hair was dark brown, and the mustache, long, thin, and dark brown, was slightly tinged with gray. His outer clothing consisted of a cutaway coat of brown material, a double-breasted vest of the same color, and dark, striped trousers.

The only clue to the mystery—if clue it could be called—was a small crucifix of ebony and brass, found in one of his vest pockets, and the characters "W & T 233" which had been stenciled on the barrel into which the corpse had been thrust.

An ambulance surgeon said that death had occurred six or seven hours before the body was found.

The district where the body was discovered was one of the most thickly populated Italian quarters of New York City. It was cosmopolitan in its inhabitants, customs, liquor drinking, and general depravity. While respectable people resided there—hard-working, honest and intelligent—and many families of wealth and refinement, there were others well-known in police annals, and notorious by reason of their love for liquor, riotous behavior and crass cussedness. They constituted an agglomeration of wretched humanity cast there from every shore—types, and very low ones, of every land, holding fast to their national, original sins. Speaking generally, they learned little of the ways of a superior civilization, except, perhaps, that the way of the transgressor is not so hard as is depicted in the Scriptures! Some of these types were often amusing as well as repulsive, and sometimes instructive, but hardly ever edifying.

The men, for the most part, eked out an existence by keeping peanut stands, peddling stale fruits and vegetables, shining shoes, shoveling coal, draining beer kegs, sweeping the streets, digging sewers, picking rags, driving ash-carts, picking pockets and cleaning out barrooms. "Rushing the growler" (going to the corner saloon with a can for beer) was their favorite diversion, and giving aid and comfort to a policeman was their idea of the unforgivable sin—the apotheosis of utter depravity.

THE women dressed alike, generally in embroidered bodices and gay skirts, but they knew how to keep a secret, inveterate gossips though they were.

"Mea no understan'," was the reply usually given to strangers, especially to policemen asking inquisitive questions.

Such were the types upon whom the detectives would have to call for information about the "barrel" murder.

After turning in an ambulance call, Policeman Winters notified Police Headquarters, and, with their usual promptitude, Inspector McClusky and several of his star investigators, including Detective (now Deputy Inspector) Carey, and Detective Sergeant Petrosini, two of the most famous criminal catchers in the United States, arrived on the scene. Captain Becker, of the Union Market Police Station, in whose precinct the body was found, and Inspector Schmittberger, in whose district Becker's precinct was, were early arrivals. Each was accompanied by two of their Station House detectives. There were now about 50 sleuths on hand and the chief topic of conversation was:

Who is the victim? Was he really killed in this neighborhood, or was he slain elsewhere and carried to the spot where his body was dumped? From what point of vantage should the police begin their investigation?

The first step taken by the detectives was the removal of the body to the Union Market Police Station, where it was viewed by at least 500 people. A careful search of the man's pockets here brought to light a crumpled bit of paper, upon which a few lines were scrawled in Italian. Of this, more will be told later.

The detectives were now a unit in the belief that the man was murdered somewhere else, that something frightened the men who were carrying him, and that they hastily dropped the barrel where it was found, rather than run chances of being seen by someone who would identify them.

CRUCIFIX

By
JOSEPH W. GAVAN
formerly of the
NEW YORK *TIMES*

"The killing was done no later than a few hours ago," remarked Sergeant Bauer, who laid special stress upon the absence of any sign of *rigor mortis*, "and the wounds bear all the earmarks of diabolical malice."

"I fully agree with you," said Patrolman Winters reflectively. Then he added, "It is natural to suppose, also, that more than one man had a hand in the stabbing, and that the man hadn't a chance to defend himself. Look at the way the hands rest at his side. Their position would not be so composed if the victim had made any kind of a fight when attacked."

Sergeant Bauer looked up and remarked, "This man was an Italian, Greek, Syrian or Armenian peddler," after examining the slain man's hands, and noting that they were soft and tapering, that the nails were well manicured and showed no sign of manual labor or any indication of physical hard work.

"It's the limit of human wickedness," said Inspector Schmittberger. The latter loved the center of the stage and keen rivalry existed between him and Inspector McClusky. He foresaw that this murder would make first-page news throughout the United States for two weeks or more. His conjecture proved correct. Some of the captious ones said that Schmittberger was suffering from extreme ego. Be this as it may, the Inspector had a theory. He inclined to the belief that the murdered man had been a member of some secret society and was done to death because he revealed its secrets. He went to some length to substantiate this claim.

"Look at the letters, '*I. N. R. I.*,' at the top of the crucifix found on him," he exclaimed. "Those are the symbols of the society."

"You are mistaken, Inspector," said one of McClusky's detectives, with acid irony. "Those are the letters which Pilate placed on the Cross of Christ on Mount Calvary, or to be more exact, the letters which he ordered to be placed on the Cross. They mean *Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.*"

Schmittberger, however, stuck to his belief with irritating obstinacy.

Captain Becker's theory differed from that of Schmittberger. He thought the dead man was a victim of robbers, and justified his belief by the broken watch-chain and the empty pockets.

Detective Carey unhesitatingly declared that the man was a victim of the *Mafia*, or of counterfeiters, that he came from Sicily, and that he was killed because he proved false to his villainous associates.

"The crime is somewhat similar to the Catania murder, in Brooklyn," said Detective Petrosini, addressing Inspector McClusky, and reminding his chief of how Giuseppe Catania,-a grocer of 165 Columbia Street, was killed outside his home, in July, 1902, and how his body was carried in a sack to a deserted neighborhood, and thrown into a clump of bushes at the foot of 73rd Street, Bay Ridge. Catania was a dominant figure in the councils of the New York branch of the Palermo *Mafia*. He was addicted to intoxicants, however, and

Petrosini—one of the greatest detectives of all time. He helped solve the mystery of Mondania's murder, as herein told. A few years later he was killed in Palermo, Sicily, by agents of the blood-thirsty *Mafia*—who hated and feared him

his propensity, while in his cups, to talk about the *Mafia* accomplishments, led to his undoing.

"The crime also recalls the atrocious murder of Luigi Troja in his Harlem saloon a few months ago," said Inspector McClusky, "and nothing can convince me that this man was not done to death by the same human monsters of the *Mafia*, or of their friends, the counterfeiters of Mulberry Bend."

Here, then, were three theories more or less at variance with each other, namely, Schmittberger's, Becker's and McClusky's. To the detached spectators—the reporters—this dissension of opinion looked a bit puzzling. The personal element, however, seemed to be injected into the case and, in that, the citizen is not usually interested.

Ignatz Lupo ("The Wolf"), ruthless member of the "stiletto gang"

ALREADY, Inspector McClusky had added Detectives Gallagher, O'Reilly, O'Rourke, Caspari, Mulcare, Collins, Foye, Strunsky, Weller, Grub, Jackson, Farrell, and McCafferty to his inquisitorial force, and, by the time the body was sent to the Morgue, the whole gas-house district buzzed with reporters and detectives.

Detective Petrosini, who, by the way, was head of the Italian branch of the Detective Bureau, was now convinced that the man was an Italian, but he reserved further comment until the result of the autopsy was laid bare. This was performed in the Morgue by Coroner's Physican Weston.

"I found," said Dr. Weston, "that death had ensued without any struggle that had left its trace. The man had eaten a meal consisting of potatoes, beans, beets and macaroni shortly before he was murdered. Just over the Adam's apple was a knife thrust that penetrated the spinal column. There was a similar stab wound three inches deep under the left ear. There were eleven, small, incised wounds, and then the final slash with a keen blade from the left ear around the throat to the right ear. From the nature of the wounds I would say that the man might have been cut by more than one person. The victim was well nourished."

"Now, what do you think?" was the question put to Petrosini by the reporters. The great detective—who was shot to death in Palermo, Sicily, by *Mafians* a few years afterwards, tensed his lips and looked at the reporters. Mentally reviewing the Sicilian Rogues' Roll in New York, and *modus operandi* of the *Mafia*, and the fear of death which seals the lips of those familiar with its lawlessness and outlawries, he remarked:

"It's a small world after all." And, as further food for thought and speculation, he added significantly:

"*Murder will out!*"

Although rumors and theories regarding how, and where, the murder was committed were pyramiding, the identity of the dead man still presented an enigma for detectives of the Homicide Squad. Was he a native of New Jersey, Yonkers, Long Island, or Staten Island? Alive, he was no mystery. Dead, he was a great mystery! When would the net of justice tighten around the murderers? On these points Inspector McClusky and his detectives had little to lead them. There was a pretty general agreement among them, however, that he was a stranger in New York.

Pictures of the man were scattered through the foreign settlements, and Bertillon measurements were sent to Washington and to cities where counterfeiters were sought. Inquiries were made, also, from house to house, and from push-cart to push-cart, for missing persons. But the grim terror of death if they "squealed," or gave the detectives any live clue, kept every Sicilian silent. Some pointed to their hearts indicating that a knife might be plunged there if they talked.

"Mea no helpa de cops!" was frequently hissed by those interrogated. Fear of the *Mafia* was having its effect.

"Mea know nothing!" was the answer given by others, fearfully hinting that their heads might be blown off if they told what they knew, or what their suspicions were.

IN the meantime, Detectives Carey and Petrosini felt confident that the "murder barrel," and the crumpled note found in the dead man's pocket, would eventually give a clue to his identity. The note had been written by a woman who, apparently, never took any honors in spelling or writing. Translated from Italian it read:

Come in a hurry. You understand that it is most urgent.

The detectives, at first, thought that the note had lured the man to his death. It was unsigned and, therefore, left the investigators wondering.

"I am satisfied," said Detective Petrosini, "that the murdered man was a stranger in New York and, in all likelihood, associated with the counterfeiters who have recently been operating in New Jersey, and in Buffalo, Pittsburgh and other cities. It wouldn't be a bad idea to enlist the co-operation of the local branch of the United States Secret Service." Inspector McClusky, to whom these remarks were addressed, agreed with Petrosini.

Meanwhile, William J. Flynn, former Chief of the New York branch of the Secret Service, had been reading the screaming scare-heads in the newspapers, and he decided to give the police every assistance in his power. Inspector McClusky and Detective Petrosini called at Flynn's office. There they learned that three Secret Service men, John J. Henry, George L. Ritchie, and Lawrence Burns, had been shadowing a gang of counterfeiters for some time, that the coiners had been joined by a stranger, who appeared to be well supplied with funds, not long before the crime, and that he fitted the description of the murdered man."

At the request of McClusky, Chief Flynn gave him the names and the addresses of the counterfeiters his operatives had been trailing, of those recently released from Federal prisons, and of those who were likely to resume their old deviltries and get-rich-quick practises.

"The man whose picture you have shown me," said Flynn, "was last seen by my agents on the night of April 13th, in the butcher shop of Vito Laduca at 16 Stanton Street. He was engaged in a heated conversation with Tomasso Petto, and other notorious counterfeiters and *Mafians*. Petto made frantic gestures during the confab and seemed to have a monopoly of the conversation. All seemed quite unaware of the presence of my men on the street overlooking the butcher shop.

"Presently a rickety old wagon, such as peddlers use, with two men on the driver's seat—men of tough appearance—drove up and stopped in front of the rendezvous. No sooner were the drivers inside than two men, who were with Petto, covered the window of the butcher shop with a blanket. The wagon did not remain there long. It turned in the direction of Elizabeth Street, where many of America's most skilled counterfeiters and desperate gunmen have their headquarters. The strange man, the one who, I suspect, was murdered,

left the butcher's shop, after the wagon drove off, with Dominico Pecoraro and Giuseppe Morello, two noted counterfeiters."

Chief Flynn's three Secret Service men then accompanied the detectives to the Morgue, and identified the murdered man as the one they had seen in Laduca's butcher shop in the company of Petto, Morello and Pecoraro the night before his body was found in the barrel.

In the meantime, members of McClusky's squad had learned that, on the day the body was discovered by Mrs. Connors, Petto was spending money with a lavish hand in the wine shop and refreshment parlor of Pietro Inzerillo and in the wine shop of Ignatz Lupo, and that he and Morello had been showered with congratulations over something or other by noted counterfeiters and law-breakers. They also learned that Petto's "girl" had suddenly branched out in the latest finery, and that Petto seemed to be unusually happy and contented.

"Triumph is now in sight," exultingly declared Inspector McClusky. Detective Petrosini nodded appreciatively.

Detective Carey, who had been tapping secret wells of information known only to a very select few, kept his mind to himself.

Events now were rapidly drawing to a dramatic conclusion. By midnight April 15th nine Sicilian suspects were arrested and locked up in Police Headquarters. Some of them had only been recently released from State prison. All were on the visiting lists of the police. Prominent among the evil-looking group were the following:

Tomasso Petto, clothes presser, 24 years old, 233 Elizabeth Street.

Giuseppe Morello, 34 years, 226 Elizabeth Street.

Dominico Pecoraro, 53 years, 190 Chrystie Street.

Ignatz Lupo, ("The Wolf"), 25 years, 433 West 30th Street.

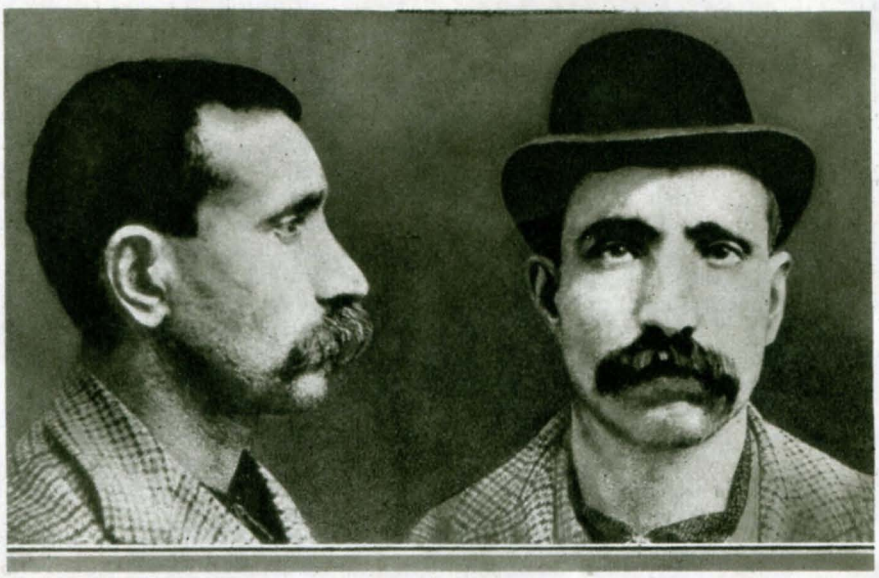
Messina Genova, 38 years, 514 East 15th Street.

Lorenzo Laboido, 48 years, 308 Mott Street.

Vito Laboido, 24 years, 308 Mott Street.

Subsequently Vito Laduca, the butcher of 16 Stanton Street, his friend Nicolo Testro, of the same address, and Giuseppe Fanaro, of 226 Elizabeth Street were taken into custody. The detectives did not fail to notice that many others among those arrested said they lived at 226 Elizabeth Street. The significance of this will soon be apparent to the reader.

"Recollect," said Inspector McClusky to the reporters, "all these men are locked up as material witnesses. We believe the murderers are among them, but at present we are holding them officially for another purpose. All of them told me stories that would shame the very father of lies, but I had no trouble, whatsoever, in tripping them up in so many contradictions that their futile efforts to establish their innocence of having taken any part in the murder only seemed to weave the web of guilt tighter around them."



Giuseppe Morello, leader of one of the worst bands of murderers that ever infested New York's East Side

WHEN taken into custody the prisoners were heavily armed with revolvers and stilettos. All showed fight. Detective Foye narrowly escaped being choked and stabbed to death when he closed in on Petto. The latter was nicknamed *Il Bovo* ("The Ox") on account of his great strength and brutal character. When Foye told him that he was under arrest, Petto threw one of his gorilla-like arms around the detective's neck and, with the other, drew a huge stiletto, the blade of which was six inches long and as sharp as a razor. Before he could stick the knife into Foye, Detective McCafferty rushed up and knocked the weapon from the hand of the prisoner. It took three detectives to land Petto in a cell.

Among the effects found on Petto when searched at Headquarters were a .45 caliber revolver, fully loaded, and a big dirk with a long blade, the sharp point of which was stuck into a piece of cork, so that it would not tear a hole in his pocket, or scratch his leg.

The detectives, however, concentrated their attention upon something much more important, which was taken from Petto's pocket. This was a pawn-ticket, which showed that, on the day following the murder, a gold-case watch had been pawned for one dollar in the pawnshop of Benjamin Frye at 278 Bowery, a stone's throw from the headquarters of Petto and the other suspects. The ticket was filled out in the name of "Mr. John," as the man who had pledged it. No address was given.

When asked to account for the pawn-ticket, Petto scowled at the ring of detectives around him, mopped his neck with a white silk handkerchief, and sat back with a challenging expression on his countenance. A moment of affronted silence, then "The Ox" snarled:

"I know nothing of watch and never saw him. The ticket was given to me by friend, name of John. I have known him long time, but never heard his last name. On night of April fourteen, John, he sleep with me in house on Sixth Street. In the morning he give me pawn-ticket. Never seen him since. I do not know where he live. He hangs out in Elizabeth Street."

The detectives rushed over to the house on Sixth Street mentioned by Petto, and learned from the owner that "The Ox" had never slept there, and that no stranger had slept there on April 14th, which was the night following the murder, or on any other night, since he acquired possession of the building.

Of the suspects now under lock and key, Petto and Morello were regarded by the police as the most important and the most desperate. Morello was the reputed head of a gang of counterfeiters who were rounded up by Secret Service men in 1899 for passing spurious $5 notes of the National Iron Bank of Morristown, N. J. The notes were well executed. For his part in this affair, Morello was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. His confederates also received stiff sentences. Morello's aspect was repulsive. Of medium height and stout build, his dark eyes, of themselves extremely keen and glaring, were rendered all the more forbidding by the com-

plexion of his face, in which white was mixed with blotches of fiery red.

He was terrible in his threats, never talked with policemen unless when forced to do so, seldom answered any letters, and avoided themes of which he was ignorant. He loved good food and Italian wines of old vintage, and money, but did not bother himself with a bank balance. No one ever saw him smile. At the same time, he had a savage conception of his own sufficiency and lorded it over other members of the *Mafia* with all the insolence and arrogance of a Nero.

It was Morello, according to Secret Service men, who first saw the possibilities of having United States Treasury notes counterfeited in Sicily, exported to this country, and distributed by his henchmen in various cities on a commission basis. Although Morello's importation and distribution systems were efficient and clever, he proved too selfish and impractical in his dealings with the men who traded in the counterfeit money to be successful for any considerable length of time. He made irregular returns to the exporters, it was said, and these returns were seldom what the counterfeiting manufacturers expected. By the same token, the compensation given to his domestic agents often fell far below what they had been promised—at least that was the story circulated about him. Morello's excuse was said to be based upon the poor execution of the certificates, and the want of energy and good salesmanship on the part of his agents. His bullying disposition, however, silenced such of his critics in the East as were not protected by prison walls.

PETTO was Morello's bodyguard and confidante. "The Ox" had a large forehead, an aquiline nose and a neck like that of a bull. To question his veracity in that section where he lived—"Little Italy"—was as much as a person's life was worth. Such a thing was rarely, if ever, done because Petto had a sort of secret service of his own, composed of Sicilian brigands, who were "down on their luck" and who depended on "The Ox" for the means to quench their thirst in the various grog shops and dives of Mulberry Bend. These spies kept Petto well informed of what the more loquacious and unsophisticated Sicilians were saying about him behind his back. At meetings of the *Mafia* he had the last word, and meted out such discipline and punishments to refractory members as he saw fit, protected only by the few whom he inspired. Petto was a soulless roué, a voluptuary with a *penchant* for expensive and well-tailored clothes, and diamond-studded stickpins.

Inspector McClusky and Petrosini now believed—their reason was not divulged to the reporters—that the murder was committed by Petto in Inzerillo's café and that "The Ox" alone wielded the knife or stiletto which snuffed out the life of his victim. Also, that the killing was the result of careful planning but poor execution, and that the wagon seen in front of Laduca's butcher shop on the night of the murder was part of a plan to have the corpse carted away to some lonely part of the city, and thus cover up all traces of the fiendish crime.

Now, to get back to the detectives investigating the murder. The sleuths, working in squads of twos and threes, were now traveling to the four quarters of the Metropolitan area, seeking some clue to the manufacturer, or the vender, of the barrel into which the body was packed. Detective Carey who, from the first, saw the great importance of this container, led the search.

Carey is a silent man and, though kind and affable generally to reporters, said very little about his activities in this phase of the case.

Nothing of any value could be learned at any of the sugar refineries.

The detectives began shaking their heads in an attitude of hopelessness, when Carey tapped another of his secret wells of information—name not disclosed—and called at the wholesale grocery store of Wallace & Thompson, 365 Washington Street. This was on Thursday, April 16th.

"Now, I remember," said one of the salesmen to the detective with pleasant assurance. "We handled some sugar barrels, just like the one you speak of, last Fall, and, if you wait a moment, I'll tell you when, and by whom, it was purchased."

Carey felt his spirits stiffen at such a promising admission. Returning, the salesman was plain-spoken, and to the point.

"I find," he said, "that on September 17th, 1902, we received 15 barrels of sugar from the New York Refining Company of Long Island City, and I'm positive that the barrels were the exact duplicates of the one you describe, because it was I who stenciled the characters, 'W & T, 233' on the bottoms."

"Can you tell me who purchased them?" asked Carey.

Another wait, and the salesman returned with the information that, on September 23rd, 1902, one of the barrels, and its contents, were sold to Pietro Inzerillo, who kept a wine-shop and refreshment parlor at 226 Elizabeth Street.

Carey left with a stouter heart and more self-asssurance than he had known for some time. The tracing of the "murder barrel" brought confidence back to him, and he now felt that the time had arrived when the District Attorney might be expected to take an active part in the investigation.

DETECTIVE CAREY'S next move was a visit to Inzerillo's refreshment parlor. He was accompanied by Assistant District Attorney Garvan. In the cellar, a barrel was found, exactly similar to the murder container, and bearing the same characters stenciled on the bottom. They also found a quantity of sawdust on the floor like that on the bottom of the improvised coffin.

"We can now spell 'hope' with capital letters," said Carey. "We know where the 'murder barrel' came from, and it is only a question of a short time when we'll know the name and address of the victim.

"In the meantime," interrupted Mr. Garvan, "you might arrest Inzerillo and take him to Police Headquarters."

Carey did, and Inzerillo soon joined Petto, Morello and the other suspects.

All the prisoners were arraigned before Magistrate Barlow in the Jefferson Market Police Court on Friday, April 17th. All refused to talk to reporters, which is about the best thing anyone can do when guilty of a heinous crime. All were represented by eminent counsel.

Inspector McClusky was plainly disconcerted over the mystery surrounding the identity of the murdered man.

"My detectives," he said, "have worked night and day to bring about an identification. We have had brought to the Morgue men and women from the various Italian colonies of New York, and none will admit having seen the dead man. My belief is that he was condemned to death while living in some other city, and that he was decoyed here to meet his fate. We have established the fact that, on the night of the murder, he was in company with three of the men under arrest. These men are known to have been associated with others who are now serving time for counterfeiting. Morello is the leader of that gang, the headquarters of which are at 226 Elizabeth Street. We have also found that the "murder barrel" was sent there in September last."

It must not be supposed that, during all this time, the suspects and their friends were pursuing a policy of merely watchful waiting. On the contrary, they had employed able lawyers who represented them at the various hearings before Magistrate Barlow, and who strenuously objected to their clients being remanded from day to day, in order to give the police an opportunity of completing their investigation. These lawyers already had scored heavily in favor of their clients. They had them removed from Police Headquarters to the House of Detention, and thus saved them from further interrogation by the detectives, or what is sometimes called "the third degree."

Petto was represented by Charles Le Barbier, one of the foremost criminal lawyers in New York.

Writs of *habeas corpus* had been sent out in behalf of Inzerillo and of Lupo, but Judge Blanchard quashed them

and refused to free the suspects, despite angry protests.

By this time a valuable piece of information had come to Detective Petrosini. He learned from a source which he would not divulge that, immediately following the murder, Petto and Morello had held frequent consultations and drinking bouts with Salvatore Magalisi, a barber of 406 East Houston Street. This, in itself, was highly significant to the astute and ubiquitous detective. Magalisi had been treasurer of a fund which was collected for the defense of a counterfeiter named Giuseppe De Priemo, who was then serving a sentence of four years in Sing Sing, and Petrosini saw a possible connection between the latter's conviction and the murder.

HIS surmise became almost a certainty when he heard that the imprisoned man had been complaining to his fellow prisoners how false some of his friends in New York had proved to be, how he had been "double-crossed" by them, and how they divided the money collected by counterfeiters for his defense among themselves, giving him nothing. To Sing Sing, therefore, went Petrosini.

When shown a photograph of the murdered man, De Priemo threw up his hands in a gesture of anguish and exclaimed:

"Why, that is my brother-in-law, Beneditto Mondania, of Buffalo. He was here a week or ten days ago. He and my wife were trying to have me transferred to the Erie County prison so that I could be near home. When leaving, I asked him to go to New York and try to get Giuseppe Morello and his friends to give back some property of mine which they are holding. I have not seen or heard from him since.

"What's the matter with Beneditto?" asked De Priemo. When told that he had been murdered, the prisoner fainted. Recovering, he said that his wife lived at 47 Trenton Street, Buffalo.

"No! No!" he shouted, in response to further questioning. "I won't say any more. I'll attend to those fellows down there bimeby," indicating that by "down there" he meant New York.

Petrosini took the first train for Buffalo and called upon Mrs. Mondania. The woman unhesitatingly identified the picture of the dead man as that of her husband.

"It's my Beneditto all right," she said. "He left here on April 3rd to visit my brother, Giuseppe De Priemo, in Sing Sing. I heard from him on April 6th, saying he would be home on the 20th. That was the last letter he wrote me."

Mrs. Mondania also identified the fragment of the letter found in the pockets of her husband, as her own writing. She refused to tell the detective, however, why she wrote it.

"Yes, that's his watch," the woman said, as Petrosini handed her the timepiece, the pawn-ticket for which was found in the pocket of Petto when he was searched at Police Headquarters the night of his arrest.

Mondania's stepson, Salvatore Saglatlugia, also identified the watch. "I can't be mistaken about it," he said, "because it has a picture of a locomotive on the outside of the case, and other marks which my father said could not be found on any other watch."

The night of April 19th saw Mrs. Mondania, her son, and Detective Petrosini aboard a fast train for New York. Early the following morning, the trio visited the Morgue where Mondania's body lay. Both wife and stepson immediately identified the body as that of Beneditto Mondania. Mrs. Mondania said her husband was a stone mason by trade, and had been out of work for six or seven months.

Following the identification of the dead man and his watch, Inspector McClusky's detectives went to the House of Detention, and took Petto to the Coroner's office, where a charge of murder was made against him. The prisoner was committed to the Tombs, without bail, by Coroner Brown.

"The presumption of innocence, to which every man awaiting trial under our law is entitled, can no longer be maintained in the case of Petto," said Inspector McClusky to the writer. "We have enough evidence, already, to send Petto to the death chair, and I think we shall be able to send a few of his associates with him. The pawn-ticket for Mondania's watch is the link that connects Petto with the murder."

To McClusky it was now a reasonable inference that Mrs. Mondania and her stepson would, of course, stick to the story they had told Detective Petrosini, and also to their identification of the murdered man's watch. Case-hardened as the Inspector was in the ways of counterfeiters and *Mafians*, he took too shallow a view of the fear which the *Mafia* inspires in the hearts of those who run counter to its ethics. The sequel will show how this dread society left McClusky and the reporters gasping with surprise.

(*Left to Right*) Detective Petrosini, Tomasso Petto, alias "The Ox," Detective Sergeants Carey and McCafferty

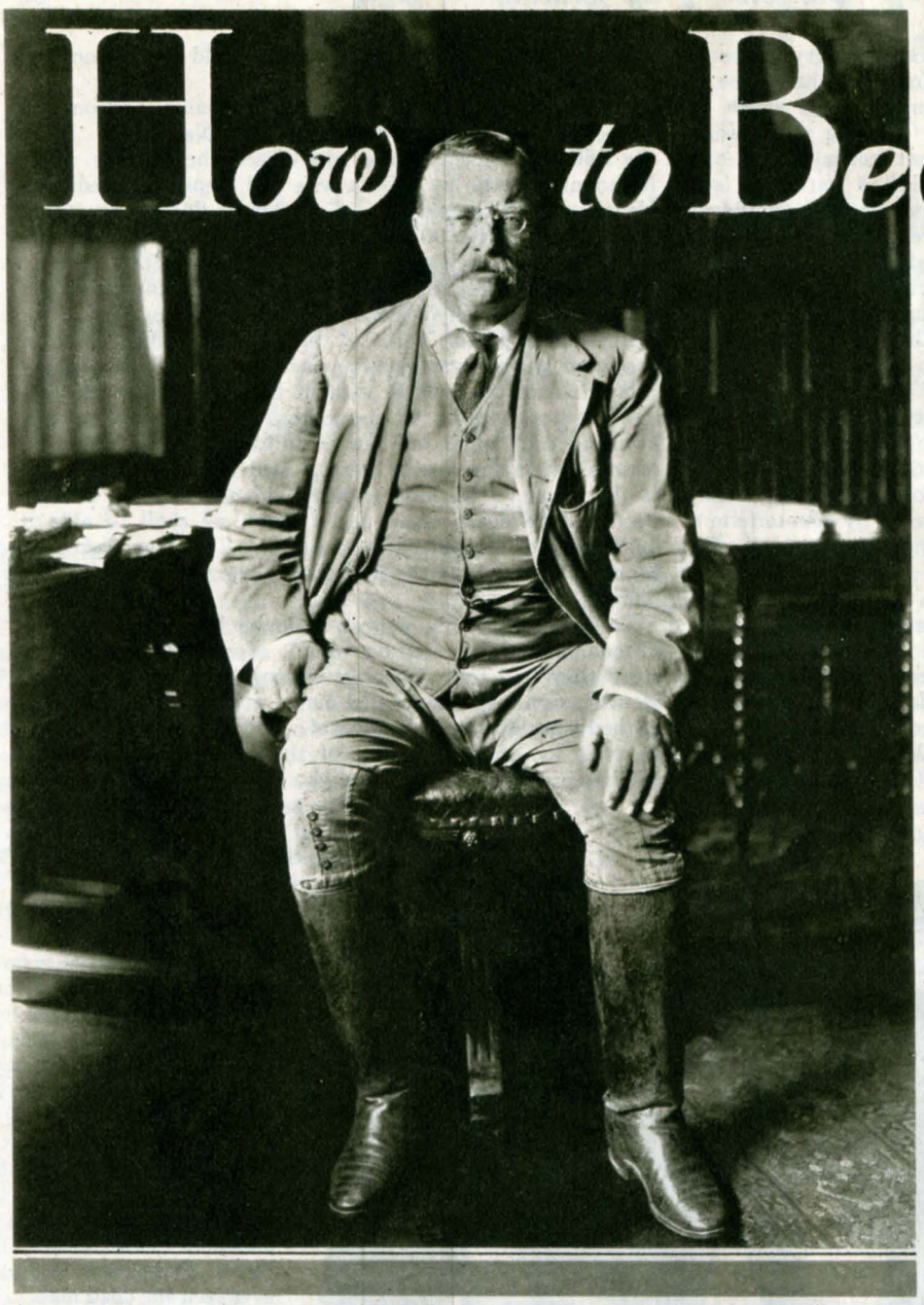
The most important aspect of the case just now centered around the securing of sufficient evidence to justify the Coroner's jury holding the prisoners, and the District Attorney in framing indictments. In this connection, help came from an unexpected quarter. At the time of their arrest, all the prisoners denied point-blank that they had ever seen the dead man, or that they had any knowledge concerning him. The detectives, however, had a new and a different story to tell when the suspects were arraigned before Magistrate Barlow on April 23rd—a story that placed Morello and Laduca, the butcher, in a fresh dilemma, and forged a strong link in the chain of evidence.

THE detectives produced a letter written by the murdered man to Morello, the big king-pin of the counterfeiters and of the *Mafia*. From this it appeared that Mondania had been sent by Morello to Pittsburgh, from his home in Buffalo, to help out three men, who had been arrested in the former city for counterfeiting, and passing spurious bank notes. One of these men was Laduca, who was among the thirteen suspects arrested in New York, and the only one of the three arrested in Pittsburgh who escaped conviction. In his letter to Morello, Mondania declared that he had done everything in his power—all that any man could (*Continued on page* 70)

How to Become

By Captain

As told to ISABEL STEPHEN



The late Colonel Roosevelt, in the library of his home at Oyster Bay. It was Colonel Roosevelt, who, when Police Commissioner, appointed Captain Jones, the author of this article, to take charge of firearms instruction at New York Police Headquarters

WHILE waiting to testify in a recent case, I got into conversation with a noted psychiatrist who had also been engaged by the prosecution.

Although he declared that it was a well known fact, I was astounded to learn from him that detective stories enjoy an extraordinary popularity among presidents, famous bankers and lawyers, celebrated physicians and cabinet ministers.

"Such men," the doctor explained to me, "live at very high tension. They find relaxation in 'losing' themselves in the personality of the detective. This is accomplished by what we call an 'identification mechanism.' It's a common saying that there is larceny in every man's heart—but there is more than larceny in his heart, there are the seeds of all other crimes. Through inherited and cultivated inhibitions he manages unconsciously to repress this lawless ego. The subconsciousness, however, is aware of a constant battle being waged. That is why all stories of violence are more popular than those of humanitarian projects and good deeds. The criminal has had the satisfaction of letting loose those lawless impulses—and the reader exults in his capture and punishment for wrong-doing."

"Yet," I objected, "I found a half dozen magazines in a notorious crook's apartment not so long ago, and, as we had to hang around there for some time on the chance that one of his pals would show up, I glanced through them. According to the letters to the editor the most popular stories were those with a successful criminal as the hero."

"That type does appeal to a certain class," the psychiatrist admitted, "but if you could have delved into the lives of those who proclaimed themselves admirers of the criminal-hero, you would, undoubtedly, have found that they are, or have been, themselves, underdogs or lead frustrated lives. The successful, law-abiding man identifies himself with the super-detective—the man who conquers evil in face of almost insurmountable obstacles.

"THEN, too, there is the lure of the mysterious 'unknowable.' The more seemingly unfathomable the mystery is, naturally, the more intensely does it absorb the reader's whole attention; the more brilliant the brain of the criminologist who solves the knotty problem, the greater is the imaginary triumph of the reader . . ."

At this point, our case was called, and our conversation was interrupted. It was the psychiatrist's "day" on the witness stand. I preceded him because my testimony regarding the identification of the fatal bullets and the murder pistol was expected to be brief—which it was.

Our discussion—or rather the psychiatrist's analysis of fiction detective story readers—interested me very much. It explained many letters I have received since my article, *Talking Bullets*, appeared in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES—letters from young men, and older men, in every walk of life, who wanted my advice on how to become criminologists. From as far distant as the Philippine Islands, these letters arrived in care of this magazine and were forwarded to me by the editor, Mr. Shuttleworth.

I have been a detective for over 35 years and grow more interested in my work all the time, though, probably, the most thrilling day of my life was the one on which I first saw myself in my uniform. To me, it is the most fascinating job in the world, and each new case, as it presents itself with all its obscure segments, is more absorbing than the one that went before.

Detective fiction, with its "criminologist"-hero, on the

Wm. A. Jones
A Criminologist

"It's the most fascinating job in the world!" declares the former Commanding Officer of the New York Third Detective Division, as he relates herein, the high spots of his eventful career—35 years packed with thrills!

Former Police Commissioner Woods (*left*), following the bier of the late Mayor John Purroy Mitchell. Captain Jones says of him: "He was as good a mixer in the underworld as the best on his staff."

contrary, has never interested me. I could never identify myself with the extraordinary being who claims to be a "specialist" in every branch of physiological and psychical science—any one of which takes a lifetime of study to master thoroughly. Besides, this transcendental person hasn't the personality suitable for a good detective. He couldn't handle even a "squeal" properly.

There is a great, uncrowded field for good detectives. Criminals are becoming "better" and more daring every year; in order to cope with this situation, the police have to keep one step ahead.

ACCORDING to a recent report of the Baumes Crimes Commission, *thirteen billions* ($13,000,000,000.00) is the price paid every year by the United States to prevent, detect and punish crime! This is, roughly, $150 per each adult citizen! The employment of more police, a higher mental and educational standard, and better salaries, are suggested by the Commission as remedies for this condition.

The Police Academy of the Police Department of New York City offers splendid courses of study in criminology; of this I shall speak at length later on. However, mere book-learning and study will never make a man a good detective.

Detectives, I believe, are born with certain characteristics which peculiarly fit them for this work. This opinion is based on my experience of over a quarter-century in training men while I was with the Department.

In order to get above the second grade, a detective has to have a rather high grade of intelligence—but the "high brow" is handicapped before he starts. He may have a head full of book-knowledge concerning crime and criminals, but when he attempts to put his theories into practise—and nearly all "high brows" seem to be obsessed by theories—he is confused by not finding crooks which fit into the patterns he has spent so much time in studying.

This prevents the" high brow" from becoming a good mixer, which is a quality absolutely essential in making successful investigations.

Police Commissioner Arthur Woods of New York was a great exception. He was a graduate of Harvard University, and a brilliant young lawyer, before coming to the New York Police Department as a Deputy-Commissioner. Mr. Woods took a keen interest in the workings of the Detective Bureau and he possessed the useful faculty of being able to shed his culture with his Fifth Avenue clothes. Wearing dark flannel shirt and "ready-mades" he went on cases with his men and was as good a mixer in the underworld as the best on his staff.

The examination required by the New York Municipal Civil Service Commission for the position of patrolman is not difficult from the educational angle; any man with a good common school education could pass it. As a matter of fact, men are selected more for their physical fitness than for their mentality.

In New York, after receiving his probationary appointment from the Police Commissioner, the recruit is assigned to the Police Academy for training, for a period of 90 days. An examination is held the last week of the course. Recruits who fail to qualify in this test are required to stand for another examination at the end of their six months' probationary period. A recruit who fails to pass the final test is dropped.

THIS forms the foundation, and the structure the men build upon it depends on their ability and ambition. Just as the graduate from a business college may have at his finger-tips every branch of the secretarial courses he has just passed, and yet never climb further than an ordinary stenographic job, while another rapidly mounts to an executive position, so it is with the "rookies." Some have little difficulty in acquiring a mechanical knowledge, but when it comes to a matter of applying it, it is each individual's intelligence that counts.

The qualities which fit a man for detective work are: keen observation, an exceptional memory for faces and characteristics of people, patience, perseverance, good judgment, clear

thinking, tact, far-sightedness, a well-controlled but keen imagination, initiative, the ability to work under direction, and in harmony with others.

Unlike the recruit in the business world, the patrolman who "has it in him" is given every opportunity to show what he can do.

From the first day he starts to walk his beat, he begins to unconsciously train his observation faculties. Though he seems to be merely pounding the pavement, it isn't long before he knows by sight most of the people living on the streets he covers.

Civilians would be surprised—and sometimes embarrassed—to know just how much the "cop" in their neighborhood knows about their habits and actions, and their regular and occasional visitors. Crimes "happen" in the finest residential sections as well as in the business streets and slums. Detectives assigned to investigate crimes depend greatly on patrolmen as a source of information.

When I was a roundsman, as plain-clothes men or detectives were called in those days, the home of one of the editors of the New York Times was robbed. He lived at that time in an exclusive block on Lexington Avenue.

I immediately got in touch with the policeman patrolling that beat, and asked him if he had seen anything, or anyone, suspicious in the vicinity on the night of the crime.

"No, I didn't," he told me, "unless it was 'Limpy' Gray. I saw him pass along about that time," mentioning a one-time notorious criminal, "but Limpy's been going straight now for ten or twelve years."

Since I had absolutely no other lead at that moment, I decided to look up Limpy, and asked the officer if he knew where the ex-crook was in the habit of hanging out. He mentioned a gin-mill on East Twenty-sixth Street, near First Avenue.

This was a dingy, sawdust-floored, saloon that had been the scene of more than one killing. Still, it was patronized by respectable working people in the neighborhood who had no fear of rubbing shoulders with its lawless habitués; housewives, too, patronized it, dropping in by the "ladies' entrance" to treat their friends in occasional moments snatched from their home duties.

"SEEN Limpy Gray around?" I inquired of the bar-keeper, a huge, fresh-complexioned youth who was equally skilful in the lightning-like manipulation of bottles and glasses during crowded hours, and in wielding a bung-starter when trouble brewed.

He gestured with his head in the direction of a back room. "Came in to drown his troubles and passed out," he grinned. "Limpy's been havin' a lean time lately an' I've been letting him sleep there. He cleans out the place for his drinks and a place to sleep."

"Was he here all last night?" I asked.

"Say! You don't want him for anything, Jones?" the bar-keeper queried rather anxiously. "He's going straight—though he's had plenty o' chances and plenty o' hard luck to drive him back."

"I don't know whether I do or not," I told him cautiously. "I'd just like to have a little talk with him. That can't do him any harm. But you didn't answer me. Was he here all last night?"

"No-o-o," he answered reluctantly. "When I got here at six o'clock he was waitin' to get in. He asked me for a quick shot of liquor and then another; he was kind o' grouchy as if he'd had a few drinks during the night, so I didn't say anything when he went in there and fell asleep."

I went into the back room and found "Limpy" seated in a chair at a small round table, his forehead pillowed on his arms, snoring groggily. I shook his shoulder, and he started to mutter in his sleep. I caught the name of a girl, and that was all.

As he seemed to be pretty nearly dead drunk, and not in a condition for questioning, I took him to the station house in a patrol wagon. Leaving him in a cell to sober up, I again sought assistance from the patrolman and learned that the name muttered was that of a very pretty, perfectly honest, waitress, who enjoyed something of the reputation of a belle in the neighborhood.

It turned out to be the old story. "Limpy," needing cash to compete with his rivals, decided to "turn just one more" trick in order to get some easy money.

IT was his alert sense of observation that brought promotion to John J. Kilroy (now one of the keenest detectives attached to the Detective Bureau of Manhattan Police Headquarters) very shortly after he joined the Force as a patrolman.

A striking example of his work was exhibited in the case of Jean Victor, a notorious fence, who had been a thorn in the side of the police for years before he was finally cornered.

Kilroy was patrolling his beat shortly after midnight when he saw an express wagon drive up to the delivery entrance of a most respectable apartment building. Two well-dressed men appeared almost immediately after the driver had rung the basement bell, and helped him carry in a large trunk.

There was nothing furtive about their actions, though they stepped lively, and within a minute or so the expressman had driven off. It was a most unusual time to make a delivery—but not so suspicious as it would have been if a trunk had been taken *out* of the house at that hour.

Without stopping, Kilroy had quickly noted the name of the transfer company, the shape of the trunk and the appearance of the three men. This he immediately telephoned to the station house.

Early that night, a "flash" had been sent to all precincts from Police Headquarters, notifying detectives that a jeweler's sample trunk had been stolen from the baggage room at Grand Central Station. The thieves had secured it by means of a "phoney" check. This switching of baggage checks was a racket by which an unknown gang of men had, around that time, been getting away with a small fortune. The telephoned description of the trunk sent in by Kilroy tallied with that flashed to Police Headquarters.

I was immediately notified and assigned two of my best men to search the basement. They found the trunk had been "weeded," but they also found two pieces of the stolen jewelry which had stuck to the lining of one of the pockets.

Now, here again, is where Kilroy's exceptionally keen powers of observation came in. He was able to give a description of men who, from time to time, had visited the pair who received the trunk.

Among them was one who very closely resembled Jean Victor, a fence whom we had been after for a long time, but had never been able to catch "with the goods."

Locking up the two men who had received the trunk, the detectives then made a bee-line for Victor's home, which was far uptown. At that early morning hour, it was impossible to obtain a search warrant from a magistrate, so they used their ingenuity. When the fence learned that his two confederates had been pinched, he immediately came to the conclusion that they had squealed on him and, making the best of a bad matter, permitted the search.

The big haul of jewelry was cleverly hidden, but, being confident that it was there, my men searched every inch of the house and, finally, came upon it in a secret compartment built into the wall behind a china closet.

Victor was sent up for a long term, and the two men, in return for information which led to the cleaning up of the rest of the "Switchers," as this mob was called, received suspended sentences.

THE man who is assigned to certain districts where the poorer class of criminals—popularly known as the underworld—live, learns an amazing lot about their haunts, habits, and associates.

Though they are criminals, and look on the Police Force as their natural enemy, they are all human, and, on occasion, call upon the police for assistance in personal matters. In this way, the patrolman makes many (*Continued on page* 84)

The BUNCO MILLION!

Edward Marsh, alias J. Stevenson, member of the Bunco Ring

"For God's sake, Al, be careful—the bunks are going to 'take you for a ride!'" Cody was warned by an underworld acquaintance. With this powerful group of ruthless racketeers out to "get" him—what was Cody's reply? Did he back down?

By

ALBERT J. CODY

International Detective

As told to

WILBERT WADLEIGH

EDITOR'S NOTE: It should be borne in mind that Mr. Cody's colorful story of The Great Bunco Syndicate at Los Angeles, given below, has no bearing upon or connection with the present highly efficient Police Department of that city, which, from the Chief of Police down, is one of the finest Police Administrations to be found anywhere in the world.

LAST month I told of how the "Big Hutch" Million-Dollar Bunco Syndicate fastened its claws on J. B. Norris, an unsuspecting Westerner who had come to Los Angeles to buy some property, and "took him" for $50,000.00 in their "pay-off racket"—practically all he possessed!

I was after them. They knew it. They sent Ray Gilbert, their "fixer," to see me. He offered me $5,000.00 to "lay off." I showed him the door.

Then came the secret warnings. Finally a note was thrust under my office door. It was in the form of a skull and cross-bones, crudely drawn on a piece of wrapping paper. Above this symbol was the veiled threat:

5000——or....

THE cryptic warning proved more puzzling and annoying to me than alarming. In my 40 years as a man-hunter I have received many threats upon my life, and, save for exercising a reasonable amount of caution and alertness, have not taken them very seriously. Yet such messages do, sometimes, get under the skin of the most hardened operative, whether he acknowledges it or not.

This one I took more seriously than any I had ever received, because I knew I was dealing with a ring of organized criminals that was, perhaps, the most powerful in the entire country. I was the thorn in their side, because of my uncovering of the Norris swindle and my subsequent investigations; they had no fear of the Law, protected as they had been, and were, by the human vultures, official and otherwise, in control of Los Angeles' invisible government.

The hint that this message contained was, that I accept the "silencer" of $5,000.00 that had been offered me by Ray Gilbert, the gang's fixer, lay off the ring, and mind my own business—or suffer the grim consequences.

I examined the message carefully before I put it away. That the gang meant to seek an independent settlement with J. B. Norris, through Attorney Kohlhase, I had no doubt. They would do that much to protect Gilbert, whom I had under surveillance, and whom, they knew, I would put in San Quentin Prison if the settlement was not made.

But they were not going to take any further chances of my cramping their style. In the morning, Kohlhase would doubtless call upon me again, and if I didn't declare my willingness to be bought off, I knew that my life was truly endangered. The ring would not scruple at murder, if necessary.

But I was not afraid. To begin with, I reasoned, the gang hoped to scare me off; perhaps, felt certain that this effect would be accomplished. On the other hand, few of them knew me by sight, for I had always been of a retiring nature. If the worst came to the worst, I would shut up my office and run my business in my home.

Naturally, I said nothing to my family concerning the warning. Early the following morning, I was at my office, dispatching wires and going over reports. By the time my men reported, I had outlined a plan of action for the day.

Ray Gilbert was to be watched continually, as usual—being the only member of the ring who was out of cover. Attorney Kohlhase was to be shadowed. A continual surveillance was to be maintained over my client, J. B. Norris, from whom the gang had stolen $50,000.00, while other victims of the ring, who might seek to communicate with me, were to be turned away for the time being. Above all, I didn't want the gang to learn that I had under consideration the cases of victims other than Norris. Thus, in disposing of Norris through a settlement, with or without my knowledge, the ring would come out of cover, and proceed to renew their bunco activities.

The man known as "The Bronco Kid"

District Attorney Woolwine called me up around ten o'clock, and I went down and had a long talk with him.

"Well," Woolwine said, "the thing to do is to dig up Hutchings. He's the ringleader, of course. Trainor and Patterson must be found, too, before I can line up the prosecution. What about Gilbert, Cody?"

"If Gilbert plays square," I said, "and the bunks settle with old Norris, I'm not going to pinch him. He's small fry, anyway."

"But what if the bunks arrange a settlement with Norris without tipping you off, binding Norris to secrecy? Where do you come in at?"

"Then, in that case, I don't come in, that's all," I said cheerfully. "My arrangement with Gilbert was that they settle with the old man. If Norris is dishonest, or scared enough to deal with them without telling me, all right."

Were these portraits displayed (without tags) in a first class photographer's window, one might take these four to be a group of conservative business men. They are, however, or were, members of the Million-Dollar Bunco Syndicate of Los Angeles, and points east.

(*Left*) Frank Williams

(*Right*) "Doc" Stirling

(*Left to right, below*) Arthur Toschero and Edward L. Stanton

"What is your agreement with Norris?" Woolwine asked.

I told him that it was 25 per cent, above costs.

He regarded me thoughtfully for a while, his fingertips pressed together, a twinkle in his eyes.

"And the death message?"

"That's between you and me, Tom," I said, "in case something *does* happen to me. But, I'm not worrying—I'm going to see this thing through, if only as a matter of principle. As a special agent of your office, I will do all in my power to uncover Hutch and the others, and take a chance of getting a break on the civil end."

He thrust out his hand.

"Cody," he smiled, "you have my profound respect and my complete confidence. Don't worry about expense; get Hutch! You'll have to play a lone hand, I'm afraid—I'm inclined to think now that there is something to your statement that the gang has had protection, so it's all up to you for the time being. Deputy Brown will receive your reports; he is in charge of the case."

I was on the point of remarking that Deputy Brown had instructed me not to make any arrests, but to tip him off, instead, so that he could do the arresting—but thought better of it.

I left the District Attorney's office with the conviction that, if, as alleged, the protection the ring enjoyed had extended to that office, Woolwine knew nothing of it. I still believe that Thomas Lee Woolwine was moved, from the very start, to prosecute every member of the ring he could indict.

ATTORNEY KOHLHASE called me up around noon and invited me to lunch. Meanwhile, though the efforts of my staff to locate Hutch and his chief accomplices, so far, were unavailing, another tip had been received that some of the gang had gone to San Diego; this from an agency in the southern city to which I had wired that morning.

I knew that Hutchings had a string of race horses; several at New Orleans, and at least one—*Tabd'Honur*, at the Tia Juana track, just across the Mexican border, in charge of a trainer by the name of Al Goodwin.

The thought struck me that, despite reports that he was still in the city, Hutchings might be either in New Orleans, attending the races there, or in Mexico, and I wired an agent at New Orleans to look around, and decided to take a trip myself to San Diego.

Kohlhase and I had lunch, and again it was a case of fishing around. Whether he knew that I had seen him in company with Ray Gilbert or not, he still refrained from committing himself. But I sensed that he was waiting for me to come out and say that I had had enough, and would take the five grand which had been offered me and forget the whole thing.

Instead, I left the impression on him that I wanted a little more money, and that I knew nothing of the plans of the ring to freeze me out on the Norris settlement.

When we parted, I went to the Fremont Hotel and had a talk with old Norris and his son, telling them that the gang was ready to settle, and to let me know when any overtures were made. Norris was scared to death, and begged me to handle the matter myself, claiming that he didn't want to have anything to do with the negotiations. He even remarked that he would just as soon take his wife and son, and slip out of the city and get away from the whole affair.

"Well," I said, "I'm going out of town for a while, but my men will keep an eye on things. (*Continued on page 72*)

The San Francisco Steeple MURDERS

Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams—two beautiful young girls murdered in a frightful manner! By whom? Why? Not even the diabolical murders told of by Edgar Allan Poe, in fiction, have equaled this hideous and mysterious crime of actual fact!

She turned and listened. Someone was calling

By H. W. CORLEY

SOME years ago there was, in San Francisco, a church, called, by those who did not attend its services, the "Hoodoo Church," for it had figured in several calamities and scandals.

This church, the Emanuel Baptist Church on Bartlett Street, had been struck by lightning; one of its most honored trustees had defaulted, a pastor had ruthlessly shot down a newspaper editor from the pulpit, and then had committed suicide.

"Burn down the church!" people cried superstitiously, "before it brings greater calamity on our heads."

But the faithful congregation declined to share this superstition. The church was the House of God and, firm in their Christian faith, the worshippers continued, unperturbedly, to hold their services.

And thus it was that the Emanuel Baptist Church remained intact until it harbored one of the most fearful crimes on record—the most terrible deed ever inscribed in the annals of California courts.

On April 3rd, 1895, Blanche Lamont, one of the most devout of the younger members of the Church, left home for the classes at the Normal School early in the morning, as usual.

She was in excellent spirits, even jolly in her quiet way, and eager to be on time for her first recitations. Leaving home for good and all, was, apparently, the farthest thought from her mind.

After the session she went, as was the custom, to attend her cooking classes in another building. At the proper time she left, ostensibly for home.

But somewhere along the route she turned—or was turned—from her course. She never reached home.

She was never seen alive again by her family!

NOW, Blanche Lamont, though dainty and charming, was, probably, one of the most quiet and studious girls in the school. She was dark-eyed and pretty and, although she had admirers among the boys she knew, showed little aptitude for a social life, preferring to devote herself to her studies.

Whenever she attended balls and parties—which was seldom—she was decorously accompanied by her aunt, with whom she lived, and her younger sister, Maud. Both of these girls had come to San Francisco from Dillon, Montana, for a twofold purpose, Blanche was delicate, and the California climate was thought beneficial, while educational facilities were far better.

Blanche was happy in her new surroundings and very fond of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Noble. To those who knew her best it was doubtful if she would have left them to return home to her own people, without considerable urging.

She was fond of the Normal School and was reckoned as one of the most promising pupils. In a quiet way she was devoted to her few close friends. Yet, out of this happy setting, without warning and without apparent reason, mysteriously, as though the ground had opened and swallowed her, Blanche Lamont disappeared!

NOW, this was before the general use of telephones, and anyone with suddenly changed plans relied on messengers, or the intuition of one's family or friends to account for absences at times when, ordinarily, they would be expected.

But Blanche was always exceptionally prompt and always considerate. It was almost unheard-of for her to be late; she practically never absented herself from the family table, always assisting in preparing the meals.

She would not, her Aunt believed, have accepted an invitation to supper with one of her girl friends, unless she had first asked permission to stay out.

But supper-time came and went, the evening wore on, and, still there was no sign of the missing girl!

"Well, she will be at prayer meeting, certainly," Maud Lamont said to her Aunt confidently. "She would hardly miss service. It is strange, though, that she hasn't come home from school, at least, to change her dress. It seems curious that she would go anywhere else without letting us know what she intended to do."

It was strange—*very, very strange!*

Mrs. Noble was anxious and worried.

"Don't fret," said Maud suddenly, when she saw her Aunt's troubled face, "she is all right, of course, something unexpected has delayed her. She'll be waiting for you at Church, you'll see!"

Mrs. Noble, without speaking, hurriedly cleared the table and left a little earlier than usual for the Wednesday evening prayer meeting at the Emanuel Baptist Church, to which she always went, Blanche accompanying her.

But Blanche was not there when she arrived, and anxiously, she slid into a back seat where she could watch the door, as well as the pews, the latter slowly filling with people.

Still Blanche did not come in!

Then a young man, Theodore Durrant by name, who was almost as ardent a church worker as Mrs. Noble, came in and took the seat in front of her, smiling and bowing as he acknowledged her nod.

"Isn't Blanche here?" he asked in surprise. "I told her that I would meet her here and loan her this book which she said she wanted to read."

He held forth *The Newcomes*, by Thackeray, which he had brought in under his arm.

Mrs. Noble tried to speak calmly, but a nameless terror was slowly filling her being. Blanche had not arrived, and, somehow, she seemed to feel that she would never see her again!

The organist, George King, entered and began to play softly. Then the minister stepped into the pulpit. Still, Blanche did not appear though, at every quiet opening of the door, Mrs. Noble anxiously turned her head.

"I was watching for my daughter when I saw Durrant and this young girl enter the church."

AT last, she could bear it no longer. She must return home at once and reassure herself concerning Blanche who, of course, was safe at home by now, and would recount the reason for her delay. She would scold Blanche for frightening them.

She slipped out during the last hymn and hurried through the quiet streets as fast as her failing limbs could carry her. She was so weak with fright that she could hardly climb the steps to the porch. But, at last, she was in the hall. Her strength almost gone, she called, "Blanche!" in a voice so faint as to be almost inaudible.

Maud was upstairs. She turned and listened. Someone was calling.

"Blanche," Mrs. Noble repeated weakly, and then hurried up-stairs to the room the two girls occupied

But she found only Maud, combing her hair, as she stood in her bathrobe before the dresser.

"Blanche not with you?" Maud asked, in a surprised fashion, as she turned her head. "Why, I thought, of course, she would be at the service, Aunty. No, she hasn't come home. Where on earth can she be?"

The fright on her Aunt's face stopped her.

"She is all right; of course, she is all right," Maud went on in a changed tone. "She has just decided to spend the night at some girl's house. There is nothing to worry about. She'll turn up safe and sound in the morning, you'll see!"

But the morning brought no word of Blanche. Striving to check their agitation, the Nobles went to the Normal School to make inquiries.

Yes, Blanche had been there yesterday as usual, leaving for home at about 3:30. Had she not gone home? That was odd! But, of course, she must have gone to spend the night with a friend, and thoughtlessly neglected to send word home.

They called at the homes of the girls who had been closest to Blanche—but none of these girls had seen her—she had not gone home with any of them.

Everybody was extremely troubled. Where was quiet, pretty, little Blanche Lamont? Where on earth could she be?

THE day dragged on, and night found the family almost in hysterics, Maud valiantly trying to soothe her Aunt with assurances which her own pale lips and frightened eyes only too plainly belied.

They dreaded publicity—how could they be sure that Blanche, their quiet, studious, little Blanche was not, after all, in some trouble which they would be the last to make public? Yet, somehow, they must set their own fears at rest. They *must* find her! And there seemed but one way—to inform the police.

Detective Anthony, one of the best men on the Force, was immediately put in charge of the case.

Missing girls, alas, were all too common, and there was always a man behind these disappearances.

But he did his best to reassure the family, striving from the meager information to find some sort of clue which would point to the facts.

The first questioning brought forth the fact that, as far as her Aunt knew—and this seemed to be far, for the girl, apparently, did little without the knowledge of her relatives—Blanche was not in love and had no sweetheart. It did not seem likely that she had eloped, for she was a quiet, studious girl, intent on gaining a teaching certificate, and without even the usual, vague, young-girl thoughts of marriage in her mind.

"Still," Detective Anthony said to his men, privately, "that doesn't mean anything. Sometimes, the quietest girls are the ones who run away when the time comes, and the right man is on hand."

They ascertained conclusively that she had no money, "just a little change for car-fare," and but little jewelry which, in an extremity, could be turned into cash.

"Blanche had just three rings," Maud explained tearfully, "a garnet ring which was bought for me in Dillon, but which she wore when we exchanged rings, a plain gold ring with a little chip diamond with rays in the center, and another stone ring."

"We'll search the pawn-shops for them!" the detectives decided privately.

Then they asked for a description of the clothing she wore on the day of her disappearance. She wore a blue gown, they found, a black coat and a little hat with flowers around the brim. She was attractive, with large eyes and dark hair. There were no distinguishing features; she was not beautiful, or in the least, flirtatious—just an every-day pretty girl such as one might see anywhere.

Then Detective Anthony set to work, systematically, to

trace the girl from the Normal School. She had left there at the proper time, with a girl named Minnie Edwards, who stood with her on the corner waiting for a street-car.

"While we were there," Miss Edwards told the detectives, "a young man, Theodore Durrant, came up to speak to us. He said that he had been waiting a long time for Blanche. So I took the hint and, after a moment or two, hurried on my way home alone.

"I took the next street-car, in fact. I noticed that Blanche and Theodore took the trailer directly behind us, but I thought nothing of that. Theodore Durrant, you know, is—well, he is considered Blanche's beau by all the girls at school. At least, he is the only young man who ever seems to interest her—the only young man of whom I have ever heard her speak.

"I don't know where they went; I didn't notice. I left the car at my own corner, without turning around. I didn't want them to think I was spying on them."

Two other girls corroborated this statement. They had been walking along the street toward their homes and had seen the car pass by. They had noticed Minnie Edwards in the car ahead and the other pair in the trailer, and had commented laughingly on the consideration which had led Minnie to leave the couple alone together.

"BLANCHE was talking and laughing very gaily, and so was Theodore. We remarked that they were very much interested in each other."

Yes, they were sure that she had been with Mr. Durrant. Was he not her beau?

But strangely enough, Theodore Durrant flatly denied that he had been with Blanche on a street-car that day, and was much surprised, apparently, and agitated in a friendly fashion, when he heard that she had disappeared.

"No, I was *not* her sweetheart," he said, almost amusedly, "but I knew her and admired her very much. Yes, I often saw her at Church and we would chat together. What could have happened to her? Poor girl, where can she have gone?"

He was sympathetic, affable and courteous, willing to do anything he could do to aid the search. But those who said they had seen him with Blanche on that day were mistaken. He had not seen her at all! Surprise and concern mingled in his face. He could not, he said, even suggest a theory as to her absence!

Now, of course, it is quite easy to be mistaken. Accordingly, the detectives, assuming that the girls were wrong, began searching for this strange man who resembled Durrant enough to confuse three people, and yet was not, obviously, Durrant!

"He seemed to have to urge her before she would enter."

This man, no doubt, if he could be found, would throw some light, voluntarily, or involuntarily, upon the mystery.

Then, suddenly, a piece of information was gained which altered this determination. A young lawyer, Martin Quinlan by name, dropped into Headquarters with the statement that *he* had seen Theodore Durrant with a girl whom he did not know, but who answered the published description of the missing young woman, on a street-car on Bartlett Street!

This was interesting in view of the fact that he had not known the statement which the Normal School girls had made regarding this same fact. His statement confirmed theirs.

"I was standing on the street," he remarked a little shamefacedly, for rising young lawyers are not, as a rule, supposed to be strolling about during office hours, entirely unoccupied, "watching some workmen lay a paving just above Twenty-second Street. I noticed Theodore Durrant in the car as I stood there. He did not see me. But I am sure that I am not mistaken. With him was the missing girl described in the newspapers."

Then, almost immediately afterwards, his statement was supplemented by a Mrs. Leak, who lived just below the spot where the workmen were paving.

"I saw Theodore Durrant go into the Church, on the day of Blanche Lamont's disappearance, with a young girl whom I did not know, but who answered to the description which has been given out. I know Durrant well, of course, by sight; everybody about here knows him, as he is always running in and out of the Church. I didn't think it strange that he and a young girl were going into the Church, as young people are always dropping in on some errand or other. It is a very sociable place, as you know."

Mrs. Leak fixed the time as being about 4:20 P.M.

"I was waiting for my daughter," she said, "I had expected her at four o'clock, but something had delayed her. I divided my attention between the window and the clock. It was on one of my many trips to the window, watching for my daughter, that I saw Durrant and this young girl enter the Church. He seemed to have to urge her before she would enter."

She recalled that they had entered the churchyard by the gate in the fence beyond the walk, and had used the side door. But she had not seen them come out, although she was at the window frequently during the next half hour.

And there the trail of Blanche Lamont abruptly ended! Time gave forth nothing further. At the Church door she apparently vanished into thin air!

What had happened? Where had she gone? *And what had happened to Durrant during that time?*

HIS trail was picked up within a very short time after he had disappeared through the door, for George King, the organist, reported that he had seen him at five o'clock that same day, while he (King) was at the piano.

"I came to the Church at about ten minutes of five," King said. "I went directly to the piano in the Sunday School room for I wanted to practice the Easter music for an hour or so.

"As I sat there I smelled gas, and looked about to see where it might come from. I glanced into the library leading from the Sunday School room—a room which was usually kept locked and for which Durrant and I each had a key. We had, in fact, fitted the lock to this room, so that we might keep our tools there at odd times, when we were working about the place on this job or that, without fear of their being misplaced

or being in the way. Both of us often used the room.

"I recalled that Durrant and I had put a new burner on the gas, and I thought that, possibly, it was not adjusted properly. I examined it carefully, even to lighting a match and running it all about the burner. But the gas did not seem to be leaking there, at any rate.

"I closed the door behind me. Then I went back and began to play. Hardly had I played a dozen bars when the door opened and Durrant staggered in!

"He wore no hat or coat; his face was pale and perspiring, and he looked so badly that I called out:

" 'What is the matter, Durrant? What ails you? Are you ill?'

"His hair was in terrible disorder and he was strange in his expression, as though he had been badly frightened, or put to some tremendous exertion.

"He forced a smile, and sat down weakly.

" 'KING,' he said, 'get me some medicine at the drug-store, will you? I have been up at the top of the Church and the gas is escaping terribly. Fitting the electric wires up there, you know. I feel ill, nearly overcome. Get me a bromo seltzer.'

"I ran out to the drug-store at the corner of Twenty-second Street and Valencia. We went into the Church kitchen where I mixed the dose of bromo seltzer and made him drink it.

"He seemed better almost immediately; in fact, I think he had improved while I had been absent, and presently he asked me to help him carry down a small organ from the church loft into the vestry.

"I was surprised, because it was not necessary to carry it down that particular day—it would not be needed until Easter for the children's service. But I complied with his request.

"Several times on the way he complained of being tired, and we set the organ down, so that he might rest.

" 'I am all used up on account of that confounded gas,' he explained."

Then, the organ in place, the two men had gone into the little room, preparatory to their departure.

"And," went on King, "there were his hat and coat, although I could have sworn that they had not been there when I first entered. He put them on and we left the Church together."

"And you, too, smelled gas?" the detectives asked King.

King nodded.

"Yes, I smelled gas, but it was not enough to make me uncomfortable. However, I assume that gas affects different people variously. And it was less noticeable upstairs in the loft. I recall that now. It was stronger down below. How could he, therefore, have been overcome in the steeple? But there is the story."

When the two men left the Church, although his home lay in quite another direction, Durrant had walked along with King to his door.

"And you saw nothing of Miss Lamont?"

King shook his head. "No, she was not there, nor did Durrant mention her. She must have gone almost as soon as she had arrived, if it *was* she who is supposed to have entered the Church with Durrant."

ONCE more detectives sought out the young man, and once more he received them affably.

Again he insisted that he had not entered the Church at 4:20, and that he had not seen Blanche but, this time, he rather amplified his denial.

"I was with Blanche Lamont on the *morning* of her disappearance," he acknowledged. "I met her on her way to the Normal School. I asked her to go with me to King's house, as I wished to get him to help me fix the burner after my classes, but she was afraid that she would be late and so, after a few moments' conversation, I offered to take her directly to her school.

"Then I went to my own classes at the Cooper Medical School. I remained there until about 4:30, then went to the Church where I hoped that, after all, I would find King. But he was not there when I arrived.

"I HEARD him a few minutes later in the Sunday School room, and hurried down to ask him to help me. I felt very ill from the gas and he went after a bromo seltzer. When we went home I walked along with him for some air.

"I reached home at about six-thirty and, after supper, put my mother on a street-car, and then went to the prayer meeting. I cannot understand why people think that they saw me with Blanche Lamont that afternoon. Possibly they saw me in the morning and confused the time. Or, it is possible that she visited the Church with some other person. But I was not on the Bartlett Street car at any time with Blanche Lamont."

Constant questioning by the detectives failed to make him change his story; nor did it, on the other hand, seem to annoy him. He seemed quite aware that it was necessary, from the point of view of the police, to follow every clue in their search for Blanche.

He was willing, even eager to aid them; visiting Police Headquarters and newspaper offices, and spending much time about the Church, as if in search of anything which would point to the fate of the missing girl.

THE investigation faltered and then halted. Newspapers stopped printing news of Blanche Lamont; indeed, there was no news. Her disappearance was set down as "just another missing girl." Nothing to (*Continued on page* 98)

CASH FOR OPINIONS

WHEN you have read this issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES Magazine, let us know what you think of the stories it contains.

Which story is best? Which do you like the least? Why? Have you any helpful suggestions in mind?

Ten dollars will be paid to the person whose letter, in the opinion of the judges in charge of these awards, offers the most intelligent, constructive criticism; $5 to the letter considered second best; $3 to the third.

Address your opinions to the Judges of Award c/o TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. This contest closes January 31st, 1929.

Three awards will be made promptly.

PRIZES

for opinions on the

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were awarded as follows:

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What Really Happened to "Big Tim" Sullivan

(*Continued from page* 33)

blood as he rode on an East Side surface-car. Others of lesser importance were put out of the way as effectively. A retired police sergeant who operated a Tenderloin resort was found murdered. I, myself, was marked for sudden death, and only escaped the end which the System decreed for me by the ruse which I have previously outlined.

Before giving an account of the few months which Big Tim Sullivan lived after the killing of Herman Rosenthal, I must call attention again to the fact that I was busy, much of this time, with efforts to keep from meeting sudden death, myself, and that following the introduction of my name into secret proceedings of the District Attorney's office, I was immediately barred from the inner councils of the System. No longer was I a party to the strategy of law evasion; neither was I the confidant of the men who directed it. All that I could do was to sit tight, keep my mouth shut, and hope that neither the District Attorney nor the System would take too much interest in my affairs—and be ready to move at a moment's notice! But, I was, by no means, inactive. I had my wires working night and day, and was in constant touch with all that happened in both camps. I am able, therefore, to relate, with all confidence in its absolute truth, much of what happened, although I may not be able to declare exactly just who issued, or who obeyed, certain drastic orders.

IN certain quarters, not so very far from Times Square, the insiders today still whisper of the things I am about to set down. They were whispering the same story 15 years ago, and I am but one of scores who know to a certainty that it could have been told from a witness stand in the Criminal Courts, had the officers of those Courts been free, themselves, of the taint of the System.

Rosenthal was killed on July 16th, 1912. The furore which immediately followed disrupted the System to some extent, temporarily, but it did not frighten the leaders out of taking ordinary precautions to prevent the whole truth from reaching the public. The higher-ups decided, at once, that the responsibility for the crime could be fixed on Becker and the gunmen, and that, with five convictions, the public demand for justice would be appeased. There were a few persons around town suspected by the System of harboring intentions to upset this plan to throw the Prosecution off the track, and these were dealt with as the System saw fit. Several were killed, others sent to retreats from which it was unlikely they'd be called, and still others "allowed" to remain in New York under constant surveillance!

In the midst of all the hullabaloo which the newspapers raised over the Rosenthal killing, and the trials of the men accused of the murder, scant attention was given by the general public to the announcement that Big Tim Sullivan wanted to go back to Washington. The East Side leader declared himself as candidate for the House of Representatives from his old District, and the declaration was equivalent to election. There were, of course, some who wondered why Big Tim should seek, voluntarily, a return to the obscurity against which he once had complained, but, all-in-all, his candidacy did not attract much comment.

Among those of us who knew Big Tim intimately, there had been, for some months, a tacit understanding that he was not all that he once had been, physically. We knew that, in the course of his career, he had amassed a fortune exceeding $2,000,000.00, and we knew of the terrific strain under which he had labored at the height of his activity. So, when word was passed that a mental disturbance was one symptom of Big Tim's failing health, we were not entirely surprised. It was easy to understand why, under certain circumstances, the quiet life, and the comparative safety of Washington, might be preferable to an attempt to keep up with the killing pace in New York.

BIG Tim was elected to the office he sought, but never took his seat in Congress.

Word was sent back from Washington that Representative Sullivan was living there in retirement until his health might improve, and meanwhile the police graft investigation in New York was being prosecuted with vigor.

Becker and the gunmen had their cases on appeal and were fighting for their lives. Threats, and counter-threats to squeal and to punish, jammed the wires of the underworld. Men of small worth to the System, or to anyone else, but impressed, through fear, by mistaken conceptions of their own importance, crowded the District Attorney's office with their offers to "give up," in return for pledges of immunity from possible prosecution. By spring, the System was well aware that its power, and its safety, were being undermined. The grip on those within the System's grasp was tightened, threats against the lives of all traitors were scattered broadcast, special warnings were issued to individuals suspected of weakening, and one or two horrible examples were made of certain ones known to have conferred with those who were on the trail to the lair of the System's overlords.

In May, 1913, Big Tim Sullivan passed through New York on his way to Europe. He took ship immediately after leaving the train, with his brother, Patrick. The few of his old acquaintances who saw him then reported that the big fellow appeared more miserable than ever. His winter in Washington, apparently, had not served to ease the strain. But, once more, comment on his condition was lost in the widespread speculation over the maze of official corruption which District Attorney Whitman appeared to be threading to a possible solution.

Big Tim did not stay long in Europe. His brother brought him back to New York, with the explanation that it had been impossible to keep the Congressman from his native haunts another minute. His trouble, so Patrick reported, took the form,

at the time, of an obsession that his presence was demanded in New York.

THIS sudden change in the Sullivan plans set all the underworld agog. Why—the rank and file demanded—why should Big Tim cut short a trip that had been arranged to last for months? Why should he insist upon returning to New York? What was the matter with him, anyway? Was it true that he was weakening mentally? Had he cracked under the strain?

Naturally, this attitude was but a reflection of the one which permeated the inner councils of the System. The speculations of subordinates were upon questions which their superiors feared to answer, even among themselves.

Patrick Sullivan had appointed himself his brother's keeper and, when he decided that the best way to keep Big Tim happy was to keep him near New York, he followed no half-way measures in his arrangements for his brother's care and protection. Big Tim was taken to a retreat in Williamsbridge, a suburban section of New York City. There Patrick surrounded his patient, and himself, with assistants, in the persons of three husky, two-fisted, men who were skilled in the care of the mentally depressed and, at the same time, equally able to give excellent accounts of themselves in hand-to-hand encounter. Under such care and guardianship, Big Tim stayed in Williamsbridge until the night of August 31st, 1913.

Despite the secrecy which surrounded the big fellow in his retirement, it was gossiped freely about New York, during the last two weeks of that month of August, that Big Tim was making trouble with his insistent demands to be allowed to visit downtown New York. What he would have done, what calls he might have made, had he been allowed to carry out his wishes, I will not venture to say. But it was known that a determination to get in touch with certain persons in the city was one of Big Tim's mental quirks that gave his guardians cause for worry. There were those who said that Big Tim insisted that he be taken to District Attorney Whitman's office, and that his brother, Patrick, finally had given in to this demand, with a promise to take Big Tim on whatever errand it was that had become such a disturbing mental fixity.

Then, on the night of the first, or second, of September, 1913, whispers crept along the lines of underworld communication that Big Tim had disappeared. He was missing from Williamsbridge, and no one could say how, or where, he had gone. On the night of August 31st, Patrick Sullivan had made a hurried trip into Manhattan, leaving his brother in care of the three husky guardians. According to information given, later, to the public, the trio of nurses had played cards with their patient for a time; then two of them, it was said, had fallen asleep, leaving Big Tim and the third attendant alone in one of the front rooms of the house. When Patrick Sullivan returned from Manhattan, report had it, he found this third attendant dozing in a chair, and Big Tim missing as completely as if the earth had swallowed him! No one—who has ever told about it—saw Big Tim Sullivan alive again!

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Word of the Congressman's disappearance reached the District Attorney's office and the newspapers. The best reporters in New York City were immediately sent out to solve the mystery. So were certain detectives. The reporters worked along every conceivable avenue but were baffled at every turn. Newspapermen who knew the politician intimately were detailed on daily visits to all hospitals and morgues to examine all persons lying unconscious, or dying without identification. All this was to no avail. Within a week or ten days, the investigation had been abandoned by the sleuths, and Big Tim Sullivan's name was listed officially in New York's Book of Missing Persons.

DURING the morning of September 12th a policeman, named Peter Purfield, was sent to Bellevue Morgue on a mission of minor importance. While waiting for the official whom he was to interview, he gossiped with a Morgue attendant who was preparing a number of crude wooden boxes for the burial of the pauper dead.

"Who are all these birds?" the police officer queried, pointing to ten or a dozen bodies lying on nearby slabs.

"Nobodies!" was the graphic reply. "This is the morning we ship the weekly round-up of unidentified dead to Potter's Field."

It may be explained here that, according to the rule then obtaining in New York, all bodies of unidentified dead were sent to Bellevue Morgue from various hospitals and branch morgues throughout the city, for transhipment to the paupers' cemetery on Hart's Island. Bodies were held for identification in the outlying districts for a period of time set by law and, on fixed days, collected at Bellevue Morgue, where they were consigned officially to the last resting-place of the city's unknown dead. It was on such a shipment that the Morgue attendant worked as he talked with Police Officer Purfield.

Idle curiosity led Purfield to a closer scrutiny of the bodies on the slabs. Over one, he suddenly started, but quickly regained his composure.

"How long before you ship these?" he inquired.

"Just a few minutes, now," the Morgue attendant replied.

Purfield hurried out, and ran up Twenty-sixth Street to a small building near the Bellevue Hospital entrance, where newspapermen on the Hospital Station made their headquarters. Here he found a reporter whom he knew, and led him back to the Morgue. There, the reporter confirmed Purfield's identification and, within the hour, newspaper extras carried word to all who could read.

Big Tim Sullivan had been found!

Patrick Sullivan was summoned to Bellevue, and claimed his brother's body. It was removed from the consignment of unknown dead to an undertaking establishment, and, on the second day following, was buried with appropriate ceremonies from Saint Patrick's Cathedral.

According to the theory given *official* publicity, Big Tim Sullivan died the victim of an accident, and the closeness of his approach to the eternal oblivion of Potter's Field was due, likewise, to unavoidable circumstance. The police theory had it that Big Tim had waxed cunning as his normal mentality waned, and that, on the night of August 31st, incited by a longing to renew old New York associations, he had lulled his guards to a false sense of security by assuming a temporary peaceful state of mind, and had slipped away from them when they lapsed from their usual watchful care.

The records showed that Big Tim's body had been found on the tracks of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, near Pelham Parkway, at a point where the rails run at the bottom of an open trench, and below the surface of the surrounding terrain. There is a high, iron fence on either side of the railroad right-of-way, but it was assumed, for the purposes of the official explanation, that Big Tim had started cross-country for the Pelham Parkway Station, intending to catch a train for New York, had *climbed the high iron fence* and fallen to the tracks below, where he had been struck and killed by a train! His body, it was stated, had been found lying across the tracks, and there was ample evidence that the back of his skull had been crushed by a blow from a heavy object, which, according to the official report, was probably the cow-catcher of a freight engine. The body had been removed from the tracks, it was said, to Fordham Morgue, where it rested with the unidentified dead until the morning arrived for shipment to Hart's Island. Then, it had been sent to Bellevue with the balance of a load. It was set forth, further, that, at the time the body was found on the railroad tracks, there had been nothing in, or about, the clothing which afforded a possible clue to identity.

And, with all this explanation—very plausible, it sounded—police interest in the death of Big Tim Sullivan apparently *ceased!*

For reasons previously cited, I cannot state, with exactitude, all that happened to Big Tim Sullivan after he left the Williamsbridge retreat on the night of August 31st, or how he got away from there. Neither can I do more than wonder why all three of his husky guardians chose an hour, just when Patrick Sullivan was absent, to fall asleep on their jobs!

But, if Big Tim Sullivan had been *my* relative, and I had been determined to unravel the mystery of his death down to the last thread of detail, or if I had been a State official in search of material to aid the prosecution of Becker and the gunmen, or, again, if I had been the editor of a newspaper honestly inspired to clean up a nasty situation, I most certainly would not have contented myself with the police explanation of the passing of Big Tim Sullivan.

WITH knowledge of the System and its ruthless efforts to protect its own, and with the additional incentive of the knowledge that, by virtue of his whole career, if through no other means, Big Tim Sullivan had been in a position to know more about the System than the System deemed it safe to have any man, *upon whom it could not count to the last ditch,* know and live, I believe I would have asked the following questions:

1—If Big Tim Sullivan was killed by a freight train, how did it happen that his body was found lying with his neck on one rail, and his legs on the other, squarely

across a pair of rusted tracks over which, according to railway employes, *no train had passed in weeks?*

2—Does a freight engine hit a man in the back of the head and leave a wound that is identical, in every respect, *with that caused by a blackjack*—the favorite weapon of the New York thug who sets out to kill with the least possible amount of noise and disturbance?

3—If Big Tim Sullivan left the house in Williamsbridge, clad in ordinary attire, wouldn't it take a rather thorough-going freight engine to *strip his clothing of all that might lead to identification of his body?*

4—If there had been a plan to kidnap Big Tim Sullivan from the house in Williamsbridge, murder him, and place his body where it would be cut to pieces by a train, and this plan had gone awry, because the hirelings who did the murder made the mistake of placing his body on an abandoned siding, where it was found by workmen who, innocently, carried their find to the Public Morgue, wouldn't the logical procedure of an organization, such as the System, be to keep the body from identification, and to consign it to legal obliteration from all record by pauper burial in Potter's Field?

5—If Big Tim Sullivan's body lay on a public slab in Fordham Morgue from September 1st to September 12th, as the police report implied, how was it that every last one of scores of men who knew the Congressman intimately, and who visited the Morgue between those dates purposely to search for his body, *failed to recognize him?*

6—If Big Tim's body was *not* exposed to public view during the time it lay in Fordham Morgue, *who was responsible for its concealment?*

7—If the body was not in Fordham Morgue from September 1st to September 12th, *where was it?*

8—If the body was mutilated beyond recognition and, for that reason, lay in Fordham Morgue unrecognized, as was inferred, how did it happen that Police Officer Peter Purfield recognized Big Tim Sullivan with *one casual glance* in Bellevue Morgue, and how was it possible to reconstruct Big Tim's features so that *thousands* of his East Side friends might file by his coffin just prior to the funeral service *and not notice the disfigurement?*

9—If the body was *not* sent to Bellevue direct from Fordham Morgue, but was

To Our Readers

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slipped into the Fordham consignment that morning of September 12th, *along with the papers necessary for burial in Potter's Field,* where did the slipping-in take place and *who made possible the transaction?*

10—Where, in all New York, were to be found the individuals *capable* of engineering a plot for the murder of such a famous man as Big Tim Sullivan?

11—Who, in all New York, *outside of the men who were the power behind the System,* had any reason to fear greatly anything that Big Tim's weakening mentality might lead him to disclose?

12—Who, *outside the System,* knew *what* he could disclose?

13—And who, *outside the System,* controlled machinery that could accomplish Big Tim's death as it was accomplished, and get the body of one of the best-known men in the city to the *very brink of an unidentified pauper's grave,* despite the combined efforts of all forces for law and order, then operating in New York?

To these I would add a still more pertinent query:

After the astounding news of the identification of Big Tim Sullivan's body had been carried to the public, who, in all New York, *outside the System,* possessed the power to suppress additional investigation *until the issue died of neglect?*

SOMEONE may doubt that the System possessed the powers which my questions would indicate. Let me mention one more happening, in connection with the Rosenthal murder, which may strengthen my position.

Certain men, who, previously, had been aligned with the System, became its bitter enemies in the fight to save Police Lieutenant Becker from the chair. Reasons for their defections ranged from desire for revenge to friendship for the condemned policeman. To save Becker it became necessary to prevent, for the time at least, the electrocution of the gunmen. The Becker forces fought with methods learned under tutelage of the System. So well did they employ their knowledge that they came within an ace of preventing the electrocution of Dago Frank, Lefty Louie, Whitey Lewis, and Gyp the Blood, at Sing Sing Prison, on April 13th, 1914. Governor Glynn of New York State, on April 7th, refused commutations of sentence or further reprieves for the four gangsters sentenced to die for the Rosenthal murder. The date of electrocution was set for the sixth day following.

On April 12th, only a few hours before the execution time, the dynamo at Sing Sing which furnishes current for the electric chair was smashed by persons who, in some mysterious fashion, gained access to the closely guarded death-house! Unfortunately for the plotters and for the four men more directly concerned, the dynamo was repaired in time to carry out the death sentences without postponement.

The truth of the above statement may be ascertained by anyone who cares to take the trouble attendant upon the search of the prison's records.

If the forces who opposed the System in this last bitter struggle for supremacy in New York's underworld had the power to accomplish such a feat in the face of all the guards and officials at Sing Sing, what extent of power, is it reasonable to suppose, was possessed by that System which, in the end, was victorious?

The true solution of the "so-called" mystery surrounding the death of Big Tim Sullivan, it seems to me, is accessible to anyone who will use his own powers of deduction. Many have already done so to their complete satisfaction.

The Clue of the Crucifix

(*Continued from page* 55)

—and that he was going to give up and return to Buffalo. The police said that this letter, and the failure announced in it, paved the way which led to Mondania's murder.

At the conclusion of the hearing, all the prisoners were discharged by Magistrate Barlow and promptly rearrested by order of Coroner Scholer, and committed to the House of Detention as witnesses. Bail was fixed in the case of Morello, Laduca and Antonio Genova in the sum of $5,000 each. Three others were held in $2,000 bail, and the remainder in sums ranging from $1,000 to $100.

PRESSED for information about the next move in the case, detective Carey said smilingly; "We are going to take Morello out for a little air."

They did, but their destination was the Morgue. The prisoner wanted to know what the object of the ride uptown was. A great light dawned on him, however, when Mondania's body was drawn out on a slab before him in the death-house.

When asked if he recognized the face, the suspect, who had admitted, earlier in the day, that he had met Mondania on several occasions, swayed unsteadily, and, for a moment, said nothing. Then, suddenly he turned around, looked at the corpse a second time, and, facing the detectives, remarked with knife-edged courtesy:

"Poor fellow! I never saw him before; don't know the man!"

On Friday, May 1st, Coroner Scholer began the inquest into the case. Mondania's stepson was one of the star witnesses, or, at least, everyone expected that he would be. On taking the stand, however, he was very nervous, constantly looking around the court room, as if expecting a sudden attack from some unknown quarter. Those present awaited his testimony with breathless interest. But he seemed under the *spell of terror and fear of death!*

"Intimidated by the *Mafia* already!" growled a veteran newspaper reporter.

When shown the watch which he had previously identified as the property of Mondania, the terrified Saglatugia hemmed and hawed and said he could not *positively* identify it! Neither could Mrs. Mondania, although, at the time Detective Petrosini showed it to her in Buffalo, she had been positive that it belonged to her husband, and had been worn by him when she last saw him.

"The Mafia is a law unto itself and it is altogether too strong for the police to cope with," declared a spectator, who predicted

that all the prisoners would go unwhipped of justice. We shall soon see whether this alarmist's deductions were justified.

Inzerillo contributed another surprise to the inquest. He testified that Morello, Lupo and Pecoraro had had their mail sent to his refreshment parlor for some time past, and that they called every day for it.

"Strange—rather strange," commented a detective, "that Lupo, who has a place of business of his own around the corner should have his mail sent to the headquarters of the Mafia and the counterfeiters. It looks very suspicious to say the least."

While giving his testimony, Inzerillo seemed to have been stricken very suddenly with amnesia. He could not identify the "murder barrel" or remember if it was the one delivered to him by Wallace & Thompson. On leaving the court room, the witness was arrested for counterfeiting.

WHEN the inquest was resumed on May 7th, Morello again told a story which flatly contradicted many of his previous tales and utterances. He testified that he had seen Mondania on the night of April 13th in a restaurant at 8 Prince Street. De Priemo, who was brought from Sing Sing to testify, swore that Petto was a "good friend" of his!

The clouds were now gathering. On Friday, May 8th, the Coroner's jury returned a verdict in which seven men were declared to be accessories to the murder of Mondania. The seven included Petto, Morello, Inzerillo, Vito Laduca, Antonio Genova and Giuseppe Genaro, and one other. Coroner Scholer committed the accused to the Tombs Prison without bail to await the action of the grand jury.

The prisoners had not long to wait. When the grand jury took up the case in June the District Attorney decided to present his case against Petto before seeking true bills against any of the others. Every available scrap of evidence pointed to "The Ox" as the real murderer. Petto incarnated all the vices and villainy of the *Mafia,* and the evidence against him seemed incontrovertible. The grand jury thought so, too, and returned an indictment for murder in the first degree against him. This was on June 25th.

The detectives did some worrying and some thinking on December 24th, that year, when, notwithstanding the strong evidence, the indictment against Petto was dismissed by Judge Blanchard in the Criminal branch of the Supreme Court. This action was approved by the District Attorney who was plainly disconcerted over the mysterious disappearance of some of his most important witnesses.

AS Petto was discharged from custody, his friends in the court room room exchanged worried glances. Petto, they said, had been altogether too anxious to go scot-free for his own good.

"Petto is not yet out of the woods by any means," declared a court attendant—true prophecy, as will be seen later on.

Soon after Petto was set at liberty, Morello was indicted by the Federal grand jury for counterfeiting, and sentenced to 25 years in the Federal Prison at Atlanta, and to a fine of $1,000. Another indictment against him is still pending.

The Secret Service men breathed a sigh of relief when they saw Morello depart for Atlanta.

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"Morello was the smartest member of the smartest, and most desperate gang of counterfeiters that New York ever harbored," said Chief Flynn. "His conviction spells the end of counterfeiting in New York, at any rate, on any extensive scale."

Inzerillo was convicted of making use of citizenship papers, procured by fraudulent means.

"This is the worst thing that has happened to me," he growled, as he was arraigned for sentence. Then, in a wild frenzy of despair, he said, "This is the end!"

The other prisoners were never brought to trial. Soon after their discharge, they quarreled among themselves, and practically exterminated each other by the revolver and the knife!

De Priemo's good behavior in prison won him the usual commutation of his term. Immediately after his release he came to New York and began untiring, implacable search for his "good friend," Petto! When told that *Il Bovo* had lit out for pastures new, soon after the dismissal of the Mondania indictment, and that he had moved to Browntown, Pennsylvania, near Wilkesbarre, De Priemo remarked significantly, "I'll see him bimeby."

Detective Petrosini recalled to mind this promise, later, when he learned that, on the night of October 23rd, 1905, five shots had sent the lily-white soul of Petto winging its way to the unknown!

Petto had just stepped outside the door of his home when he was confronted with a pistoleer whom he undoubtedly immediately recognized, according to the theory of Petrosini. "The Ox" drew his revolver, but it was knocked out of his hand by a well-aimed bullet which broke his right wrist. Four more shots, and Petto had joined the innumerable caravan of hasbeens in oblivion. He reaped as he had sowed, according to an immutable, moral law.

Beneditto Mondania was avenged!

The Bunco Million!

(*Continued from page 60*)

When I return, maybe we can work a ruse—if you were, supposedly, to leave town, the gang might come out of cover. I'll think it over, and you do the same."

"You mean that I should check out of this hotel?"

"Yes," I said, "you and your wife and son getting in your car, and driving out of Los Angeles, as if you were going back home to Idaho. A few miles out, you can double back, and I'll have reservations for you under an assumed name at some other hotel."

Norris expressed much concern over the illness of his wife, doubting that they could make the change very soon, but admitted that he would feel easier if he could get where the gang couldn't reach him.

I told him to cheer up and give me his confidence. Then I hurried back to my office, where I called my wife and told her that I was leaving for San Diego.

I SPENT the next day, and the one following, in the southern city and at the race-track at Tia Juana, hoping to get a glimpse of Hutch, but when it seemed, after all, that he wasn't in the South, I looked up several people who knew him. None would, or could, give me any information concerning his whereabouts. "Yellow Henry," who managed the *Combination Pool Room* in San Diego, in which I knew Hutchings had an interest, said he hadn't heard from Hutchings for a month, but gave me his last address, which was the hotel at which he stayed in Los Angeles—Hutchings having left there shortly after old Norris had been trimmed of his $50,000.00.

In questioning these persons, I posed as a race-track man who had interests in New Orleans, some of them connecting with those of Hutchings, and I believe that no one questioned my front, not even Goodwin, who was in charge of Hutch's race horses at Tia Juana. But my trip seemed to be for nothing, until, while strolling about San Diego preparatory to returning to Los Angeles, I happened to recognize a bunk by the name of Bill Loftus.

Loftus, I was reasonably sure, was a member of the Hutch ring, and his presence in San Diego meant that he was either hiding out, or promoting some swindle or other in the Bay city. I shadowed him, but when he failed to connect with any other known members of the ring, I turned him over to a private agency, asking them to keep tabs on him.

I took a stage that afternoon for home, and arived in Los Angeles late in the evening. One of my operatives, Ted Evans, whom no one knew was working for me, had left a message at my office, and I got him out of bed.

"It isn't much, Al," he said; "more complications—more bunks to add to our list. I picked up Ed Marsh, alias J. Stevenson, in a Main Street hotel lobby. He was joined by Bob Wilson, the 'Broncho Kid,' and they chewed the fat a while. I bribed the bell-hop to keep an eye on them, and gather up what information he could."

I nodded. Stevenson and Wilson! I wondered how many bunks there were connected with the ring!

"Well, the bell-hop gave me a buzz a while ago, and said that he had heard the name 'Hutch' mentioned, and tipped me off that two strangers were standing outside at that moment, talking to Wilson. I hurried over, and, luckily, they were still there. The Broncho Kid's friends were strangers to me, but when they split up, the two men started off together, and I dropped Wilson and trailed them. They didn't connect with Hutch, Trainor, or any others, but I found where they were rooming. One is registered as R. D. Bullock, and the other as James Snowden."

"Bullock?" I exclaimed. "Describe him."

Ted did so.

"Bullock is 'Checkers' Stanton," I said then. "Fine! and ——"

"I thought so, but wasn't sure. The other is an Italian—Toschero. I'm pretty sure of that, because I had a good squint at him. They're covered now, but Al—for God's sake, this thing is getting too big for our office; we haven't enough men. Why not tip off the police—have them put on ice?"

I had to smile at Ted Evan's innocence.

"Don't you suppose that their presence in town is known, Ted? The papers are full of the Norris affair. No; we'll keep our eyes open, and see if they connect with Hutch or others."

TED was disappointed to learn that I had failed to locate Hutchings in San Diego, but interested to know that I had picked up Loftus.

"God, Al, this thing isn't a ring—it's a huge web, and Los Angeles is the center. It extends to San Diego; according to rumor, Denver is included, as well as San Antonio, New Orleans, and other cities. My head swims to think what we are up against!"

He eyed me queerly.

"Cody—why do you go on with it? I'm afraid something will happen to you, and it looks like Norris might settle with the gang without even telling you."

"He says he doesn't want anything to do with them," I grinned, "but you never can tell! He considers me as much of a crook as Hutch and the others, I'm afraid," I shrugged. "We're carrying on, Ted——"

"But the authorities are hand-in-glove with the gang," Ted protested. "Why—even a big, local bank is said to be in back of the gang, and the woods are full of corrupt 'fixers' and so on. You can't buck the invisible government. Al—why *don't* you drop the whole thing?"

"Ted," I said grimly, "I never start anything I don't try to finish. From a business standpoint, of course, I want to see that, at least, a part of the money taken from Norris and the others is returned. As a special agent of Woolwine's, I've got to turn up Hutch. As a citizen, I intend to go further—get at the corruption underlying our city government, and show up the worst crooks of the lot!"

Ted remarked that I had a job ahead of me, but agreed to stick to the ship, sink or swim.

"They say that virtue is its own reward, Al," he grinned as I left for home.

How often, in the trying days—and months—to follow, was I to think of that remark!

The next morning I went to the South Side and had a look at Toschero, whom I picked up at his hotel and followed to a saloon. Here he connected with Stanton and three other men; one of them was Farrell, who was already on my list as one of the probable members of the ring, and the others were bunks whom I had seen before. One of them, a square-jawed, heavy-set chap of about 40, I finally placed as "Doc" Sterling. The other, a well-dressed, bright-eyed and amiable man of medium build, and middle age, I knew under an alias, and it wasn't until I was relieved, and went back to the office, that I could check up and identify him as Frank Williams.

As Ted had said, the ring seemed to be of extensive proportions, and we had only just skimmed the surface. So far our list included:

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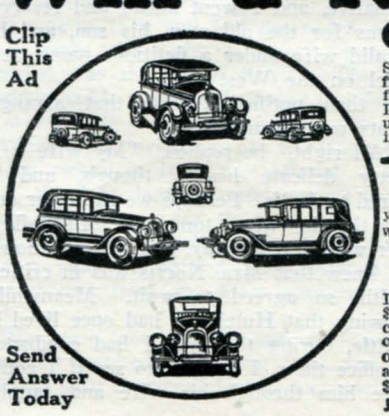

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Robert F. Wilson
William Shaw
Frank Williams
"Doc" Sterling

with the names of C. F. Dennison, Thomas Gere, and several others on another list of "possibles."

There was no doubt in my mind that the Bunco Syndicate comprised all of 50 men, many of these, of course, in other parts of the country. To some of my employes, the fact that so many persons were involved was somewhat confusing, but of course the issue was to locate, primarily, the king-pin, Big Hutch.

We had another list, which included officials known to us to be affording protection to the ring, but, in deference to these men, most of whom have now resigned, while others have been swallowed up by the oblivion they deserve, I shall not disclose it. Suffice it to say that I met and talked with some of them, who tried every persuasion to get me to lay off the Hutch case. Had they known, at the time, that I was also acting as a secret agent for the District Attorney, they would have pulled in their horns.

But for the time being, I didn't intend to turn them in, considering that it was District Attorney Woolwine's place to conduct an investigation. Then, too, the last thing I wanted to do was to throw a panic into the ranks of the bunco men, knowing that if I did, they would bolt the State, and scatter for parts unknown.

Communications from New Orleans and other points came in from time to time, reporting the activities of a few bunks, but throwing no light upon the whereabouts of Hutchings himself.

I spent a little time in tailing off Ray Gilbert, who apparently thought, because he had changed his place of abode rather cleverly, and had done some elaborate dodging about, that he had shaken us off. But, while he connected with two men, one a middle-aged chap who looked like a Swede, and the other an old man of 65 or so, wearing glasses, they were unknown to me, and seemed merely chance acquaintances.

THAT night I received a hot tip that the gang did not intend to buy off Norris, if the old man, as he had let it be known around the Hotel Fremont, left for Idaho, and also that, once he was gone, the gang would resume operations. From the same source, I learned that another effort would be made to call me off with a bribe.

I decided to try my ruse of spiriting Norris away, and called him up and asked him if he was willing to do as I asked. He answered in a somewhat faltering affirmative, and I went ahead and reserved rooms for the old man, his son, and his invalid wife under a fictitious name, at a hotel on the West Side.

I then notified Norris that arrangements were complete.

"All right," he replied. "My wife is in pretty delicate health, though, and is scared to death. Perhaps we can clear out, say, the day after tomorrow. I'll talk it over with her, anyway, and let you know."

I knew that Mrs. Norris was in critical health, so agreed to wait. Meanwhile, knowing that Hutchings had once lived in Seattle, during the time I had conducted an office there, I decided to see if I could trace him through his wife and family, who, I thought, still lived there.

It was an extremely delicate piece of work, and I entrusted it to the Pacific Coast Detective Agency of that city, which includes among its operatives some of the ablest men and women in this country.

In reply, I received the following report:

Everett known as Big Hutch husband of Anna Hutchings left Seattle for Los Angeles last November two hundred pounds age forty-five light complexion race horse and pool man Has been visiting wife about twice a year from Los Angeles but she has recently moved from Seattle with her two sons going to Los Angeles last known address there one three two four west forty-ninth.

I went to this address, finding, to my surprise and satisfaction, that Mrs. Hutchings and the boys still resided there. When Hutch failed to visit them within 24 hours, I made careful inquiries in the neighborhood. From one source, I learned that, a month previously, Hutch had been seen driving a new Jordan brougham. From another, I learned that he had kept the car at the Winston Garage, and going there, I found that this had been the case.

Obtaining the license number, 370932, which was on file, and satisfying myself that the owner of the car had been Hutchings, I soon traced the machine to the Jordan agency. Here I learned that Hutchings had bought the car about the time Norris was fleeced, paying $4,050.00 for it. Through a local auto club, I found that the last address given on the registered license was 534 South Spring Street.

Right then I found I had been checkmated, for that address was in the downtown café district. I wasn't surprised to learn that it was the address of what was known at that time, as Jahnke's Tavern!

There was no doubt that Big Hutch was a foeman worthy of my steel, as the saying goes.

Knowing that Hutch, up until the end of the previous December, had resided at one of the best-known hotels in Los Angeles, I determined on employing another tactic. Going to the hotel, I singled out a bell-boy I knew, and propositioned him to keep an eye open for Hutch. I instructed him to let me know immediately if Hutchings visited his old haunts, which was not too improbable, as Hutch certainly had no reason to fear the police, and would probably figure that the hotel would be the last place I would look for him.

FOUR days passed, during which, immersed in various other angles of the case, one of which was to move Norris—which failed because of the old man's timidity—I had almost despaired of locating Hutch through the hotel bell-boy.

And then he called me. Luckily, I was at the office at the time, and the call didn't have to be transferred.

"Mr. Cody!" came his almost breathless voice; "Hutch is here now!"

I waited to hear no more, reaching the hotel in what must have been record time.

According to my arrangement with the bell-boy, he was not to appear to know me. I sauntered in, walking slowly by him.

"Where is he now?" I shot at him.

"In the telephone booth," he whispered, over his shoulder.

I established myself where I could watch the booth over my newspaper. Pretty soon the door opened, and a huge man stepped out—Big Hutch himself!

He left the hotel, and I trailed him with infinite caution to the Alexandria Hotel. Hurrying to a telephone, I called the District Attorney's office and got in touch with Deputy Brown. Brown had asked me not to make any arrests myself, though I was, for the time being, qualified to do so. I told Brown that I had Hutchings spotted, and for him to hurry down to the Alexandria Hotel with another deputy, and make the arrest.

"Good work, Cody—be right down," he responded.

Assuring myself that Hutch was still in the lobby, I went outside, taking up my post on the corner where I could watch both entrances, and waited for Brown. After what seemed twice the length of time necessary for Brown to get there, he showed up with two investigators.

"Where is he?" Brown asked.

"In the hotel," I said. "Wait here a moment, and I'll spot him for you."

I ducked in; found that Hutch was still in the lobby, talking with some men who were strangers to me, and slipped out again, pointing out Hutch's position to Brown.

Without a word, Deputy Brown and the two investigators hurried in, and knowing that Brown didn't want me to figure in the actual arrest, and not wanting to be made known to Hutch or even be seen by him, I went home, considerably relieved that I had, at last, located the ringleader of the Bunco Syndicate. Trainor would be next, and "Pat" Patterson, and so on down the line, unless the rest of the gang headed for the tall timber.

The next morning, bright and early, I told my attorney that I had found Hutchings, and that we could get the Norris civil suit in shape. He was glad to hear the news, and said he would interview Norris right away, and line up some of the other victims.

I then hurried to the jail to have a talk with Hutch. Here, to my amazement, I learned that Hutchings was not an inmate, nor had any bail been arranged under that name, or for anyone answering his description—which would only fit one man in a thousand!

Alarmed, yet choosing to hope that he was in custody at the District Attorney's office, I went there, finding Deputy Brown in his office.

"Where's Hutch?" I demanded.

Brown regarded me coldly.

"What do you mean, Hutch?" he snapped. "You made a mistake, and we picked up the wrong man."

I stared at him, mouth agape.

"What?" I gasped.

"I say you gave us a bum steer, Cody——"

My jaw set, and I advanced upon his desk angrily.

"Are you trying to kid me?" I demanded. "I knew Hutch in Seattle; you know him—at least, you've seen his picture, and are familiar with his description, and I pointed him out to you——"

"I tell you," Brown interposed icily, "you made a mistake, and you wasted our

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time. Hutch wasn't there, and we got the wrong man——"

"Is that so?" I sneered. "Picking out Hutch from the crowd in that lobby was as easy as finding an elephant among a bunch of camels!"

He kept his temper.

"Even great detectives like you sometimes make mistakes," he taunted. "Hutch wasn't there! Try again, Cody—and find *Hutch* the next time——"

"Sure!" I laughed, mastering a desire to smash his jaw, "and I'm not to arrest him, but tip you off again, I suppose?"

For a moment it looked as though he was about to leap from his seat and give me the opportunity I would have welcomed. But he restrained himself, managing a mocking smile.

"Well, now, after what happened yesterday, I wouldn't trust you to make any arrests on your own hook. Can you blame me, old man? Come, now—we all make mistakes; I have. Let's forget it! Maybe Hutch saw us coming in, and ducked out the side entrance; anyway, better luck next time."

I can play any man's game when I want to.

"Well, it's funny," I said, forcing a smile. "Maybe he did give you the slip at the last minute. He'll be hard as hell to find now, but I'll dig him up again. So long, Joe—you'll hear from me soon," and, masking a seething rage, I left him and made my way to the street.

THE charge that I had made a mistake was ridiculous, for, if ever I had spotted a man, I had spotted Hutch, who, remember, was not a stranger to me. Moreover, he was such an individual type that Deputy Brown's statement that he had "picked up the wrong man" was even more ridiculous, considering that I had all but put a tag on Hutch for him.

Even the idea that Hutch *might*, as Brown had put it, have seen the arresting officers and ducked out the Spring Street entrance didn't click. To begin with, Hutch would have had only about three seconds to travel the necessary 100 feet, in a crowded lobby, and finally, during the interim, I had headed down that side and would most certainly have seen him.

"Police looking for Big Hutch—read all about it!" came the cry of a newsboy as I headed up Broadway.

Looking for him? Hell—the police didn't want him! What a mess it was! I was tempted to throw the whole thing up, then and there, or, at least, tender my resignation to Woolwine as a special officer of the District Attorney's office, and look after the civil angles of the case exclusively.

But before I reached my office in the California Building, I decided that I would swallow my disappointment, and stick to my guns. Arriving there, I called up Norris, and asked him if he was going to help me pull the fake fade-out, or not.

He hemmed and hawed for a while, as usual, saying that he didn't believe the bunks would be fooled into thinking he had left town, and that the idea didn't appeal to him.

"But I've reserved rooms for you at the Stag Hotel on Sixth," I reminded him. "It's important that the bunks think you have left town. Then they'll come out of cover again, thinking that you and I are out of the picture."

Norris, least of all, knew that my interest in the case was prompted by more than mercenary considerations.

"I thought you were going to try and get a settlement for me?" he said.

"Certainly I am, but I'd prefer to get tabs on Hutch and his crowd first," I retorted impatiently. "Don't you understand?"

"I understand this much," he said, "that the gang runs Los Angeles, and the whole shebang. I don't think you know what you're up against, Cody——"

"I know exactly what I'm up against," I interposed. "But——"

"Have it your own way," he cut in with his irritating drawl, "but if you want to risk your life, that's up to you. I've got myself and my family to consider. My wife wants me to drop the whole thing and get out of this hotbed of corruption that folks call the city of the angels—make the best of my loss, and go back home. But I'll stick at the Fremont for a while, and see if I can get part of my money back. But I ain't going to try that slip-away foolishness, no matter what you say, if only for my wife's sake. She couldn't stand any more excitement."

There was no use arguing the point any more.

"All right," I said dryly. "Stick there, then! Will you do this much? Let me know if any attempt is made to settle with you direct?"

"Yes; of course I will," he promised.

"Very well; and if Attorney Kohlhase or any of the gang put up the proposition to me, I'll call you," I concluded.

I have never been more disgusted in my

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life than I was that day. The life of a private detective is not what it is cracked up to be by correspondence schools, particularly when dirty politics feature every angle of a case.

BUT I was going to see it through! Already I had lined up at least twenty members of the ring. Hutch, no doubt, was lying low again—perhaps laughing up his sleeve at me—and I determined to lose no time in getting another line on him.

To begin with, I checked over the operations of my men, ascertaining that they had lost track of "Doc" Sterling, but had Ray Gilbert and other minor bunk characters in our little drama marked out.

For a few days, while keeping an eye out for Hutch in various hotel lobbies, I waited for one of the smaller fry to connect with him, but none of them did so.

However, the time was not utterly wasted, for we got lines on three other men, two of whom were destined to play important rôles in the grim days to follow. These two were Clayton Dorchester, alias C. F. Dennison, one of the smartest of the ring, who had engineered at least one big swindle that I knew of; and his pal, Thomas Gere. Both were married, and Dennison, as I shall call him, had a little girl.

The third suspect happened to be an old acquaintance of mine, with whom I had been on friendly terms for years, by the name of William Dean. He entered the picture when my operatives discovered that he was keeping company with Gilbert.

All these, and many other, details I had to concern myself with, besides looking for Hutch, keeping a watch over Norris, and lining up other victims of the ring so that I would be ready to act when things broke.

Here I must make my position clear: once I had turned up Hutch again, and he was in custody, I meant to gather in the others. But there were a few "Ifs." *If*, for example, Hutch had not been scared out of the city following Brown's muffed play; *if*, granting he was still in Los Angeles and I located him, I succeeded in getting the District Attorney's investigators to arrest him!

I decided to locate Hutch, if possible, through a ruse. I knew a man in San Diego by the name of Robert Harris, better known as Big Bob, who had been in the saloon business there, and was at the time acting as a judge at the Tia Juana races. Big Bob, I knew, was an intimate friend of Hutchings. He had a friend, and former associate, in a certain Frank Goings, who was running a saloon in Los Angeles at the corner of Seventh and San Pedro Streets. Goings was well acquainted with Hutch, also, and I was sure that he knew where Hutchings was.

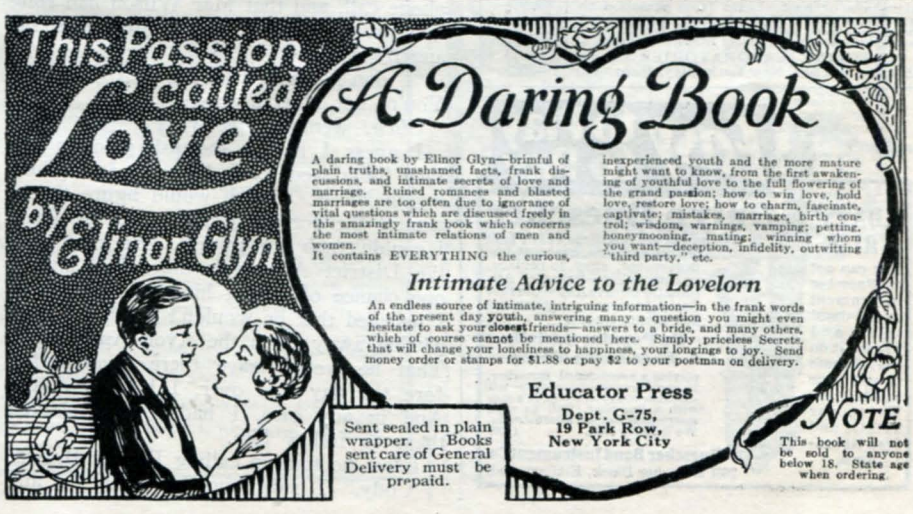
That morning at nine o'clock, I got Goings on the telephone, mimicking Bob Harris, who stuttered.

"H-Hello—that y-you, F-F-Frank?" I inquired in the best Harris manner.

"Yes!" he exclaimed; "why——"

"Well, this is B-Bob—B-Big B-Bob Harris. I just got in f-from S-San Diego, and I've got to see H-Hutch."

"That so, Bob?" Goings said, completely taken in. "Well, now, I can't say where he is now, but—I tell you, Bob. Ring up Mac Wilson. He's got Hutch's



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latest phone number. Ask him for it."

Two birds with one stone! Mac Wilson was another member of the ring we had been looking for!

I got Goings to give me Wilson's telephone number, which was *Wilshire 826.* Again mimicking the stuttering Bob Harris, I got Wilson on the line, and asked him if he knew where I could reach Big Hutch. Like Goings, he fell for my line.

"Is it very important, Bob?" he asked.

"I-Important? M-Mac, if I d-don't reach him s-soon there'll b-be hell to p-pay!"

"Well, I don't know his address, but he gave me his new telephone number. Hold the line a minute. Here it is; an automatic number: 556592—right! O. K. Bob!"

I IMMEDIATELY got busy, tracing the number through the exchange, finding that it was that of a telephone in *Apartment 202,* Avon Apartments, at 1201 West Fifth Street.

Sending a man there to pick up Hutch if he came out, and trail him wherever he went, I waited until he communicated with me.

"I'm near the Avon Apartments now, Al," he said. "What's the lay?"

"I'm going to call up Hutch now, and see if he's in his apartment—*number 202.* If he's there, I'll tip off Deputy Brown, and Brown and his playmates can chase out and nab him. You're there in case anything goes wrong, understand? I mean if Hutch smells a rat, and clears out. In that event, follow him, on foot, or with your car, as the occasion may demand—and watch your step!"

"O. K. Chief!" he responded.

I gave him five minutes to get back to his post, and then dialed Hutch's number. I recognized Hutchings' voice as he answered.

Again mimicking Bob Harris, I asked if this was Hutch.

"Yes," he replied, after a brief pause.

"Well, this is B-Bob—B-B-Bob from S-San Diego, and——"

It was as far as I got!

"Is that so? What are you doing up here?" he demanded.

I was in deep water, and I knew it. But to hesitate a fraction of a second meant that I would further arouse his suspicion. I had to take a chance with a remark that there was some business in San Diego I had to see him about, and couldn't mention over the phone. But the chances are that he had expected my telephone call, and that Mac Wilson had rung him up. At any rate, he interrupted me angrily with:

"I don't know who the hell you are! You're not Harris, so——"

Click! went the receiver!

I guess I had a sheepish grin on my face for a second. I did some fast thinking, however. Hutch would figure that I was at the bottom of that call. He knew I couldn't nab him myself. He knew that the District Attorney's office had muffed one chance of taking him in. Therefore, I believed that he wouldn't break his neck getting away from the Avon Apartments. That he would leave there, though, before the day was over, I had no doubt. And in any case, I had a man planted there to follow him.

I lost no time in calling Deputy Brown.

"Cody," I said shortly when he answered; "Hutch is at the Avon, 1201 West Fifth—*apartment 202.* If you hurry, you may catch him; yes—I know what I'm talking about; don't ask questions, but go and get him."

He promised to go right out, and I knew that the run would take less than six minutes, in a siren-equipped car.

I then dispatched another man to the Avon Apartments to get in touch with the man already there on watch, and to ring me back, one way or the other. In about 15 minutes he called.

"Well, Gus is still here, Al, and he says that Hutch hasn't left yet, and that he hasn't seen a thing of Brown or any other officers."

"Brown hasn't showed up yet?" I exclaimed, staring at my watch.

"Nope!"

I bit my lip.

"All right. The arrest is up to Brown. Stick with Gus, and if Hutch leaves before Deputy Brown and his men show up, I've instructed Gus to follow him. If that happens, or if Brown shows up, let me know."

Certainly Brown had had time enough to get there, and he had promised me to go right out. There was nothing further I could do, and I busied myself in the office, tackling some matters of business that the bunco situation had swept aside.

It was an hour before I got another call from my man, telling me that Hutch had left the apartment house, and was being trailed by Gus.

"Brown hasn't put in an appearance yet," he said. "What shall I do?"

I told him to come back, knowing that he could be of no further use there. So Brown, who could have reached the Avon Apartments in six minutes or less, had failed me again! Brown, with his "Don't make any arrests yourself, Cody, but let me do it!"

God! what a situation! A million dollar bunco ring, hand-in-glove with the invisible government of Los Angeles!

Reason—personal considerations—urged me to wash my hands of the whole business. But I had made up my mind to uncover the mess, and had long before thrown personal considerations into the scrap heap.

But it was obvious that I must enlist the honest support of some officials. Many were known to me; yet, on careful consideration, there was not one among them in whom I felt I could place complete confidence.

The thought of going over Deputy Brown's head and forcing District Attorney Woolwine to round up the twenty-odd bunks I had tabs on occurred to me, but on the other hand, I knew that Woolwine had implicit faith in Brown, and the idea of burning my bridges didn't appeal to me.

I DETERMINED to single out a detective sergeant whom I might possibly be able to depend upon, and give him a tip on Hutch. Accordingly, when Gus telephoned in that he had Hutch spotted down town, I immediately communicated with one of the detective force at Headquarters whom I shall call Bill Smith.

"Thanks for the tip, Cody," he said. "I'll get there in jig time."

Six minutes later, Gus telephoned.

"Say, Al, Hutch has just been tipped

off, and he's wise. Some bozo who looked like a fly-cop cornered him, and they shook hands and the dick beat it."

"Where's Hutch now?" I asked.

"Here, but he may leave any minute——"

"Follow him if he does. Describe the man you thought was a detective."

He did so. *It was Detective Sergeant Bill Smith!*

Apparently it was a case of juggling Hutch around like a hot potato until I could prevail upon some noble member of the city's intrepid and fearless guardians to arrest him.

"All right, Gus; hang on, and give me another buzz soon, and I'll send a man to relieve you."

I had barely hung up the receiver when the telephone rang. It was another of my operatives, stationed at the Fremont Hotel, who reported that old Norris had been approached by a stranger, and that they were in conference.

I hurried down, and soon learned that the stranger was the brother of Big Hutch. The gang had begun negotiations for an independent settlement with Norris, without a doubt.

Norris had promised to communicate with me if any overtures were made, but he failed to do so that day. I was advised from time to time of what was going on, however. As for Hutch, Gus had managed to stick to him, and I relieved him around noon with two of my most trusted men. But along toward three o'clock, Hutch, no doubt knowing he was trailed, shook my operatives off by a clever maneuver. We spent the rest of the day, and most of the night, trying to find him again, and, finally, got a tip that he was hiding out at a certain place on the East Side.

I was too busy to check up on Deputy Brown, though I called him the next afternoon, asking him pointblank why he hadn't arrested Hutch the previous morning.

"Well, Cody, something prevented me from leaving here," he said, "and I couldn't send anybody out until a few minutes ago. Hutch wasn't there."

I looked at my watch.

"Your idea of making a pinch is to wait 36 hours, apparently," I said disgustedly.

"I'm sorry, Cody, but we've been snowed under here, and it was the best we could do. Really, I didn't have a man to send. But—how did you locate him?"

I reflected, and decided to tell him, and then see through what channels the information went. He was amused by my account of having mimicked Harris, remarking that it was too bad he had been unable to dash right out and pick Hutch up. I kidded him along, and hung up.

A few hours later, what I had told Brown was repeated in Goings' saloon, and word reached me from other sources that Hutch and his cronies were having quite a laugh over it.

I LAUGHED too—a bit dryly. At last, I knew where I stood with Deputy Brown. And then, in the form of an anonymous telephone call, came another warning:

"This is a friend, Cody," came an unfamiliar voice; "and I heard just now that the bunks are going to bump you off at your office."

"Who are you?" I demanded.

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"Honest to God, Cody, I'm a friend, but I can't tell you who I am, because the bulls are looking for me. You did me a good turn once, and now it's my turn, see? For God's sake, close up your office, and get out of that building—run your business in your home. They've got it all framed, and they'll get you as sure as anything. Don't lose any time, but *get out of that building!* That's all I can tell you—so long!"

I traced the number to a booth at a railroad station, but, to this day, I don't know who the man was. Ten minutes later, word reached me that one of my operatives had been nabbed by three huskies, taken into an alley, and beaten within an inch of his life. Grimly I reflected that the warnings had not been idle threats.

The invisible government was out to get me, for fair!

Will Cody, the lone detective, be able to save himself now? Will he even *try* to save himself? Real fighters, in all fields, testify from experience that "a strong offensive is the best defense." Will Cody, with this in mind, now redouble his efforts to run the Bunco Syndicate to the wall? Don't miss in February TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES. the startling developments that follow thick and fast as this grim fight moves on to its crisis. The February issue is on sale at all news stands on January 15th.

The Crimson Trail

(*Continued from page* 49)

woman. She wore a hat. And Eva Lewis needed a hat! Sherrill pulled directly across the road, forcing the other driver to bring his car to a halt. The couple was held up, and their motorcar confiscated. The bandits climbed in the new machine with the man and woman, who were W. D. Otter, and a young woman from Texas.

By a strange piece of luck, the bandits circled the outer edges of the city, and found a lonely road over which there was very little travel. Sherrill turned into it. He drove for several miles until he arrived at a lonely schoolhouse, and pulled into the school yard. Getting out of the car, Sherrill tried to enter the building, and found all doors and windows bolted. He had intended to lock the couple, whose motorcar he had stolen, in the schoolhouse. The hands and feet of the man, and his girl companion from Texas were tied with a wire, and left in the schoolyard. They were robbed of all money and valuables.

Eva had not forgotten the hat. She removed the one worn by the woman, as the latter lay helpless on the damp ground.

When Otter and the girl were found the next day, they told the police that Eva Lewis said, after Sherrill had finished the task of tying the victims' hands and feet: *"Shoot 'em and get them out of the way!"*

IT was now growing very dark, and the road he had chosen had come to an abrupt end, so Sherrill headed the stolen car back toward the city.

That end of the road nearest Denver, however, was now being watched by National Guardsmen. Nearing the city limits, where he was forced to drive slowly because of the unimproved condition of the road, Sherrill suddenly heard a sharp command to halt. The command came from the direction of a clump of trees, just off the road.

The voice had a ring in it that sounded military. Sherrill halted. The robber climbed out of the car, and, stumbling over a fence, walked toward the clump of trees, from which the command had come. He walked with his hands elevated above his head.

Reaching a small clearing, between the fence and the trees shielding the guardsmen, Sherrill stopped short when another command rang out.

"Stop right there! Now lie down on the ground," the voice commanded. Sherrill obeyed. He could do nothing else.

Eva Lewis had started to follow Sherrill, but defiant, returned to the car, and stood in front of the head lamps.

"Come on out!" came the voice from the trees.

"Come and get me!" the cabaret singer challenged.

"Not on your life!" the Guardsman replied. "Come out, or I'll shoot you dead in your tracks!" he ordered.

Eva went!

It was pitch dark, and having already received word of the bloody Colorado Springs battle, the Guardsmen were reluctant to advance on their prisoners, both of whom were lying flat on the ground in the little clearing. They waited, therefore, for dawn.

With the first gray streaks that ushered in a new day, the Guardsmen made out the two prisoners stretched out full length on the wet grass. The bandits were ordered to rise, and hold up their hands. Eva obeyed, but Sherrill made no effort to do as he was told. When the captors walked over to where Sherrill lay, and grasped the bandit roughly by the collar, they discovered Sherrill could not stand, even had he cared to do so. He had been shot three times in the knee, all three bullets entering almost at the same place.

BACK in Denver, at the time Sherrill and Eva escaped in the motorcar, when the officers attempted to capture the bandits, Frank Lewis had also made a successful dash for liberty. When Sherrill drove the car through the small alley, every officer on the ground had trained his gun on the machine. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Lewis ran back into the house, and out the rear door, which was left unguarded during the efforts to stop Sherrill.

Lewis went to a rent-car garage, and hired a machine, with a chauffeur. He directed the driver to head for Colorado Springs. Several miles out of Denver, National Guardsmen stopped Frank's car, but permitted the driver to proceed with his passenger, when Lewis succeeded in making them believe he was a salesman. From Colorado Springs, Frank Lewis went to Topeka, where he was arrested on October 2nd, 1918, by Chief Deputy United States Marshall C. C. Jackson. Lewis was lodged in the Shawnee County jail at Topeka, where he died in his cell on October 16th, having contracted pneumonia

while camping in the woods near Topeka, prior to his capture.

Dale Jones, having made good his escape, both from the police of Colorado Springs, and the Colorado State Patrolmen, and having slipped through the net spread over the highways by the National Guardsmen, drove to the house in Denver in which Lewis, his sister and Sherrill had been surprised by the police.

Dale, Lancaster and Marjie Dean entered the house, to find it empty. They were barely inside, when someone shouted at them, from the yard. Marjie went to the door, and Dale and Blackie hid behind the door facings, one on either side of the girl. A man walked up to the door and asked Marjie a question. She backed farther into the room, which was in darkness. Jones stepped out of the shadows and pressed a gun in the newcomer's stomach.

"Hands up!" the bandit commanded.

"But I'm Ryan, Officer Ryan," the man at the door explained quickly, thinking Jones was a Pinkerton detective, left to guard the house.

Ryan and Patrolman Harry Wilson had been stationed at the house, to watch for the possible return of any of the gang.

Wilson, who was on the other side of the house when Ryan started to enter, heard the voices and hurried to the front door. He took one step toward the porch, and reached for his gun. A shot was fired from the house, and Wilson dropped his revolver. One of his fingers also fell to the ground! Blackie Lancaster was taking no chances with murder, when wounding would serve the same purpose.

"Now hands up!" Jones commanded sharply. The officers complied. Ryan and Wilson were relieved of their firearms, and shoved into the darkened house.

For the second time that night Dale, Blackie and Marjie succeeded in slipping through the Guardsmen, and drove back to Kansas City. They went directly to 1904 Mont Gall Avenue.

Here the trio of hunted bandits lay in hiding until September 24th. But Dale Jones could not remain shut up in a house, with all the blinds down. And besides, he saw an opportunity to "shake" Kansas City Blackie, whom Dale had always considered as a detriment, rather than an aid to his own career as the most outstanding criminal of the age.

So Jones borrowed Marjie Dean's dress, the only one she had, and stole cautiously out of the house, to a nearby community grocery store. Here he found a telephone, and got Chief Ghent on the wire.

"How bad do you want Dale Jones?" the bandit leader asked the Chief.

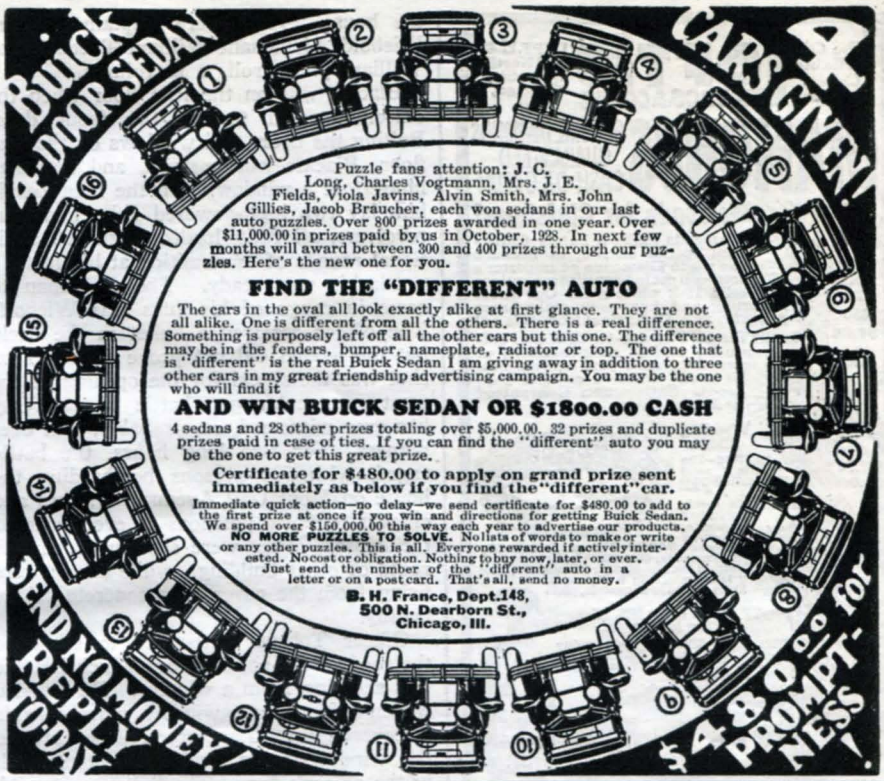
"Damn bad," Ghent replied, all ears.

"You can find him at 1904 Mont Gall Avenue."

And so Dale Jones, the terror, gave up to the Law that he hated the last member of his once notorious gang.

THE house on Mont Gall was surrounded. But, before the officers arrived, Jones had returned the dress to Marjie, who went to bed while Dale was telephoning, and, advising her of what he had done, Jones and Marjie slipped out the back way, took the car and escaped, leaving Kansas City Blackie Lancaster to his own fate. With him Dale Jones took $40,000, the "savings" from his years of crime!

Three officers were sent to the front of



Puzzle fans attention: J. C. Long, Charles Vogtmann, Mrs. J. E. Fields, Viola Javins, Alvin Smith, Mrs. John Gillies, Jacob Braucher, each won sedans in our last auto puzzles. Over 800 prizes awarded in one year. Over $11,000.00 in prizes paid by us in October, 1928. In next few months will award between 300 and 400 prizes through our puzzles. Here's the new one for you.

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the house. They were Captain William Wiebold, Lieutenant William Tobener, and William J. Carroll, a patrolman.

Blackie was on the first floor when the officers started toward the front door. Bolting the doors and windows on the first floor, Blackie ran upstairs, and stationed himself at a window. On the floor beside him lay two high-powered rifles and four revolvers, all fully loaded, with 100 additional rounds of ammunition at his feet.

Blackie was ready. The first man to come in range of his guns was Wiebold. The officer received a bullet in the back, but the wound did not prove fatal. That shot was the signal for the opening of the most spectacular gun battle Kansas City has ever witnessed, or, probably, will ever witness. For two long hours, the battle raged, with 500 persons bombarding the house on Mont Gall Avenue. Officers and citizens occupied positions on every side of the house. Many were shooting from the roofs of other buildings, while others were firing from the cover of a concrete bridge nearby.

Officer Tobener attempted to climb to the roof of the porch, above which Blackie was shooting from a window. He crawled within a foot of the window, when Blackie discovered him. Lancaster reached around the window-facing, and fired point-blank in the officer's face. The bullet went wild, but the gunpowder filled Tobener's eyes, burned his face, and singed his hair. Tobener was blinded for several days. The officer slid from the roof, and was caught by several other policemen, and conveyed to safety.

I was firing from the concrete bridge, using a sawed-off shotgun. Detective Harry Arthur also was firing from the cover of the same bridge. I was wearing a straw hat, and once during the heat of the battle, I felt it struck and it almost fell off. When I removed it after the fight to mop my brow, I discovered a bullet hole through the crown.

Two hours, almost to the minute, had passed, from the time the three officers walked into the yard of the house on Mont Gall Avenue until the last shot was fired from the second story window. The firing was now coming only at intervals, one or two shots being fired every thirty seconds, then every minute, and finally the guns of Lancaster were stilled altogether.

We waited for several minutes, before anyone felt safe to emerge from his place of concealment. Detective Arthur was one of the first to leave his post and run toward the house. I followed.

THE front door was smashed, and the house was flooded with policemen. Vaulting the stairs, I arrived at the side of Blackie at the same time Arthur reached the bandit. Lancaster was lying face downward in a pool of blood that covered the floor three feet on either side of his body. He was still alive.

Turning him on his back, I looked down in the harsh face of Kansas City Blackie Lancaster, who was gasping away his life's last breath. With eyes that already were becoming glazed, he looked up and recognized me, and, with lips that were streaming blood, Kansas City Blackie Lancaster spoke his last words:

"Ike, . . . *damn you* . . . *you* . . . *got me* . . . !"

Two days later, Thomas Knight was captured in St. Louis.

Shortly afterwards, Eva Lewis, who could not be connected directly with the robbery of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas passenger train, was convicted in Denver on a charge of highway robbery, in connection with the hold-up of Mr. Otter.

George Eudaley was captured in Denver and was awaiting trial in Federal Court for train robbery.

Roy Sherrill, taken by National Guardsmen near Denver was in the St. Louis jail, having been transferred from Denver by the Postoffice authorities. He, also, was facing trial for the robbery of the *Texas Special*. It was George Eudaley and Roy Sherrill who gave the first detailed accounts of the operations of the great Jones-Lewis bandit gang.

A little later, Harry Lancaster, the brother of the slain Kansas City Blackie Lancaster, hanged himself in the Nineteenth Street Police Station, at Kansas City.

NOW that every other member of the terrible gang of robbers had been accounted for, where were Dale Jones and Marjie Dean? This question was being asked, not only by the Postoffice inspectors, but by the police of every city in the United States.

Donaldson and Adamson, Postoffice inspectors assigned to the task of running Dale Jones down, were not idle. They traced Jones back to California. They had expected he would return to the Pacific Coast.

But California is a big state. To say that a man is hiding in California means very little to the police and Federal authorities. It was up to the Postoffice inspectors to learn just what part of California shielded Dale Jones and his common-law wife, Marjie Dean.

More circulars were distributed. Employes of the Postoffice Department saw to it that one of these was posted in every filling-station, public building, and railway station in the country.

R. Krebs, proprietor of a filling-station on the outskirts of Arcadia, California, the town Dale Jones once said would some day be his permanent home after he had quit the robber game, happened to get one of these circulars. He studied the poster for a long while, after the man who tacked it on the wall of his small place had gone. *Less than one hour* after the circular, offering rewards totalling several thousand dollars, had been left at the filling-station, Krebs saw a big Marmon automobile drive up. It was one he had been fueling every few days. He walked out of his place, and greeted the customers—a man and woman.

"Well, how are you today?" Krebs said, always glad to see a regular cash customer.

"Fill 'er up," was the gruff reply of the man at the wheel.

Krebs looked up from his work of putting oil in the motor, intending to engage the young man in conversation. His own hand, holding the oil cup trembled, and the contents of the cup were spilled on the running board of the car. He said nothing further, but fastened down the hood over the engine, and took the money proffered him by his customer. Long after the car disappeared down the road, however, he was still standing in the same spot, staring after the big Marmon car!

Krebs walked back into his little office, and took another long look at the pictures

of a man and woman, who were being sought as "Dale Jones and Marjie Dean—wanted for murder and train robbery!"

THE next day, November 19th, 1918, the big Marmon car again drove up in front of Mr. Krebs' filling-station, and stopped.

A very young-looking man leaned lazily on the steering-wheel, and gazed dreamily toward the oil-station. He was patiently waiting for the attendant to come hurrying toward his car, and to be greeted with the customary "Well, how are you today?" The man in the automobile was smiling. He presented every outward indication of being content with life, and seemed to be enjoying the warm November sun of California.

A very tall woman sat in the car beside him. She was not pretty, or even attractive, nor did she appear to be young. Her complexion was sickly looking, and her hair was done up in a tight ball on the back of her head. She was obviously nervous.

Mr. Krebs stepped from the front door of his tiny office. But, instead of going toward the waiting automobile, he turned sharply to the right, and hurried toward the rear of the small building, and disappeared . . .

Suddenly, two tall men appeared from behind the oil-station, one on either side of the building. The eyes of both were riveted on the young man sitting in the Marmon car. Each of the newcomers held a shotgun in hands that trembled. Both spoke at once, and both spoke, or rather shouted, the same words:

"We are officers; throw up your hands!"

The young man in the car obeyed. The woman did likewise.

But, in the upward movement of the hands of the man to whom the order had been addressed, the long, graceful fingers of the right hand were bent sharply to the left, and downward. The fingers encircled the butt of an automatic pistol, and like a thing alive, the gun leaped into sight, and roared out Dale Jones' defiance to the Law.

Deputy Sheriff George Van Vliet, one of the officers who had appeared from the rear of the oil-station, dropped in his tracks. He died almost instantly.

A spray of bullets spattered around Deputy Sheriff Andy Anderson, the other officer. Then the twin barrels of Anderson's shotgun roared, and the report drowned out the machine gun-like tattoo of the revolvers of Dale Jones and Marjie Dean.

Two hours later, newsboys on the streets of Los Angeles were yelling *"Extra!"*

The newspaper story about which the newsies were shouting read:

> Riddled with buckshot from shoulders to the top of the head, he with a part of his skull torn away, and she with a full charge in the brain, Charles Forbes, *alias* Dale Jones, and his consort, Marjie Celano, *alias* Marjie Dean, are dead, their bodies lying in the Ranaker Undertaking room in Monrovia.
>
> Deputy-Sheriff George Van Vliet is dead and arrangements are being made for his funeral at his former home in Covina. This is the net result of one of the most spectacular fights with bandits ever recorded in Southern California.
>
> Private Brock, of the Arcadia Balloon School, a bystander, was slightly wounded by a stray bullet, and is in the hospital.

So the story of the Southwest's worst gang of criminals ends, and the terror of terrors is no more. Over a double grave in Calvary Cemetery, on Whittier Boulevard, near Montebello, California, a ten-years' growth of lush green grass waves in the Pacific breeze. Underneath, lie Dale Jones and Marjie Dean, buried in the same grave by the girl's mother, who came all the way from Italy to see her daughter laid to rest.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for January 1, 1929.

State of New York, County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John Shuttleworth who having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, New Metropolitan Fiction, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Editor, John Shuttleworth, 903 Summit Ave., New York City; Managing Editor, Joseph M. Roth, 541 Nepperhan Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y. Business Managers, none.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: New Metropolitan Fiction, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Stockholder: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc., Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.; O. J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is.....
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) JOHN SHUTTLEWORTH, *Editor.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1928, Wesley F. Pape, Notary Public, Queens County, No. 2682, Reg. No. 4846, Cert. filed in New York County, No. 471, Registered No. 9333. Commission expires March 30th, 1929. [SEAL]

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How to Become a Criminologist

(Continued from page 58)

and also valuable, acquaintances. When detectives go into the territory covered by his beat, the patrolman can usually tell them what the suspected men are in the habit of doing from daybreak to nightfall and from dusk to dawn.

Frequently, a man is content to remain a patrolman all his life in the Department. Though he has an innate ability to move further up, he doesn't care for the responsibilities of detective work.

Until recently, if he was ambitious, any member of the uniformed Force, of the rank of patrolman, after having served in the Police Department not less than one year, nor more than ten years, was eligible to make application for assignment to the Department of Detectives for a 60-day course in the Police Academy. But this course now, I understand, is for the new members of the Force.

This is a very valuable course in criminology, open only to members of the Department. It would take volumes to describe the various branches covered by this study.

Briefly, they include a short, intensive course given to patrolmen on criminology, together with additional, extensive instruction on criminals and their methods.

For example, in the lesson on Homicide, the instructors cover the duties of the first officer on the scene; strangulation, borderline, poisoning, tracing tools and implements used, and the broadcasting of official circulars.

Under the heading of Gangsters, the students are made acquainted with the hang-outs and weapons used by gangsters, and the various types of gangsters. This is constantly being supplemented by additional, up-to-date information.

Similarly treated are the subjects of pickpockets; confidence games, forgery and counterfeiting; truck and wagon thieves; package thieves; automobile thieves; sneak thieves; penny weighters; commercial swindlers; the criminal sale, distribution, and use of habit-forming drugs; bombs and explosives used by criminals; shadowing and trailing; industrial disorders; vernacular of the criminal.

ANOTHER division instructs in the allied sciences of criminological and pathological psychology; mental defectives and morons; mental disorders and criminology; dentistry in detective work; chemistry and microscopy in detective work.

In the Criminal Identification Department, detectives are instructed in the various methods of criminal identification, by means of radio, telegraph, telephone and letter; photography; finger-print codes, and the preparation of circulars.

As I neither wish to help the criminal by publishing too many details of this curriculum, nor to educate the public in methods of criminals, I will confine myself rather to the qualities which are essential for a good criminologist than to the *modus operandi* of crooks, and the detectives who hunt them.

Those who are in earnest in their expressed wish to become criminologists will be willing to go the right way about obtaining this education, namely via the Police Department; others, whose curiosity merely is aroused, will find many interesting books in the library on the subject.

My object in outlining the course is to give readers of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES some idea of the intensely interesting avenues open to would-be detectives who are willing to take up the profession seriously.

When a patrolman is first promoted to detective duty, he is assigned usually, to a police station. There, as a rule, he is put on "squeals." A "squeal" is the term given to all complaints sent in by civilians over the telephone, and covers everything from murder to sneak thievery and misdemeanors.

Detectives attending to "squeals" are sent over immediately to the address given by the complainant to make an investigation. In the case of a major crime, such as a murder or a robbery, they have great opportunities to use their powers of observation and skill in interrogation. In all cases they have an opportunity to display tact and good judgment.

Very frequently detectives making this preliminary investigation, if they are of the timber that really good sleuths are made of, manage to clean up the case if it is not an important one. All cases of importance are immediately referred to Police Headquarters and, when necessary, men from the various bureaus are assigned to them.

IN order that "old" cases should not get snowed under, I used to put them into the hands of tireless, experienced men. John J. Fogarty and Felix De Martini were experts on such assignments. Both were exceptionally keen men! They knew the underworld characters and had a great many sources of information. They were splendid team workers.

It is very necessary for a detective to possess initiative, and to be capable of working without supervision. Absolutely essential, however, if he is ever to be of use in big cases, is an aptitude for working in concert with others. The one who wants to act as a lone wolf, and grab the case for himself, is as welcome as a fox on a chicken farm.

When a big case breaks, information is sought from all angles, and all these lines have to be carefully worked up into a net to catch the criminal. The commanding officer—or the man in charge of the case—receives the reports daily from the detectives working under him, and is in a position to advise each one how best to follow the lead given into his particular care.

Different minds see things in different ways, and the actions of a suspect take on different colors when viewed through the perspective of certain other actions performed by another suspect.

Also, the over-ambitious detective, who, in an effort to win glory for himself, makes an unadvised, spectacular arrest, almost invariably throws a monkey wrench into the works, and smashes the whole machinery.

It was through the misdirected efforts of such a hair-brained "big-blow," who attempted to grab the case before all our information was complete, that a certain notorious criminal escaped. He is a desperate character, and is still wanted for murder by the police, and for narcotic smuggling and distribution by the Federal authorities.

That was as pretty a case as I ever came across, and we were just on the border of closing in on one of the biggest gangs of opium dealers when this one foolish move shattered the whole structure we had taken weeks to build up.

It started with a murder on East 116th Street not far from First Avenue.

Shortly after midnight, one autumn evening, as a patrolman was passing a half-shut doorway, he heard moans and feeble calls for police, and help, issuing from the hall. Upon shoving the door open, he found two men lying in a pool of blood; one was dead, and the other didn't seem to have much life left in him.

As the murder had taken place in my Division which covered all the territory between 14th and 116th Streets, and from the East River to Fifth Avenue, I had been immediately notified of the crime by the lieutenant on duty at our Headquarters.

I immediately got in touch with my right-hand men, Felix De Martini and John J. Fogarty, and we three arrived just as the photographer from Police Headquarters had finished taking flashes of the murdered man, and the surroundings.

When a police officer, on his arrival at the scene of crime, discovers a victim seemingly at the point of death, it is his duty to obtain immediately a "Dying Declaration," without waiting for the detectives.

I don't remember the name of the officer in this case, but he was a very bright, young fellow, and had followed the correct procedure. The agony caused by his wounds, and weakness from loss of blood, had seriously blunted the apparently dying man's senses, however. In answer to the routine questions as to his name, residence, and so on, the wounded man seemed to speak at random.

"He said something like 'two something blokes' trying to take opium without paying," the patrolman told me. "He spoke like a cockney, or one of them stage English butlers, but his voice was little more than a whisper and, when I tried to make him understand that I wanted to know his name, he just slumped off into a faint."

This unconsciousness had lasted until the ambulance surgeon arrived, made an examination, pronounced the other man dead, and loaded the still living one off to Bellevue Hospital.

When the "messengers" arrived from the Morgue, and lifted the body into their basket, I found a good-sized tin of opium.

Though the man who had been taken to Bellevue did not regain full consciousness for many days, we experienced little difficulty in learning his identity, and that of his dead pal. Through "discharge" papers found in their clothing, we found that they were assistant stewards on a small English passenger boat. They had made many crossings on that steamer.

I got into touch with the Federal authorities, and one of their best men joined my investigation.

"THE contact between the smugglers and the receivers is usually a woman," the Federal Narcotic man informed me, as we sat over a quick lunch in the early hours of the second day after the crime. "They know me in most of those hang-outs down the water-front, so I think you had better send some of your men to make the inquiries. Most of those women go-betweens don't last long, because they soon learn to hit the pipe themselves. I can let you have descriptions of one or two. We've never managed to get anything on them, but they are the 'lady friends' of suspects we've been watching for some time."

To a layman, it might have been like looking for a needle in a haystack, but it was merely a matter of patience and perseverance, and some very clever undercover work, which brought us the information that a girl, whom the dead steward had met on many occasions was the sweetheart of Rocco Viola, a man who had had many dealings in Chinatown. He was then living with his brother's family in a tenement house on Lexington Avenue.

LIKE most of those chaps, Viola had a criminal record. This gave us his life history, and associates.

Posing as an official from the Children's Aid Society, De Martini entered the Viola flat and, telling Mrs. Viola that they had received a confidential communication which reported that her children were without proper guardianship, he at once dissipated all suspicion. Where her children are concerned, an Italian woman will fight to retain their possession with all the ferocity of a tigress.

"What do they mean—not proper guardianship?" she demanded of De Martini in Italian. "Are they not clean? Don't they look healthy?"

"But, they are left alone all day while you are out working," the pseudo-agent objected. (The house had been under surveillance, and the shadow man had reported that Mrs. Viola was working as a waitress in a restaurant nearby, from 6 a. m. until late at night.)

"And what of that? My Nina, she is ten—she is big girl—she can cook and wash and keep house, and attend to the 'Bambini.' When she and her two brothers are at school, my neighbor look after the others."

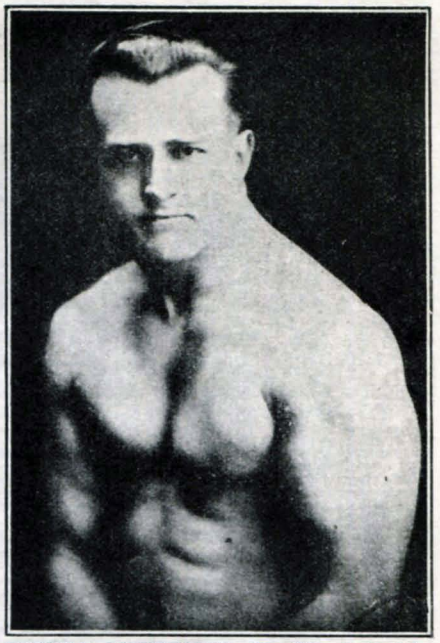
When questioned about her husband, Luigi, Mrs. Viola was much more reticent. It was with great difficulty that De Martini learned that he was then on "the Island," where he had been sent up as a "lush-worker," which is the usual term given to men who make a practice of robbing intoxicated passengers in the subways.

Still more wary was she before admitting that she kept a boarder—her brother-in-law, Rocco Viola. She did not know where he was then, but she expected he would turn up in a day or two.

One of the men working on this case for us was a very extraordinary character. He did undercover work exclusively, and was a great pet—a regular protégé of the underworld, who never suspected that he was a member of the Detective Bureau.

This chap could play the piano like a professional—though he couldn't read a single note of music—and could sing like a bird! He posed so persistently as a poor, misused, derelict that, gradually, he came to look like an unhealthy, abnormal pariah, or a mangy stray cur. For the benefit of the underworld, the police used to cuff and kick him about, and he used to run back, crying, to his lawless associates, showing his bruises (self-inflicted) as proof of the brutalities he had suffered!

Quite frequently, he was "picked up," of course. On those occasions, he would



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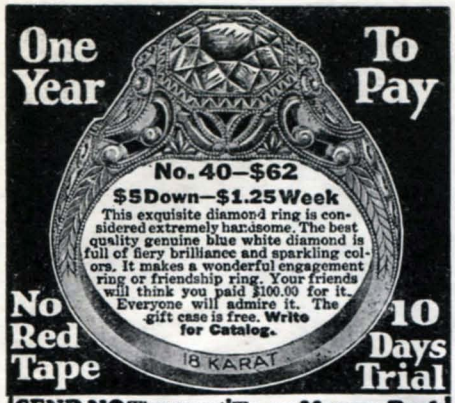

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laugh uproariously at the way in which he was "taking in" the "wise guys and molls," and hand out a treasury of valuable tips and pointers on cases to which he had been assigned to cover in his own peculiar way.

Rocco Viola was in hiding. The Federal men, who had unsuccessfully trailed him before, explained that, as a rule, he was very careful to keep the men of his gang at a distance. In this manner, he had succeeded in keeping the identity of its various members secret. He had met them by appointment in various chop-suey restaurants on Pell Street, and in the back rooms of saloons.

It had been difficult, therefore, for the men "tailing" him to tell whether those he met were members of his gang, or only casual acquaintances.

While in hiding in a comfortable room over an Italian "table d'hôte" restaurant on the lower East Side, however, he evidently had his men come to him.

All this time, while we were gathering up the various strands which were to make an unescapable net for the murderer of his pal, the cockney steward remained hovering between life and death in the hospital. Never once did he regain sufficient consciousness to recognize the Rogues' Gallery pictures of the two Viola brothers, who, we were morally certain, had committed the crime.

AT first, the newspapers made a big splurge about the murder, and the rumor that it was the work of a great opium "ring." As nothing seemed to be developing—naturally the police were careful to keep their suspicions of the Viola brothers away from the public—interest died down. Many of the papers—one echoing another, as they sometimes do—declared that, when a "mystery murder" was not solved within a month, it was seldom ever solved, but became snowed under other cases, and so on.

I had a man constantly keeping both the tenement on Lexington Avenue and the restaurant downtown under surveillance. De Martini was continuing to keep more or less in touch with the Viola family in his rôle of benevolent investigator.

"I heard one of the youngsters say to another that their Uncle Rocco was coming back," De Martini reported to me one evening during a conference. "He must have been reading the papers and believes the road is clear."

Sure enough Uncle Rocco returned the following day, but we were not ready to break the case until the man in the hospital identified his photograph. Though consciousness had returned, his memory of events and faces was still blurred. This, the hospital physicians told us, would clear up in a day or two.

We were all sitting pretty, right then. The whole gang was in the net, and we were waiting only for the word of identification to drag the whole mob to Headquarters.

Then what does the shadow man, who had been told to keep the Lexington Avenue tenement under surveillance, do but tear a hole in the net, right where our fattest rat was enmeshed!

Seeing Rocco return home, it evidently occurred to him that here was a chance to cover himself with glory. Like a bull into a china shop he dashed up the dark stairs after him. A closed door faced him at the Viola flat. On this he pounded, and demanded that they open it in the name of the Law. It was opened by Mrs. Viola, who was in her night-clothes with all the youngsters, very scared, clinging to her.

Dashing in, the detective ransacked the place. The bird had flown—probably, further up the stairs to the roof, from which he could walk for half a block before descending to the street.

We never saw Rocco Viola again, though the warrant is still out for his arrest.

That's an example of what an *excess* of initiative will do!

To prevent further escapes, we hauled in all the others under the elastic charge of being "suspicious characters," trusting that our cockney would recover before the magistrate had to let them go for want of evidence.

Then luck turned our way. Like most of those temporary loss of memory cases, the steward's clear consciousness returned like a flash. He recognized the photographs as being those of his assailants, and Rocco Viola as the one who had actually fired the shots.

Luigi Viola was convicted of murder in the second degree. Knowing that his brother had escaped, he came across with valuable information that helped to send the opium gang to Atlanta.

SOONER or later, each one finds his own level. He will find himself assigned to some special department, such as the Homicide Bureau, the Burglary and Loft Squad, the Missing Persons Bureau, the Identification Bureau, the Pickpocket

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Squad, or he becomes a specialist in confidence workers, forgers, truck and wagon thieves, gangsters, and so on.

He cannot always push himself into the department which interests him most. Few detectives care for indoor work, yet most of them, at some time or other, have been assigned to the Identification Bureau; others who are exceptionally interested in finger-printing have found years go by before they eventually arrive at this niche.

A detective, if he is going to make much headway, has to give the same sort of unquestioning obedience as that demanded of a soldier. He has to accept everything as being "all in the day's work," as Kipling puts it.

I was always interested in firearms, and thought I had made a great start right in the work that interested me most, when Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner of New York—later, President of the United States—put me in charge of the course of firearms instruction at Headquarters. Firearms were always my hobby and I spent much of my spare time experimenting in the photography of bullets, and inventing new standards to hold exhibition bullets.

Then came the day when, to my astonishment, I was made Commanding Officer of the Third Division with 55 men under me. At first, I was inclined to believe that Tammany was attempting to make a "goat" out of me. I knew crime and criminals, but it seemed to me that this section of New York City, known as "Little Italy," needed a specialist who understood the most vicious, cold-blooded type of Sicilian criminal. This was *really* a lawless section of the underworld. Here was situated the notorious "murder stable," the headquarters of gangsters who hired out murderers at *wholesale prices!*

Law-abiding shopkeepers, and street-cart peddlers, were held in a grim grip of terrorism. Not only were they so panic-stricken that they dared not open their lips to testify as witnesses of crimes committed right before their eyes, but they were forced to pay "tribute" to the "collectors" of a man known as the "King of Little Italy."

This man's name was Gallucci. Like all leaders of murder gangsters, he had many would-be rivals who aspired to his kingship—yet he seemed to bear a charmed life, or, by some means or other, managed to intimidate his fellow guerrillas.

I don't know how a "fiction" criminologist would have handled this situation. I sought to find out the secret of this man's power; once I could undermine that, I was convinced I would be able to knock over this king-pin. Reading the newspapers, you might imagine that there is a wonderful sense of loyalty among gangsters and racketeers; that, when vengeance is wrought by a mob whose chief has been "taken for a ride," this is done through love for the dead man.

FROM my many years' experience in dealing with gangsters, I could not pick out a *single instance* of any such loyalty!

It is simply a matter of self-preservation, and an attempt at intimidation of the rival gang. Of course, the other, and more popular idea is more romantic, but it is simply falsely glorifying a very sordid type of criminal. The "double-cross" is the invisible trade-mark in all this sorry business.

I learned that it was Gallucci's boast that he had never been arrested in his life. On this he had built up an awe-inspiring reputation, impressing on his victims and mobmen alike, that even the police were afraid of him.

He had spread tales, too, that he was the son of a great criminal leader in the Sicilian province, from which he had come to America. There, he let it be known, as a youth he had always lorded it over the police with the same bravado as he did in this country.

All this I learned from stool pigeons, who fluttered about the wine-cellars and street corners.

I requested the Italian consul to look up Gallucci's record in his home town, and held matters in abeyance until he reported that the bragging Gallucci had been arrested ten or eleven times there, and had served time!

Then I waited for an opportunity to arrest him. As his lieutenants and gunmen did all the actual dirty work, Gallucci was pretty well protected. My only chance of bringing him in, was to catch him with a revolver in his possession.

How we learned that the gangsters in New York's "Little Italy" kept their guns under the floor in a certain cellar-saloon, I described in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES some time ago in my story of how we corralled the leaders who perpetrated the famous Baff murder.

This same saloon had a room in the rear where gambling for high stakes was being brazenly carried on. It was a favorite hang-out for Gallucci, who made regular rounds of all such dives, and personally kept check of how much their proprietors were taking in. Occasionally, gang leaders from other sections of Manhattan and Brooklyn paid visits to Little Italy and then, I was informed, the "King" went armed!

SO it came about that, one night, when, through our underground sources, we learned that Gallucci had been warned of the expected arrival of a couple of those unwelcome visitors, we were all ready for him.

As he stepped into the street from his favorite hang-out, I noticed that he was wearing an overcoat, though the night was muggy and oppressive. One of the officers who accompanied me, bumped into him, and felt the bulge of a "gat" under his right arm.

The pinch was made right then and there of both Gallucci and his nephew, who always accompanied him and acted as his chief lieutenant.

It was as if a pall had descended over Little Italy that night, so quiet and dumfounded was the whole district. The incredible had happened—*the police had dared to arrest their king—and tyrant!*

When our evidence as to Gallucci's prison record in Italy was offered at the trial, the defendant's counsel was as much taken aback as were the gangsters who were brazenly crowding the court room. For a while, I noticed, they listened in amazement; then one after another they left.

We were not greatly surprised when the trial resulted in a hung jury, for we had not been over-confident of a conviction.

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Our aim had been to show the denizens of this criminal quarter that the police were not afraid to arrest Gallucci and to inform them of his previous record. This, we knew, would sweep across the colony like the flames of a forest fire.

Gallucci and his nephew were released on heavy bail. However, the city was spared the costs of a new trial, for the day following their release, a gunman walked into Gallucci's office and deliberately shot them both in cold blood, with that deadly sureness which marks the expert gunman.

The arrests of these two men had a salutary effect on that vicious community. Its members became sullen instead of defiant. Without a let-up we went after them. The law-abiding contingent lost their paralyzing terror, and were very helpful in surreptitiously passing out to us valuable tips.

"Little Italy," once practically owned and governed by criminals, became known as an unhealthy spot for gangsters and gunmen. Just how either I, or one of my men, happened to saunter along "for a little talk" just on the eve, always, of their pulling off a trick, they never learned, so far as I know. We merely acted on our practical knowledge of the crimes of that particular section, and of the criminals who infested it.

CRIMINALS are not all bad—any more than people who keep within the law are all good. They have their own code which it is hard for men and women of the upper-world to understand.

It is a very rare thing for a criminal to hold any sort of rancor against a detective or police officer who is responsible for his arrest. They may put up a fight at the time, but they are not vindictive. Nor is their attitude toward the stool pigeon, as informers are nicknamed, the bloodthirsty one popularly pictured.

Stool pigeons, as a rule, are not recruited from the ranks of criminals. They are mostly derelicts, often members of good families who, through drink, or drugs, or weak-mindedness, have fallen into the gutter. Crooks, who are always on the lookout for danger, are not unaware of the make-shift fashion in which these down-and-outers manage to scratch a living, but they regard them with far more contempt than fear. After all, it is always a match of wits between themselves and the Law.

Sometimes, the police receive valuable information from members of the underworld.

An instance of this occurred shortly before I left the Department.

One morning, a woman's voice called me on the telephone. "This is Mae," it said. "I've got some information for you. Will you meet me at the corner of Eighth Avenue and 114th Street at eleven o'clock?"

"All right," I agreed, and hung up the receiver.

I HADN'T the slightest idea on earth who "Mae" was, but took it for granted that she would make herself known.

As De Martini knows practically everyone by sight in the underworld of New York City, I took him along with me.

In those days, gangs kept pretty close to the East Side, and any member who drifted to the upper West Side was as conspicuous to those who knew their gangdom's "Who's Who," as a bootlegger's bride at a Quakers' meeting!

"There she is, standing over on the other corner," De Martini said to me, indicating a strikingly pretty, but bold-looking girl, who, even as he spoke, crossed the street in our direction. "She's Cuff Guerrini's girl. Remember Cuff, whose car struck a kid that ran in front of its wheels? They tried to mob him and you let him escape, advising him to keep in hiding, and give himself up within a couple of hours after the excitement died down . . ."

"Remember me, Captain?" the girl addressed me directly, flashing a dazzling smile.

"Yes, how are you, Mae, and how's Cuff? You've some information for me?"

"You're looking for Nino Puccini, aren't you?" she said, referring to a hold-up man, head of a gang that specialized in victimizing pawnbrokers. I nodded. "Well, he's out in Los Angeles now, but his girl is here. I didn't dare tell you over the telephone. If you'll walk past 148th Street and Third Avenue about one o'clock, I'll point her out to you."

I agreed without asking any further questions. It's always best to take volunteered information the way it is given to you—or leave it alone, I've found, in such instances.

De Martini and I were at the rendezvous at the proposed hour. Mae appeared and walked straight past us, but we caught the description:

"The blond with the dark eyes, in red!"

Evidently, this little scene had been arranged beforehand by Mae and Nino Puccini's girl, who just then crossed the street, and stood at the corner.

Romance and Adventure on the Wing

Thrills, suspense and action run rampant through the pages of the new Macfadden fiction magazine, FLYING STORIES. Get the January issue which goes on the stands December 23rd, and you will find a score or more of fascinating stories of the air as well as thrilling fact stories of the perils of pilots. As an added feature there will be an aviation alphabet which will give you the valuable information you have been wanting about the various parts of an airplane and how they function.

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Remember the date, December 23rd. Twenty-five cents a copy. Thirty cents in Canada.

De Martini approached her, and I saw him address her. The girl shook her head and walking toward me, passed me and entered a tenement house nearby.

"She said she couldn't talk to us on the street. We were to follow her into the house."

This run-around method is an interesting one. I haven't the space here to go into the peculiar psychological quirk back of it, but it is well known to all detectives who have had many dealings with the underworld.

DE MARTINI and I lost no time in following Nino Puccini's little blond sweetheart, who climbed three dark, unpainted flights of stairs, and unlocked one of four cell-like doors which faced the landing.

Without paying the slightest attention to us, she left the door open for us to enter, and proceeded along the short hall which led to a kitchen.

Once there, she immediately busied herself with a casserole of spaghetti, which was simmering in the oven. On a white-enameled chair, near the window, a solemn-eyed little girl of six years was seated.

"*Now*, will you tell us where Nino is?" I asked the woman.

"No, I won't tell you, but maybe the kid'll tell you!" she said, with a great show of indifference.

"He's working in a garage in Los Angeles," the youngster piped up on receiving this cue. She added the address, which she had evidently memorized. Then she added the information that the various members of his gang were with him.

From the nearest telegraph station I sent a wire to the Chief of Police at Los Angeles, signing Deputy Commissioner Faurot's name to it. My own name, I figured, would not effect equally prompt action.

Temporarily, the matter slipped my mind, as I was engrossed with other affairs that afternoon.

The following morning I received a telephone message from the Deputy Commissioner.

"The Chief of Police says he has run in Nino Puccini and his gang in Los Angeles, according to my instructions. I never gave him any instructions. Do you know anything about it?"

I explained. Extradition machinery was immediately put in motion, and, in due time, the much wanted mob arrived in New York, were tried and received severe sentences, their capture brought about by Nino Puccini's blond sweetheart.

Jail Break!

(*Continued from page 23*)

and joy in her fast-beating heart, a Deputy Sheriff and I looked quietly in on the crowd. Captain Smith had furnished me with an excellent description of Loya's sweetheart—said to be a dancer—who had so often visited him at the Stockade, and who was suspected of having aided and abetted his escape. I recognized her at once from this description, and concluded that Loya must be hiding somewhere in the city.

"We'll check up first on Modrego's dump," said the San Bernardino officer. "He's probably skulking around there now."

PEERING through the window of a shack in the rear of the Buzzard's home, my companion and I beheld Jose Loya, sprawled on a tousled bed, smoking a cigarette. Two empty whiskey bottles on the floor testified to the manner in which the fugitive had slaked his thirst.

"*Marihuana* and jack-ass liquor!" observed the Deputy, dubiously, addressing me in a hoarse whisper. "He's a dangerous *hombre* right now! Better come back later when he's asleep."

"Asleep, hell!" I muttered. I guess my grin indicated that I rather relished the prospect of a scrimmage after two solid days of inaction.

With drawn gun I stepped to the door and kicked it open, the Sheriff close at my heels.

At sight of us, Loya leaped to his feet with a curse and snatched a knife from the table. The glittering blade hissed through the air, missing my throat by an inch, and imbedded itself, quivering, in the broken plaster of the wall behind me.

Without waiting to see the result of this offensive, Loya snatched up a chair and hurled it at the Deputy Sheriff. That officer dodged and there was a crash of shattered glass, as the chair smashed through the window.

We then closed in on the drug-crazed Mexican, who struggled and fought, with hands, feet and teeth, like a maniac. Finally we overpowered him and snapped handcuffs on his wrists. Cursing and groaning, we dragged him down the alley to a waiting car and carried him to the local bastile.

Several hours after Loya's arrest, Carmen—her little hand-bag bulging with bills that meant escape to freedom and security—ran gaily out to the abandoned shack . . .

The empty room, the broken glass and overturned furniture spoke more eloquently than words. The Law had once more snatched her lover from her arms! The unhappy girl threw herself on the bed and wept in a wild abandon of despair.

SEVERAL of the jail-breakers had been picked up on the streets the day after their escape. Incidentally, when Ramon Ruiz, the unfortunate prisoner who had become stuck in the narrow opening, was re-captured, his body was still black and blue from the effects of that strenuous ordeal! During the ensuing weeks, others were apprehended in Northern California, Arizona and Texas, from which points they were returned to Los Angeles to stand trial. In all, twenty-five of the thirty-one fugitives were re-captured. All save Loya, Chavez and Delgado received long jail sentences of varying lengths. Delgado and Chavez, as ring-leaders in the

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jail-breaking plot, and with previous prison records, were sent to the penitentiary.

On August 26th, 1926, Jose Loya was taken into court, charged with Jail-breaking, Escape from the Legal Custody of an Officer, and Violation of Section 606 of the Penal Code (Destroying Jail Property). In addition, his prison record enabled the State to charge him with being an Habitual Criminal.

In the rear of the courtroom, Carmen, veiled in black, sat beside Marie and Nacho, who acted as interpreters.

When the judge sentenced Loya to serve "From ten years to life" in San Quentin Penitentiary, the prisoner listened with a shrug and a sneering smile. Frantically, Carmen turned to Marie and demanded to know what had been said. Marie repeated the sentence in Spanish, and, as the door closed behind Loya and the Bailiff, Carmen's piercing shriek rang through the room! Startled spectators turned to learn the cause of the outcry, and Nacho hurriedly carried the half-fainting girl out in the corridor.

—o—

THREE months later, *La Carmencita* was the star attraction at a Tia Juana resort—a beautiful girl with dancing feet and bleeding heart, with smiling lips and tragic eyes—longing still for her lover, condemned to spend ten years behind iron bars—bars that, this time, he cannot break through.

Trailing Perfume

(*Continued from page 27*)

her a fictitious name and kept to my rôle by explaining I was a hardware salesman on my first trip to the Mid-West and knew nothing of Detroit, where I was to begin my labors. In return, she said her name was Bessie Clifton, that she was familiar with the city, and was going there now to visit relatives. She offered to show me around. I accepted, and promised that, as soon as I located hotel accommodations, I would write to her, care of General Delivery. She pleaded she could not give me an address, as her relatives would not approve of her meeting anyone whom they did not know.

Tired of the chatter—for I had no plan as to how I could use this girl, though I imagined she had a distinct idea of what disposition she would make of me—I pretended to doze until we were within a few miles of Detroit.

JUST after we had stopped briefly at Fletcher, and were under way again, I was snapped back into full action. The Pullman conductor was in the doorway of the car to the rear of the girl, and was nodding to me. I strolled leisurely in his direction and joined him on the car platform.

"Things are breaking badly for you," he said. "Although the girl in the stateroom had a ticket for Detroit, she left the train at Fletcher and entered a limousine. She got off just before we pulled out and carried her own bags."

"Damn!" I blurted.

"There's something else. Just as we got under way a man dropped off the rear day-coach and went in the direction of the same limousine. All I can tell you about him is, that he's a big fellow, probably weighing about 180 pounds, and seemed fashionably dressed. It's a short run to Detroit and, supposing they were together, their machine will reach the city almost as quickly as we shall."

"Let me see her stateroom!"

That move brought, at least, one result. On the floor I noted tobacco ashes and picked up a band which had come from a high-priced cigar. This I placed in my wallet. It might prove useful later. The Clifton girl and I said good-by as we pulled into the Detroit Station, and I permitted her to drive away in a taxi without attempting to follow. To do so would only betray that I was wise, for I was certain I was being watched. Besides, I anticipated she would hunt me up, possibly before I was ready to see her again.

I REGISTERED at a traveling men's hotel in the business district, ate a late dinner, then went to my room, where I remained the balance of the night with windows locked, shades down and my weapon handy.

By this time, I was convinced I'd been trailed from the moment I left Klem Baker at the Hudson Street warehouse, and that my foes believed I was, in some way, connected with the Prohibition Enforcement Department. Possibly they thought I was a hardware salesman who was doubling up by doing a little snooping after rum runners. But, more likely, they guessed nearer the truth—that I must be an experienced investigator for Baker to have conferred with me—and were planning to put me out at the first favorable opportunity, probably with the assistance of the Clifton girl. I decided to avoid her for a time, to drop my salesman role and get right down to business. Knowing Detroit almost as well as I did New York, and certain that spies were below watching for my next appearance, I determined to shake my trailers, and get in touch with the local Customs and Secret Service heads. This I did next morning by going to the roof of the hotel, crossing to an office building of the same height, next door, and making my way to the street by a rear exit. After receiving reports which brought me up-to-date on the local situation, and being pledged prompt assistance at a moment's call, I talked to Klem Baker over a private wire and reported I was making progress. Of course, I went into no details and he expected none, then. None of the Detroit officials recognized the two girls I described.

I re-entered the hotel in the same way I had left it, then went into the street by the front entrance, so as to make my trailers believe I had been in my room all morning. The three days which followed brought little action, my enemies and I apparently both waiting for the other side to make the first move. Some of the time I lounged in the hotel lobby, but I spent part of each day walking the streets and visiting shops, and each night went to a

theater. In doing this, I hoped to run across the young lady of the perfume and her male companion, for they were the kind who were certain to spend some of their ill-gotten coin in expensive purchases and entertainment. But that line brought no results. By the fourth day of marking time I was nervous for action, and practically determined to write the Clifton girl, making an appointment. I could understand why she hadn't sought me out. Such a play would have been too obvious.

However, luck dealt the cards for me. Leaving the hotel by the roof route to avoid trailers, I was walking through one of the downtown streets when I received a jolt at seeing Bessie Clifton, wearing an evening gown, alight from a taxi, and enter a brilliantly lighted building from which came the strains of jazz. Inquiring of a policeman, I learned it was the city's newest, largest and most popular cabaret, a place frequented by those with plenty of cash to spend and where full dress was optional. Satisfied the girl had not noted me, I entered, counting upon the mob which thronged the place to shield my movements while I made a covert search for her.

After exploring the lower corridors unsuccessfully, I went up to a balcony where I could look down upon the dancers and the people sitting at the tables. Again Fate handed me a blue chip. There standing near a table at the edge of the dancing floor, and close to a bank of palms, was the girl whose trail I wanted most to uncover—she of the Oriental perfume! She was wearing no wig this time to conceal her dark hair, and I knew I was not mistaken.

Descending from the balcony, I made my way toward her, exercising every care that she should not see me. Just as I was partly hidden by a pillar, she made a quick half-turn in my direction and, although I slipped like a flash to the rear of the palms next the pillar, I was by no means positive that I had been quick enough to escape those penetrating eyes. Had she seen me? Did she recognize me?

I STUDIED the man with her—a big fellow, with the swarthy complexion of a Latin and wearing evening clothes—doubtless the one who had left the train with her at Fletcher. It was not, however, his massive bulk which held me, but his features, cruel and vicious. If he were the leader of the "Million-Dollar" alky ring, I could understand the cold-blooded murder of Denton and the ruthless methods of the gang. Right there I decided, if ever we came to grips, to waste no time but shoot straight!

I took a long chance and seated myself at a little table near the couple, counting on the clustered palms to conceal me. If the girl turned I could pull my chair further behind them. However, the two, with heads close together, apparently paid no heed to anything but their own earnest and whispered conversation. The woman wore many jewels; the man only one, a ring set with a large, square-cut diamond. I hoped later, by describing this costly bauble, to establish his identity. The man smoked one cigar after another, discarding the bands from each fresh one.

I wanted one of those bands very much, but for a time was puzzled how to proceed. Then the passing of a girl with a tray of sweets and cigarettes suggested a plan. I purchased some gum, chewed a piece until it was soft, then stuck it upon the toe of my shoe. Waiting until the music ceased, and the dancers made their way back among the tables, I slipped around the palms, extended my leg and brought the chewing gum down upon one of the cigar bands. As I drew back I happened to glance toward the balcony, and thought I saw the Clifton girl looking down directly at me, but the face disappeared before I could be certain. However, this determined me to leave my position and I went to the wash-room, where a comparison of the bands proved them identical. *I had uncovered my man.*

If not the leader, he was surely an important member of the "racketeers." I would have to follow them when they left the place, hoping to uncover their hide-out. Going outside, I engaged a chauffeur to wait until I was ready to use his taxi, then found a hiding-place in the shadows which commanded a full view of the cabaret entrance.

MY vigil lasted nearly an hour, when the perfumed girl and her burly companion came out, entered a limousine and were driven away. I was in my taxi in one leap, telling the chauffeur which car to follow, and to keep close. We turned into Woodward Avenue, the chase proving a bit difficult because of a considerable flow of traffic. However, we kept our quarry in sight until after rounding Grand Circus Park, when it escaped us in a jam. We worked our way out quickly. But, just as we were again making speed, a big car, with curtains drawn, rammed us full tilt from the side, all but upsetting us!

At the same moment, I saw an arm come from beneath a curtain; there were two flashes and reports as bullets sang past my ears and thudded into the woodwork. My enemies had begun the fight in earnest!

My chauffeur jerked his taxi to a halt and the big car raced away. Climbing out we inspected the damage. He made an appraisal and I settled, then walked hurriedly away without replying to his excited queries. I was anxious to escape from

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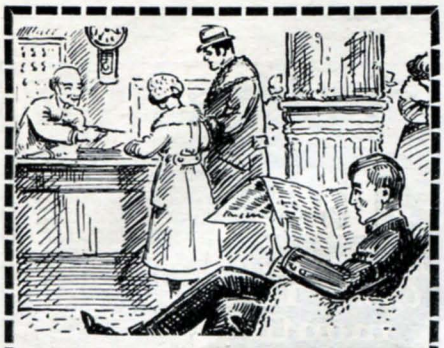

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the curious onlookers who had gathered and was glad no policeman had arrived. With rapid steps I headed downtown, desirous of reaching my hotel so I could think coherently.

I had proceeded several blocks—reached the central business district in fact—when I received another jolt which set my pulses jumping again. From behind me the Clifton girl passed, walking with hasty steps, then turned into a side street. Though she did not look toward me, I was certain she had seen me. Probably she had *arranged* the "taxi accident," and followed me when I left the cab. Her present move might be another plant, but I was bound to see it through. If, by good luck, she hadn't seen me, she might lead me to other clues, as she had done at the cabaret.

Turning the corner, I saw her hurrying on ahead. I followed, clutching my gun and keeping close to the houses. We covered some distance, finally reaching a block in which there was a row of office buildings. Into the entrance of one of these—a rather shabby, old structure—she disappeared. Throwing aside caution, I ran after her, arriving just in time to see her enter one of those "self service" elevators, frequently used in the less important buildings of the western cities for the accommodation of tenants at night. I watched and noted, by the signal light, that the elevator went to the top floor, the sixth. For a few minutes I was puzzled. Was she leading me into a trap, or had she failed to see me and come there to consult the rum ring leaders in some office hide-out? There was but one way to obtain an answer and that was to follow her.

I LOOKED up the stairway. The hallways appeared to be lighted all the way up. I brought the elevator down, then followed the girl to the upper floor. Opening the door carefully, my automatic held ready for instant action, I peered cautiously out. From the center corridor four hallways branched off at right angles. I moved about until I could look into each. No one was in sight. On tiptoe, I covered the floor. Every office was dark. Perhaps, the girl had come up there, then walked down a flight to throw off any possible trailers. Noiselessly, I descended two flights to the floor below. I'm certain I heard nothing, but, somehow, I sensed danger. I began to realize I had been enticed into a plant and that I'd be lucky to get out alive. There might be a dozen gunmen scattered along the corridors waiting to pick me off.

Moving without sound, I approached the hallway leading to the stairs—then paused just before exposing myself at the turn. Recalling an old Indian trick, I took my hat in my left hand and pushed it out slowly beyond the wall, at the same time holding my gun clubbed. Within seconds I got the anticipated action. A hand clutching a blackjack darted out and my hat was knocked spinning. The unknown had struck with such force that his body lurched into view and I brought my pistol crashing down. However, it struck his neck instead of his skull, and he gave a yell as he fell back, then rushed at me. But my second blow went true and he dropped like so much dead weight.

Snatching up his cap and grabbing him by the collar, I dragged him down the steps to the half-way landing; next hurriedly searched his pockets. They only contained some money and a small notebook, and I pocketed the latter. Then I heard sounds—steps on the stairs, floors below, and the elevator in motion. Rushing to the floor below, I looked over the railing. Two men were coming up. I was in a jam. It would never do to permit others to get above me by means of the elevator, thereby exposing me to attack from above and below. On a chance, I raced to a rear window and opened it, hoping to find a fire-escape. There was none. But ten feet below was a roof extension. Swinging myself out, I dropped, landed safely, then rolled into the shadows of a water-tank. I was just in time. There came reports and bullets ricochetted across the tin roof. I returned the fire, driving my assailants from the windows.

Creeping in the shadows, I made the far edge of the roof. A ladder extended below. I hurried down it like a frightened monkey, ran across the yard and found an alley leading to the street. Pocketing my gun and pulling on the gangster's cap, I slipped into the open, and mingled, for a few moments, with the policemen and others attracted by the shots. They were at a loss to determine where they had been fired. Then I moved away and hastened directly to the home of the local Secret Service head.

THIS man—I'll speak of him as Curtis, because it isn't his name—was one of those familiar with my business in Detroit, and it was through his office I had communicated with Klem Baker. He listened attentively while I detailed the recent adventures which had come close to costing me my life, then we examined the notebook I had taken from the unconscious thug. Inside the cover, made by a rubber stamp, was the name: "Argentine Hides Importing and Trading Company." Then came several pages of notes, illiterate and meaningless to us, and many figures. What interested us most was a State license-card, pasted inside the rear cover, issued to Andrew Conroy—the address was near the river—granting him permission to drive a truck during the current year.

"I know that company," said Curtis. "It has a warehouse on the water-front where it stores and disposes of hides in gross lots. The place smells to heaven. It would be a joke on us if the runners operated it and hid their contraband among the hides, depending upon the stench to kill 'alky' smells from broken bottles and keep snoopers away."

"It would be in keeping with their other bold performances," I replied, picking up a telephone directory. Then, "Well, my night wasn't wasted. I see this Argentine Company has offices in the very building in which I nearly met my finish. I guess you and I agree on the next step."

HE did. And that step was for him to summon to his home some dozen men of the Secret Service, Customs Department and the Border Patrol and arrange two raids to be staged promptly at ten o'clock next morning, when our supposed enemies would be certain to be on their jobs. While waiting for the arrival of our aids, Curtis telephoned the superintendent of the suspected building—one of his friends—and inquired about the Argentine Company. Listening on an extension I heard a description of the head of the

concern, Emilo Figeroa—a supposed Spaniard, but who spoke English fluently—which corresponded with that of the man I had spotted in the cabaret. I whispered to Curtis to ask about jewelry, and the reply clinched matters. Figeroa always wore a ring set with a large square-cut diamond.

When the men had assembled we detailed three of them to station themselves near the office building, with one in possession of a booth telephone. They were to raid the Argentine Company's offices as soon as we gave the word. We were to take the other men, surround the plant, search it, and, if we found contraband, order the office raid. Later, Curtis detailed additional men to try to locate Conroy and the living quarters of the Spaniard. However, up to the time we were compelled to move, the reports were unsatisfactory. All that the investigators had learned was that Figeroa and a beautiful young woman, who passed as his wife, moved about constantly between hotels and furnished apartments—though they were often absent from the city—and that their present living quarters had not been located.

OUR raid was carried out, but it failed to produce all the desired results. When Curtis and I attempted to enter the hides plant we were refused admittance, even though he displayed his shield. Summoning our men, we resorted to force. Some of those inside put up a fight, one trying to use a gun. But we beat them into submission. I was among those who raced from the offices and stables, across the pier, to the warehouse where the hides were stored. Just as I reached the water's edge, a launch, in which were two men, shot out into the river. I noted the man at the wheel was Figeroa and shouted to Curtis. We fired several shots, but all missed. In jig time, the fleeing launch was among the river craft, and the most we ever learned concerning it was, that it had rounded Grosse Island, and headed toward the Canadian shore.

Once the boat had disappeared, Curtis ran to a telephone and ordered the raid on the office. However, that drew a blank. When the operatives forced their way into the place, it was deserted, and everything was in confusion. All the books and papers had been piled into a fire-place and burned. Obviously, those there had been tipped by telephone when we first tried to enter the dock plant and had tried to destroy everything which would help us.

BUT we were a long way from losing out entirely! In the cellar of the warehouse and in lofts—all packed deep beneath stinking hides—we seized more than $250,000.00 worth of Canadian whiskeys, cordials and champagne. We also had eleven prisoners, but all refused to talk. Leaving Curtis to dispose of those arrested and the contraband, I hastened to the Argentine Company's office. There I learned the bad news. Looking through the charred papers I found only two bits which interested me. One was a partly burned list of Shipping Board vessels which had been advertized for sale, with a check opposite the *Margot*—a 7,000-ton schooner—and part of an envelope, on which was printed "Coastwise Distributing Corporation,——East Street, New York City."

I then went to Curtis' office, where I was informed they had located Conroy. He was under guard in a river tenement, where he had lived with his mother, since reaching Detroit some weeks previously, and was near death. Hurrying to the place, I was met at the door by one of the operatives in charge, who outlined the situation. Conroy's unconscious body had been hidden in the office building until after the excitement caused by the shooting died down, when a doctor was summoned. He said the man would die within a few hours. Conroy was then removed to his home, where he regained consciousness at intervals. One of the gang and a physician remained with him, the latter telling Conroy he had but a few hours, at most, to live. Shortly before the raids, he relapsed into unconsciousness and appeared to be dying. A tip reached the other gangster of the Government's coup, and he promptly left the injured man and fled.

Just previous to my arrival Conroy rallied, learned he had been deserted and became most bitter, declaring he was anxious to peach to the authorities. I felt a bit sorry for him then, even though he had attempted to kill me, but that feeling left me when I heard his confession. Reaching

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his bedside, I told him who I was, and about the raids; also, that Figeroa and many of the band had disappeared, leaving him, and those arrested, to take the gaff. Urged by his old mother, he said he would tell everything before passing on. Only half believing him, I took a chance and told him I knew of the purchase of the *Margot* by the New York end of the gang and that Figeroa was connected with the shipping company there. It was a bulls-eye shot, for he kept nodding assent. Then came his story, told in gasps, but at times turning me cold. In brief it was:

Figeroa, who passed as Joseph Mack in New York, had reached this country years before from Europe, where he was wanted for many crimes. For a time, he had assisted in running in aliens from Mexico and Cuba, then had gone into the rum-running game on a big scale, gradually building up the most resourceful band which had operated in the eastern half of the country. No mercy was shown squealers or spies. *All were murdered, if possible!*

The girl he lived with, who had been a dancer in Tia Juana when he met her, and passed under the name of Hilda Wagner, had been his chief adviser for some time. It was she who had uncovered Larry Denton and taken him on the fatal taxi ride. Conroy, who had served the mob both as gunman, and as a truck driver when contraband was transported, had driven the cab. The plan had been to kill Larry in cold blood and it was carried out, the girl holding him while Conroy used his revolver.

He wanted to tell me much more, but his strength failed him, and all the additional information I learned before he died, was that the Spaniard maintained the shipping company as a blind, using the three vessels he owned—including the *Margot*, purchased from the Shipping Board and rechristened the *Isabella*—to bring liquor from the Bahamas to points outside New York. From there the contraband was transferred to the Metropolis in two mud-scows, towed by an ocean-going tug. These masqueraded as part of the fleet which carried refuse from the city to the sea to be dumped. Just before Conroy passed away, I promised him not to molest his mother, though I guessed some of the money he said he had in a bank in her name had been paid him for the killing of Larry Denton!

LEAVING the tenement, I went directly to Curtis' office and he listened as I reached Klem Baker over a Government wire and told my story in full, including my narrow squeezes, the raids and seizures, Figeroa's escape and Conroy's admissions and death. He agreed there was little use searching for the Hilda Wagner and Bessie Clifton girls in Detroit, as they probably had fled long before, together with the rest of the gang who had escaped our net. Also, that with Detroit closed to them, all would probably get together in New York, most likely to make a final clean-up before leaving the country.

After I had told him, that within the hour, I would be on my way to New York to pick up the chase, he said he would turn a big squad loose with the descriptions and information I had given him. Also, that upon my arrival there, I was to come directly to a certain hotel near the Terminal, from where he would conduct operations under the name of Cummings. He further promised he would locate the woman responsible for Larry Denton's death. Before leaving Detroit, I instructed Curtis to tell the newspapers that Conroy had been shot in a rum-runners' war and had died without talking, that none of those arrested in the raid had squealed, and that Figeroa had fled to Canada, from whence he probably would go to Europe. Nothing about the two girls was to be mentioned.

If things had moved rapidly in the Michigan city, they reached a cyclone pace after my arrival in New York. This was the gist of Klem Baker's report when I met him at the hotel there. He had located Figeroa and the Hilda Wagner girl. For some time—when in New York—they had made their home at Hemlock Downs, a fine estate on the Bay side of Long Island, several miles beyond the city limits, where the neighbors knew them as Mr. and Mrs. Mack. I was familiar with the place—formerly the home of one of New York's most noted millionaires—but thought it had been sold into building lots after he gave it up. I had been there once on a case, and I told Baker that the immense cellar and extensive stables would serve as a fine hide-out for any contraband which could be transferred there. He told me that the scows and tugs had also been spotted, and his men were watching them as closely as they were the Hemlock Downs estate. He had taken great care in planting these lookouts, was certain they would not be discovered and that, for once, he'd outguessed the Ring which, probably, was badly demoralized in consequence of the Detroit raids and arrests. He had figured that, when the Figeroa schooners were off New York with a load of liquor, the tug took the scows out part way, with a fast launch trailing, and the latter made the journey to deep sea and transferred the contraband. Of course, the scows went out empty, but tarpaulins over racks would give them the appearance of being loaded. Coming back, the liquor was out of sight below decks, and hidden by the canvas coverings. It was an ingenious scheme—for none had suspected the mud-scows going out with a city fleet—and, probably, had been worked successfully for months.

The big point, however, was that the *Isabella*—which, cable inquiries established, had left the Bahamas with 30,000 cases of liquor allegedly bound for Halifax—had, that morning, reached a point off New York, but, so far at sea, that the Government patrol boat which had spotted her could not molest her. Shortly before my arrival Baker had received word that the tug had taken the scows to sea and that, probably before night, they would return loaded with the *Isabella's* cargo.

All day long we received reports from the men on duty at the wharf. Finally, the scows returned, but no effort was made to unload anything. However, we expected this would take place that night, so, after dark, we joined the watchers, with three of the Department's swiftest cars parked nearby in a truck yard of which we had taken possession. I guess the Ring was so panicky that night that they did not take their usual precautions, for I managed to slip so near the scows, without detection, that I could note everything going on.

SHORTLY after midnight, a big touring car arrived and was hidden in the shadows. From it descended four men, one

of whom I recognized as Figeroa, when he inadvertently passed too near an electric light. Soon after, two covered trucks appeared, and they were loaded from the scows quicker than I ever had seen such work performed. Why no policeman appeared I could only guess, but I figured the watchmen on the nearby piers had been so well greased they kept out of sight.

I moved away in time to warn Baker. I got in one of our cars, with four men; he into another with a squad, and the remainder into the third. Even if it meant exposure and a gun battle, we decided to trail the trucks for a time in the hope of learning where they cached their loads. It wasn't long before the trucks pulled out, the automobile, which the Spaniard re-entered, trailing as a lookout. We followed, but with our three cars so far apart that we probably didn't attract the attention of those ahead, as we drove through the fleets of trucks reaching that section with food supplies for the morning market. However, when we arrived at Tenth Avenue, the trucks kept straight ahead, the big touring car swinging off to the right. Passing the word for those in the last car to overtake and capture the trucks, the machines in which Klem Baker and I rode trailed the Spaniard's car. We played in luck, or something, for we weren't noted going cross-town, over the Queensboro Bridge and out to Long Island, until we'd passed Jamaica, for there were plenty of other automobiles about.

But, once, on the Merrick road, on Long Island, the car ahead suddenly jumped from thirty-five to fifty, then sixty miles, and there followed the wildest chase in which I ever took part! We flew through towns, disregarding all traffic lights, and from one outraged motor-cycle cop we soon had half a dozen trailing us. We were about twenty miles from New York City, with the machine in which I rode so close to our quarry that we were about to nose alongside of it—all of us crouched with guns ready—when, suddenly, from the exhaust of the machine ahead, streamed a yellowish smoke. Having been overseas, my first whiff warned me it was *poison gas.* I let out a yell of warning to the others, with one swift movement pulled my coat over my head and jammed part of it against my nose and mouth, then dropped to the floor of the machine, which began to wobble, then plunged from the road and ran into a fence.

As I scrambled to my feet from the wreck, I heard Klem Baker's car come to a grinding stop. Although jarred and choking a bit, I was uninjured, and pulled my coat away from my head. Baker, his aids and the motor-cycle policemen, who had been informed of our identity, came crowding about me and my companions, who were all unconscious! Baker and his squad had been sufficiently far behind to get but little of the gas.

Damning Figeroa for pulling the clever trick which might result in his escape, I explained what had happened and urged two of the uninjured operatives to rush those who were laid out to the nearest hospital.

The delay was brief. I leaped into Baker's machine and, followed by the motor-cycles, we made full speed for Hemlock Downs, certain the other car had gone there. Never in my life did I travel at such speed. However, the Spaniard's automobile was fast, too, and we were almost at his home before we overtook it. Shots whizzed by our ears, and one smashed the windshield. We returned the fire, but the bullets from both sides went wild. We reached the entrance to the estate, and the car ahead swung into the driveway on two wheels.

The next instant I witnessed a sight which I hope never to see repeated. Down the drive, speeding toward us from the direction of the house, another car was racing. I thought I heard a woman's scream, then there came an awful crash, a rending of metal and a burst of flame, as the oncoming car swerved violently and collided with the car in which Figeroa was riding. Our driver managed to dodge them and bring our car to a halt. We jumped out and ran back and pulled five persons from the wreckage, three dead, two unconscious. The motor-cycle police looked on while we examined them, but they probably misinterpreted the meaning of my expletive when I noted that, among the dead were Figeroa and Hilda Wagner —the girl of the perfume—both horribly crushed!

"SOME one from the trucks must have escaped, telephoned her the tip and she tried to make a getaway," I said. My guess proved to be correct. The men who followed the trucks captured five of them, and also five prisoners. The sixth truck got away. One of the gang confessed he had telephoned the Hilda Wagner girl.

After that there was little more to the "Million Dollar" Rum Ring case except the "mopping up," so to speak.

Thirty Thousand Dollars for 18 Years of Hell!

(*Continued from page* 37)

And that night her father was arrested for the murder.

At the trial which followed, witnesses came forward and testified to Shaw's severity, and to the dying girl's last statement. Also they testified that the window of her room had been barred, and the door locked when they broke in. Without any hesitation the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty," and William Shaw took the ride in the cart to the gallows, and there met death, protesting his innocence.

Logically enough, the landlord who owned the house in which the Shaws had lived, found it difficult to let the flat which they had occupied. So when a prospective tenant said he would take the flat if the landlord would replace the blood-stained planks of the room in which Catherine Shaw had died, the landlord agreed to do it.

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father. It was taken at once to the police, then to a magistrate who opened it.

The letter ended as follows:

Since I cannot have him, life to me is not worth living, and I have decided, therefore, to put an end to an existence which has become a burden to me. My death I lay at your charge. When you read this, consider yourself as the inhuman wretch who plunged the knife into the bosom of the unhappy Catherine Shaw.

Without a doubt the innocence of poor William Shaw was proven. To atone for its mistake the public decided to do especial honor to his grave. Since he had been a soldier, on a certain day, three volleys were fired over his grave and the colors of his regiment were solemnly waved seven times to and fro.

ANOTHER much-talked-of case in which an innocent person went to the gallows, has to do with the landlord of a famous inn. One of his frequent guests, a man by the name of Bradford, usually carried large sums of money about with him. On a night when the landlord, Hayes, needed five hundred pounds, Bradford came to the inn and while drunk, confided to a number of persons there that he had several hundred pounds in his pocket.

That night Hayes decided to help himself to these bank notes. He planned to kill Bradford, take the money and bury it in the back-garden until the excitement was over. Accordingly, he went to Bradford's room that night, a knife in his hand. To his amazement, as he pushed back the curtains that hung about Bradford's bed, he found the latter lifeless, his throat cut, his blood soaking the pillow.

In his surprise, he aroused the house. Servants and guests flocked into the room and, naturally enough, took it for granted that the landlord was responsible for the murder of Bradford. His trial followed quickly and he went to the gallows, shouting that he was innocent.

Five years later a former waiter of the inn lay dying in a garret. He sent for a constable to whom he confessed that he had killed Bradford, taken his money and escaped about fifteen minutes before the landlord appeared. But it was too late then to do anything for Hayes.

THERE are also many instances in criminal history of men first found guilty, but later released, acquitted, and compensated for their unjust imprisonment. Edmund Galley, in his day, aroused almost as much excitement as does the story of Oscar Slater today.

Galley was a good-looking farm laborer who paid strenuous attention to a young lady in the Devon village of Morehampton, England. Tiring of this adventure the young man told the girl he was through with her. But this particular girl was not so easily dismissed.

Not long after this parting she happened to be crouching behind a hedge when two men attacked a wealthy farmer by the name of Jonathan May. They killed him and took his money.

There was a moon that night and the girl could easily see the faces of the two men who had murdered the farmer. She knew both of them. Later, to the police, she told her story, stating that a man by the name of Oliver was one of the two men, and her former lover, Edmund Galley, as the other.

Both men were arrested and held for trial. Oliver pleaded guilty and was removed from the dock. Though Galley denied any connection with the affair, the jury, influenced by the truth of the young woman's identification as far as Oliver was concerned, accepted her accusation against Galley. Though Oliver, himself made a written confession exonerating Galley, the police paid no attention to it. And the unfortunate man was condemned to twenty years in prison. After his release his innocence was proved and a remorseful Home Secretary granted him one thousand pounds compensation!

STILL another time when the truth did not arrive too late came when one William Habron was charged with the murder of Police Constable Cock. It was known that he and the officer were on bad terms, that he had threatened to "get even" with him, and later that the bullet extracted from the body of the dead man exactly fitted the revolver found in the possession of the prisoner. On this evidence William Habron was convicted and condemned to death, but this sentence was later commuted to penal servitude for life.

Five years later one Charles Peace was convicted of killing a man named Dyson, and was condemned to death. A few days before his hanging, when he knew there was no hope of commutation of his sentence, he announced he had a confession to make. He confessed that he, not Habron, had killed Police Constable Cock. He had been robbing a house, the constable had caught him and he had shot him in order to get away. He had never heard of, or seen Habron.

Though the police were reluctant to believe this story, they were compelled to admit its possibility. Corroborating evidence gave Habron a perfect alibi and he was immediately freed with eight hundred pounds compensation.

The irony of this story is that Peace, present at Habron's trial, had to force his way in when the court attendants had tried to keep him out.

A CASE that was heard of all over the world was that of Adolf Beck, of London, England. Mr. Beck, in 1896, was accused by several women of varied reputations of having taken jewelry and money from them on the strength of promises which had never been fulfilled.

One day an indignant woman hurried to the police station and reported that the man to whom she had given a ring and two watches to be mended, and which had never been returned to her, was standing outside a block of flats in Victoria Street. The inspector had the man brought in. He gave his name as Adolf Beck but denied ever having seen the woman before.

Other women who had complained about similar tactics were sent for. Ten of them picked out Beck from a group

of mixed types as the man who had gotten money or jewelry from them. So Beck was held for trial.

Beck was not only accused of having cheated this group of women, but of being one "John Smith" who had a record in the files of Scotland Yard along the same line as the charge he was then up for. Women and others who had known Smith identified Beck as Smith. So, on the actions of this man "Smith," and on the charges of several women who identified him as the man who under different names had won their confidence and their money, Adolf Beck was sentenced as a second offender under the name of Smith.

Despite his efforts to get the attention of the Home Office and to present additional evidence that would refute the testimony of the witnesses who appeared against him, Adolf Beck could not get a hearing. Five years after his conviction Beck was released on a ticket-of-leave and immediately began to try to prove his innocence.

Beck dropped out of sight until 1904. Then in March of that year a woman complained that a man had given her a worthless check in exchange for some valuable jewelry. Knowing that Beck was free the inspector took the woman to a hotel he knew Beck visited. When the latter appeared, the woman identified him as the man. Again Beck was arrested. Other women appeared and identified Beck as the man to whom, during the last few years, they had given money or jewelry in return for worthless checks.

Again Beck was convicted but sentence was deferred until the next session of court.

But before that date the mystery was solved.

A man who gave the name of "William Thomas" was arrested for pawning two rings which he had obtained by fraud. A canny police officer who had been present at both of Beck's trials saw the prisoner. Not only had "Thomas" used the tactics credited to Beck, but he looked so much like him that the officer was amazed. *These two men might have been twins!*

Was it possible that Beck had been wrongfully accused at both his trials and that this "William Thomas" was the true John Smith? The inspector immediately reported to his superior officers. A search of his "Thomas'" rooms gave samples of his handwriting, identical with many notes credited to Beck, and pawn-tickets for jewelry, later identified by their rightful owners. Also several of the witnesses who had sworn Beck was Smith were now certain Thomas was Smith.

THE Home Office finally was forced to admit that a terrible mistake had been made and Mr. Beck was immediately released. To atone partially for its mistake the Government gave him five thousand pounds ($25,000).

This country is not so generous when it finds it has made a mistake and sentenced an innocent man to prison. Last June, James Sweeney, in the New Jersey State Prison, was exonerated of any share in the Elizabeth mail robbery for which he had been sentenced to life imprisonment. His innocence was established when the Judge who had sentenced him, and the Prosecuting Attorney, both joined to secure his release. The Governor called a special session of the Board of Pardons to obtain his release, but action was deferred for several months. Sweeney had been imprisoned since February, 1927. But though he undoubtedly will be freed shortly, according to the laws of New Jersey he is not entitled to compensation.

New Jersey has still another instance of justice gone wrong. Raffaelo Morello, after spending eight years in prison for the alleged murder of his wife, was freed. It was decided that his conviction was due to the error of an interpreter. But Morello is not entitled to any compensation says New Jersey.

In New York several men have also been released after the court's verdict was found to be unjust. But not in a single case did the released man get any compensation. Charles F. Stielow and Nelson Green, after spending three years in prison, were finally pardoned by Governor Whitman in 1918. Stielow had been sentenced to die in the electric chair, and four times was reprieved. But he left the prison with only the customary $10 every prisoner gets when he says good-by to the warden. And with no prospect of more either.

Recently an interesting case in South Carolina attracted country-wide attention. Ben Bess, a negro, was accused by a woman of attacking her. And on the strength of this woman's testimony, the negro was sentenced to the penitentiary for a thirty-year term. A few months ago the woman signed an affidavit that Bess had never attacked her. Bess was then pardoned by Governor Richards and told he would get $60 a month until next March. In the meantime the legislature expected at its next session to take up the matter of a substantial compensation for Bess.

But a Grand Jury began an investigation with a view to indict the woman for perjury. Thereupon that lady repudiated her affidavit, saying that she could neither read nor write. She stated that when the affidavit was read to her, she thought it was only a paper *forgiving Bess for the injury done her!* Thereupon the Governor revoked his pardon and Bess was sent back to prison. However, J. C. Townsend, Master of Equity, who made an investigation of the case, ruled that the woman had been fully aware of the contents of the affidavit when she signed it, and the purpose for which it was to be used, and that her fear of the charge of perjury had influenced her to deny it.

All South Carolina has taken sides with Bess as this is written. Until the State compensates him, sympathetic citizens are sending in their checks to encourage the old man and brighten his life a little.

George Remus' name streamed across the headlines in almost every newspaper in the United States, while he was being tried for murder. That was one story. The real story of Remus will appear next month in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES.

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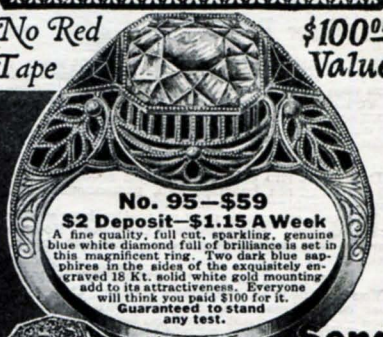

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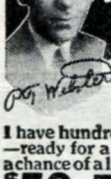

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The San Francisco Steeple Murders

(*Continued from page* 64)

stop the presses in anything like that!

But, although no solution seemed at hand, the detectives by no means dropped the case, however stationary appeared the investigation.

Rumors, vague and uncertain, but still significant reached their ears, started, it seemed, by Theodore Durrant!

Mrs. Noble's fear that Blanche had met with some violent end was scouted by Durrant—in private conversation with his friends—as almost laughable.

"She's alive all right," he said mysteriously, to several of the Church members who, with him, were making every effort to find Blanche.

"Is there any relative that she might suddenly have started out to visit?" he asked Mrs. Noble, one day when the search seemed hopeless, and then blurted out, in an uncomfortable fashion, "I tell you, Mrs. Noble, I don't believe that Blanche is any more dead this minute than you or I am. She mentioned to me, on that morning when I took her to the Normal School that she *might* go away. She didn't say when, or why, or where, but I have an idea," and he looked more uncomfortable still, "that if we found her, we would have difficulty in persuading her to return. I don't think she wants to come back."

"You don't think she has eloped with anyone, do you?" sobbed Mrs. Noble, Every marriage bureau within a hundred mile radius, every railroad station, had been investigated by the police, and not one had given a single clue to a girl who looked like Blanche.

HE said no more and left the Noble house later with a very mysterious air. As time went on he grew bolder in his statements.

He had, he said, certain theories about Blanche Lamont. He hinted broadly that, pure and sweet though she seemed, she was not "any better than she ought to be."

This sinister accusation in the terminology of the times, was as damning to Blanche's character as any definite proof of wrongdoing. It had its effect, as it could not fail to do. On the theory that "you never know these quiet ones," many believed that Durrant had hit upon the truth, and abandoned the task of finding the missing girl and restoring her to her family.

His remarks moved others to laughter. Blanche in a house of ill-repute, or run away with a man to be his mistress? It was absurd!

But there were those who were shocked, and interested. "Yes," insisted Durrant to these few, "she seemed innocent and pure, but I happen to know better. I have an idea that I could find her in some house of ill-repute. But she would not be willing to come back, I am sure, and it seems to me that it is kinder to let her relatives remain in the dark as to Blanche's fate."

One of the missing girl's friends, Minnie Williams, was loud and vehement in her contradictions of Durrant's imputations.

"He is a liar!" she cried. "How dare he say those things about Blanche! She was as good and pure as any girl can be, unless," and her eyes flashed, "he, himself, has ruined her!"

From that moment her aversion to Durrant was most apparent. And wherever she met the rumor she vigorously quelched it.

Minnie Williams also attended the Emanuel Baptist Church and was likewise a pretty girl, a blond, of about eighteen, well-educated and of fine family.

She had left home because of trouble between her mother and father and, because she had to earn her living, went into the house of a friend in Alameda as helper. She was gayer than Blanche, more lively, but a loyal friend, and heartbroken at her chum's strange disappearance.

AT about this time, a day or so before Easter, Minnie Williams decided to leave Alameda and visit the home of a friend in San Francisco, a Mrs. Voy.

She packed her trunk and bag and took the ferry for San Francisco, arriving at the Voy house at about seven o'clock in the evening.

There was a Young People's meeting that evening, at 7:30, held at the house of Doctor Vogel who lived near the Church, and Minnie was anxious to attend it.

She left for the meeting shortly after her arrival at Mrs. Voy's, taking a latchkey with her. She was in the best of spirits. But she never reached Doctor Vogel's home, nor did she return to Mrs. Voy.

"She probably went back to Alameda for something she left behind," said Mrs. Voy, who did not know, of course, that Minnie had not been at the meeting. "Or she has gone home for the night with some girl friend."

And after waiting until midnight for the girl who did not return, Mrs. Voy locked the doors and went to bed.

All the next day Mrs. Voy waited for Minnie, for they had planned to give the house a thorough cleaning for Easter.

Still Minnie did not appear.

Now, two girls missing!—through the same mysterious channel—the Church!

THEN, on Saturday two important things happened; one helpful in solving the mystery of Blanche and one fearfully tragic, but likewise helpful.

The police had discovered that the three rings worn by Blanche when she disappeared had been offered for sale at a pawn-shop. Almost as soon as this discovery had been made, they were redeemed—by a young man who answered the description of Theodore Durrant. And on the day before Easter, these rings had been returned to Mrs. Noble wrapped in a newspaper and mailed with an address, written in printed characters, as if someone had sought to disguise his handwriting.

Promptly Mrs. Noble went into a faint and Maud called both doctor and police.

"Poor child! poor child!" moaned the Aunt, in anguish. "This can mean nothing else save that she is dead!"

The detectives tried to comfort her.

"Don't you see that it may mean that she is alive?" they insisted. "She has

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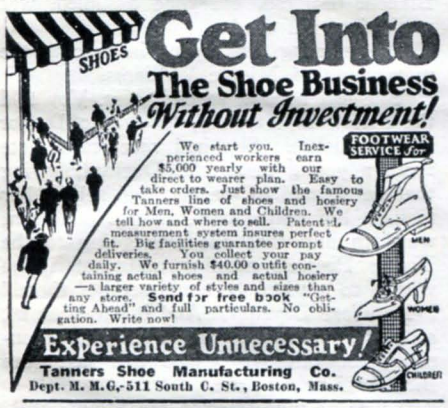

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heard about our search for the rings and has sent them to you as a sign. For some reason she doesn't want to come back. Come, take courage. It may mean nothing more than a hasty and, perhaps, foolish marriage which she is still ashamed to confess."

"But she must know how worried we all are!" said Mrs. Noble. "No, it would not be like Blanche to keep silent when she knows this is breaking our hearts. Blanche is dead! We shall never see her again!"

In the afternoon some of the women members of the congregation went to the Church with lilies, palms and Easter garlands to decorate the altar for Easter Sunday.

They gathered in the vestry and were about to enter the Church when, suddenly, two of those who entered the library shrieked in horror, their eyes staring at a sight so horrible that they never afterwards forgot it.

After one glance they fled in a frenzy, pouring out of the Church into the calm spring afternoon, crying out to the passers-by and pointing to the Church.

Pedestrians and police rushed into the Church, followed by the braver of the women.

"In there! In there!" they gasped, pointing hysterically to the library.

On the floor lay a fearful sight!

A YOUNG girl, her clothing literally torn from her in ribbons, lay on the floor dead, lying in a pool of her own blood!

Her face was frightfully distorted. Her hair, matted with dirt and blood, hung about her bruised shoulders. But it was not dark hair, but blond. The murdered girl was not the missing Blanche Lamont who, two weeks ago, had vanished into the Church portals.

It was Minnie Williams!

There were no evidences of her death in the room in which she lay, except a trail of blood across the carpet, as if she had been dragged to her present position.

The trail reached back to the little room leading off the library, a small stuffy room, with no windows. *And this room looked like a veritable butcher's shop!*

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splotched with the poor girl's blood!—bearing frightful witness to her death struggle; she had not given up life and honor without trying desperately to defend them.

The body had evidently been mutilated in the little room, and dragged to the library where the murderer had left it and fled, on hearing the approach of the ladies. Its presence there, in plain view, could not be accounted for in any other way.

The marks of her assailant's fingers were still purple and deep in the tender flesh of her throat, where she had been strangled into submission and death.

Her garments, now in wild disarray, had been half torn from her body. And, most fiendish of all, one of her undergarments had been shoved down her throat by means of a stick, which had choked her and horribly lacerated her tongue.

The arteries of her wrists, as well as the tendons, had been severed by a blunt knife, a portion of which was now thrust into her breast, the clothing having been torn away so that the arch-fiend who had killed her could mutilate the bare flesh without hindrance.

The other breast, too, had been stabbed, showing frightfully jagged wounds. The knife had been an ordinary one, such as was used on the table at the Church suppers—dull and rounded, making brutally cruel wounds.

Who could have done this fearful thing? Who, short of a maniac escaped from an asylum?

The minister, hastily summoned from his study, cried out in alarm—surely, this was indeed the "Hoodoo Church" of San Francisco! Better by far, that it should have been burned to the ground before such a deed could have been enacted within its sacred portals! He sent for the undertaker, begging him to remove the horrible thing from the library, but was told that not a thing could be touched, not a spot removed, until the coroner had made his investigation and had given orders to remove the body.

REPORTERS and detectives surged at once into the building. The ladies fled to spread the news about the town.

Almost immediately, of course, this frightful tragedy was linked up with the disappearance of Blanche Lamont. It seemed hopeless, now, to believe that the girl would ever be found alive. A detective, searching for clues in the library, came upon something which even more definitely connected this awful crime with the missing Blanche than any theories.

There, on the floor, was found Blanche Lamont's library card! It must have been dropped recently, since the janitor's last sweeping. By whom? The girl herself, here in the Church? *Or the girl's slayer—the man who had also killed Minnie Williams?*

"Blanche Lamont is here," people cried in great excitement. "The girl is here. Search the building and find the body of Blanche Lamont!"

Minnie Williams, had, doubtless, been too vehement in her denials of Blanche's immorality. She had known more, probably, than she had told. She had been lured here to the very spot which had seen Blanche's end—and been murdered in the same fashion as the missing girl? Search the building! Tear it down! Find the body of Blanche Lamont, similarly outraged—for Minnie Williams had been outraged after death—*perhaps the murderer himself was hiding there, waiting a chance to flee!*

Detectives sprang with one accord to search the Church thoroughly. Every nook and cranny was investigated, while men guarded the doors to see that no one escaped during the process!

BUT no nook, no hidden cranny, no dark corner, yielded up the body of the dead, or the living person of the murderer. The searchers reached the door which led into the steeple. It was locked, dusty, its handle broken off on the outside.

They paused wearily.

"No need to search *there*," someone said, "that place hasn't been open for months."

"*Every* need to search there," someone retorted. "Break the door down! Break the door down!" screamed some of the searchers.

But, after all, this was the House of God and they decided to wait until morning until the janitor could bring the key.

A reporter of the San Francisco Chronicle dashed to his office and that evening the paper came out boldly with the statement that the discovery of Blanche Lamont's body was imminent.

She had vanished into the Church. Search the place and find her body! For Blanche Lamont, everyone assumed, was not living, but dead.

The evening was spent in tracing the movements of Minnie Williams.

"She left here at seven," Mrs. Voy told the detectives tearfully, "to go to Doctor Vogel's house. She had received a note from a young man, Mr. Durrant, saying that he wanted to see her, and asking her to meet him somewhere. But Minnie sent word to him that she was going to the Young People's meeting and that, if he wished to see her, he could see her there."

Theodore Durrant! And it had been he, so many witnesses had declared, erroneously or otherwise, who had last seen *Blanche Lamont* alive!

It was he who tried to see Minnie Williams on the last evening of her life. Someone had lured her into the Church between 7 P. M. on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, when she had been found dead. Where had she spent the night, if she had been living? Had she been killed the evening before?

The coroner's report established the time of her death as Friday evening. Where had Theodore Durrant been Friday night?

Doctor Vogel recalled an important fact—that, while Minnie Williams had never arrived, Theodore Durrant had come into the meeting *very late*, at about 9:30.

He seemed tired and a little paler than usual, the doctor said. He was perspiring. As soon as he entered the house he asked permission to wash his hands. When he appeared in the parlor with the others he was gay and vivacious, entering zealously into the games and conversation.

Detectives dashed to Durrant's home and found that he had gone away. His mother, anxious, but outwardly com-

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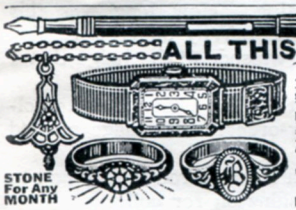

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posed, said she was not sure where he had gone, but, as soon as she did hear, she said, she would let the police know. Did they think that her son could aid them?

"May we look at the clothes he wore last evening?" detectives asked, and, without perceptible hesitation, Mrs. Durrant agreed.

Two of the men went upstairs and examined the clothing while a third remained down below, chatting with Theodore's little sister.

The clothes Theodore Durrant had worn the night before were guiltless of blood, seemingly an impossibility, had he been the murderer.

But in a pocket of the coat they found a woman's purse! Slipping it into his own pocket, Detective Gibson with Officer Riehl went downstairs, and bade good-by to Mrs. Durrant.

"WE'VE got the goods on him," they told the the third man waiting below. "A purse—and we think it must be the girl's—was in his coat pocket. It contains a little money and a few trinkets. But more important are some ferry tickets good on the boat to Alameda. She used to take the ferry home."

"Now to find him!"

"That is easy enough," the other returned. "While you were upstairs with the old lady the kid told me that her brother was with the Signal Corps at Mount Diablo!"

Easter Day dawned—a peaceful, happy Easter. The air was balmy, flowers nodded in gardens and the sunshine flooded the Church. But there was no service! For the House of God that day gave up a tragedy even more fearful than that of Minnie Williams—a tragedy which, but for that poor girl's death, might never have been revealed.

All San Francisco was astir that morning. People filled the churchyard; the streets were jammed with vehicles and crowded with multitudes greater than any service would have attracted.

The janitor arrived with the key and the crowds had to be held back by the police.

Detectives stood by as the door to the steeple was unlocked and flung open. Then they swarmed up the dusty narrow stairs into the semi-darkness above.

The first man uttered a sharp cry and stood frozen for a moment in his tracks, pointing with shaking fingers to a spot under the eaves!

At first the *Thing* which riveted his attention looked like a marble statue lying there in the half-darkness of the steeple—a beautiful white statue of a young girl, her hands folded in repose across her breast, her limbs straight.

Or, it might have been the lovely, nude figure of a living girl, sleeping.

"Bring a light, *a light!*" the detective shouted.

Someone handed him a box of matches.

By the flickering light of a match they crept forward . . . .

With a diabolical calm, Theodore Durrant meets every damning evidence of guilt with a perfect alibi—and a smile! The city of San Francisco is torn with dissension. Is it possible that this young "medico" and ardent church-worker can be the fiendish slayer of innocent girls? And, in a murder case already shrouded

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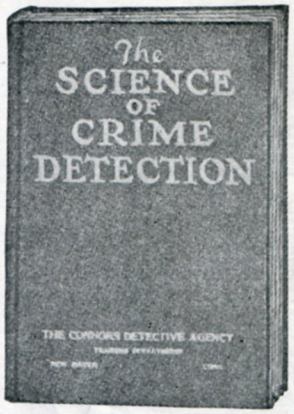

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in inscrutable mystery, not the least mystifying aspect is the astounding attitude of the parents of the accused! No master of fiction ever dreamed a tale embodying so much psychological interest as that unfolded in the concluding chapters of this fascinating human document, appearing in February TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES on sale at all news stands on January 15th.

Stealing the "Honey"

(*Continued from page* 44)

before the bench. They slapped their thighs and clapped their hands in exuberant joy.

"Glory, glory, glory! We's free! Hooray fer de jedge!" They danced and shouted and capered with joy until the whole room laughed and applauded in sympathy with their happiness. Even the judge and the cops laughed. I don't think I laughed. My mind was full of rioting fears. Now, I would surely be called. Dimly I realized that the room was becoming quiet, that the Negroes had vanished. From far off, in the dim distance, there was a droning that seemed to develop into a voice calling my name. Suddenly, I came to myself and saw that the Clerk was looking at me sternly over his spectacles, and the judge seemed a bit exasperated. How many times had they called me? I got up and stood before the bench.

"YOUR Honor," said the cop who had arrested me, "this fellow was loiterin' 'round Jackson Square, an' I picked him up on suspicion. Ain't workin' an' he's a stranger in town. Says he comes from California. Thought I'd better bring him in for investigation."

So far so good. Evidently he had nothing on me yet. But I was afraid of the detectives. Now they would have a chance to look me over.

The judge cleared his throat. "What were you doing in Jackson Square?" he asked. "What have you to say for yourself?"

"Well, I had gone over to the French Market to see what it looked like, and I just stopped off in the park for a smoke. I had always heard so much about the French section of New Orleans that I couldn't stay away from that part of town. You know, Judge, your city advertises the Vieux Carré all over the country, and it's natural that a stranger should want to see it. I had no thought of breaking any laws. I was just interested."

"How long you been here?"

"About ten days."

"That's what he told me," interposed the cop.

"Are you working?" asked His Honor.

I explained that I was an experienced office worker, with good references, and expected no difficulty in finding employment.

"Same story he told me," said the cop.

"How are you managing to live?" the judge wanted to know.

"I had a little money when I came here. I still have a little. My room rent is paid, and I expect to find work before I'm completely broke."

"Just how much money have you?"

"I have six dollars and sixty cents in my pocket, and a money-order that I left at the Post Office for collection."

"That's right," the cop interrupted. "He told me he had six dollars."

I was sweating. How long was this farce to continue? Why didn't some dick come over and whisper to the judge that I was a burglar they wanted?

"Why does the Post Office have to collect the money-order?" the judge pressed me.

"The date on it was wrong; they had to send it to Washington for collection."

"He told me he had a money-order, too," the cop said. That cop was a puzzle to me. He seemed anxious to bear out everything I said. He didn't rap me at all. He's the only one of his kind I've seen. The only way I could dope it out was, that the New Orleans cops must get paid so much for each arrest whether there is a conviction or not. In that case it would be to his advantage to get my case over with, as soon as possible, so he could go out and make another pinch. Then, another thought staggered me. Perhaps he knew all about me and wanted to dispose of this case so that he could spring the burglary rap on me as a surprise, thinking it would create a sensation, of which he would be the hero. I felt like shouting to him a defiance to do his worst. I was nearly frantic with anxiety. My mouth was dry and the feeling of helplessness came back upon me. It seemed that I was a pygmy struggling against a world of Goliaths.

Suddenly, the faces of the judge and the officers became very small and indistinct, and the lights seemed to fade. I was conscious only physically. Mentally, I was in a fog, and everything seemed a dream. No coherent thoughts were in my mind. It was like a detached thing looking on at my body, and only faintly conscious of

Next month this magazine will publish

the amazing story of Ray Renard, payroll bandit, bank robber, gunman and gangster, former lieutenant of William P. (Dint) Colbeck, leader of the notorious Egan gang in St. Louis. Renard, arrested 138 times in his spectacular career as a criminal, is now serving a term in Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary, and is marked for death by his former gangster associates, he having testified to facts on three occasions in Federal court that sent eight of them to Leavenworth, five of them being Egan gangsters who got sentences totaling forty years. This fact account, written by Renard himself, is one of the frankest statements by a dangerous criminal ever written. Don't miss it in next month's TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, on sale at all news stands January 15th.

movements in a far-off court room. And then the voice of the judge penetrated the veil of what must have been near-madness, and brought me back to reality. What was he saying? Telling me that I was to be held without bail for the Higher Court on a charge of burglary? That was the only thing he could say, of course. But strange words were drifting from his mouth. . . .

". . . going to give you another chance . . . get a job within a week or get out of town . . . lock you up for vagrancy next time . . . stay away from Jackson Square . . . place is watched pretty carefully. . . . *Case dismissed!*"

I BOUGHT two oyster sandwiches as a peace offering to Louis. He would lay me out for getting sloughed up after his repeated warnings to lay low. If I had stayed in, as he had, I wouldn't have been picked up. At the apartment I found everything topsy-turvy, *and Louis gone!* The landlady came up and stood in the doorway.

"Your frien', he broke a window, and the policeman think there is a fight an' come up here quick. Then he see your frien' an' say this man is wanted by police station, an' take him away. I scared like hell, but I tell policeman your frien' live here 'lone. I think they don't come here for you, but I think maybe you better move away tomorrow."

I ate both of the oyster sandwiches and wondered if anyone had found the pawntickets I had ditched in the Police Station.

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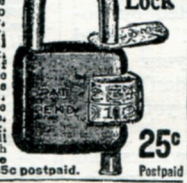

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OCTAGON SHAPE

The always popular octagon shape, size 10½ Ligne, silver nickel case, Butler finish back. Fitted with a reliable 6 jewel lever movement. Fancy silvered dial with luminous figures and hands. Shows time clearly in the dark. Selected leather finely stitched strap, buckle to match. For men or boys, a gift that cannot fail to be appreciated.

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With 6 Jewels... $12.50

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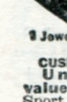

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Watch Charm Pistol $1.75

Exact reproduction of a real pistol; actually fires REAL BLANK CARTRIDGES of miniature size. Illustration 1½ actual size. 1¼ inches long, with ring at end for attaching to watch chain. Loads like a regular pistol. Pull the trigger and it goes off with a loud bang. Pistol is break open type; illustration shows position for loading. Made entirely of high grade steel, nickel plated, octagon barrel, handsomely engraved, handles, complete box of cleaning rod. **PRICE $1.75.** Also furnished with **pearl handles, $2.50. BLANK CARTRIDGES, 50c** per box of 25. **JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 889 RACINE, WIS.**

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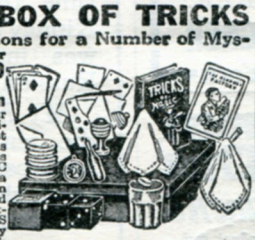

Anyone Can Do Them

It is great fun mystifying your friends. Get this Conjurer's Cabinet, and you will be the cleverest fellow in your district. It contains the apparatus for ten first-class tricks, including The MAGIC BALL AND VASE TRICK (a wooden ball is placed inside, and upon replacing the lid has disappeared and is found in someone else's pocket); The HINDOO TRICK CARDS (can be made to change completely by less than five times); The DISAPPEARING COIN BOX (a coin, placed in the wooden box, vanishes entirely or changes into a coin of another denomination); The GLASS GOBLET TRICK (a coin is dropped into a glass of water and when the water is poured out the coin has vanished and is found somewhere else); the RIBBON FACTORY FROM THE MOUTH TRICK (a seemingly endless supply of colored paper ribbons comes out of your mouth); the DISAPPEARING HANDKERCHIEF (a handkerchief held in the hand mysteriously vanishes); the WIZARD'S RING COIN TRICK; the ENCHANTED BOTTLE (no one but yourself is able to make it lay down); the GREAT HAT AND DICE TRICK (a large dice is placed on top of a hat, disappears, and is found underneath yet no one has touched the hat), and last, but not least, the GREAT PHANTOM CARD TRICK, or two from five leaves nothing. Full instructions are sent for performing each trick. In addition to the above, a number of other feats and illusions are fully explained for which you can easily make or procure the necessary apparatus. **Price complete $1.00 postpaid.**

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50c

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Made of 4 strands of genuine 14K gold filled wire, woven into the True Lover's Knot, symbolic of love or friendship. Very pretty, yet not showy. Each ring is made by hand by gold wire expert. It looks good and it is good. **Price 50c Postpaid Johnson Smith & Co.**

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Hold the **MAGIC INDICATOR** over a man's hand, instantly it moves in a straight line, backward and forward. Hold it over a woman's hand and it describes a complete and continuous circle. The same action can be obtained over a letter written by a man or woman, etc. It is fascinating; baffling. We have never been able to figure out how it's done, but we have never seen it fail. Many novel and entertaining feats may be performed with the Sex Indicator. For example, similar results can be obtained with animals, cats, dogs, rabbits, over birds, chickens, canaries, etc. Also used to predetermine the sex of chickens and birds, etc. In fact it is sold as a patented egg tester in Europe. **Price 25c, or 3 for 65c, postage prepaid. JOHNSON SMITH & CO.**

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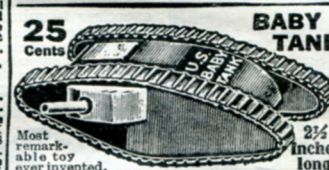
25 Cents



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Place a very small amount of this powder on the back of your hand and blow it into the air, and everyone in the room or car will begin to sneeze without knowing the reason why. It is most amazing to hear their remarks, as they never suspect the real source, but think they have caught it one from another. Between the laughing and sneezing you yourself will be having the time of your life. For *parties, political meetings, car rides,* or any place at all where there is a gathering of people, it is the *greatest joke out.* **Price 10c, 3 for 25c, 75c per dozen.** Shipped by Express. **Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. 889, Racine, Wis.**

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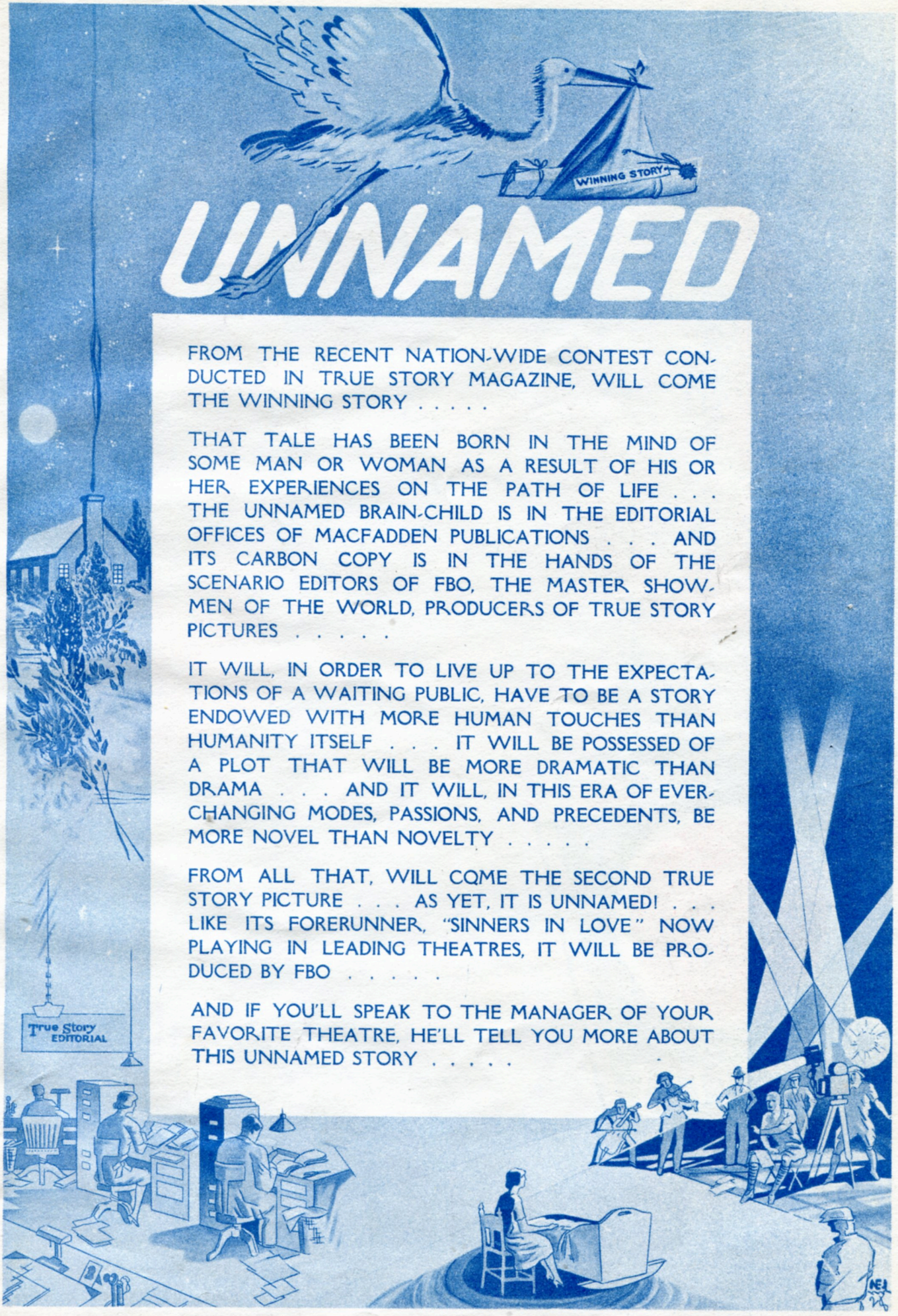

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